

# Franco-British Exhibition

## ILLUSTRATED REVIEW



BRITISH FINE ART SECTION.

*After the Engraving by William Ward.*

J. HOPKINS, R.A., pinxit.

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
DAVIS

20. R. des Capu  
- 6 JAN  
20. R. des Capu



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



# Franco-British Exhibition

## ILLUSTRATED REVIEW



BRITISH FINE ART SECTION.

*After the Engraving by William Ward.*

J. HOPPNER, R.A., pinxit.

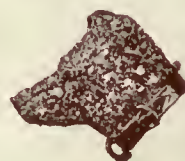
LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS

LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

*~ Catalogue Post Free. ~*



PEARLS, DIAMONDS AND ALL PRECIOUS  
STONES.



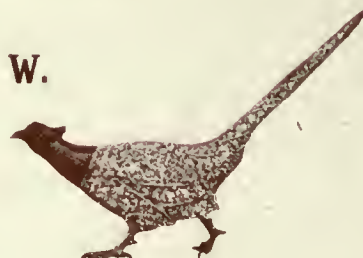
**The finest in the World.**



**HANCOCKS & CO.,  
BRUTON ST., LONDON, W.**



*Old Jewellery Purchased  
or Valued.*





# THANKS

To the many Ladies of Great Britain, France, Belgium,  
and the Continent for the many orders they placed for . .

## Royal Worcester Kid Fitting Corsets

during and following on their visit to the Franco-British  
Exhibition.

### TRIUMPHS OF CORSET CRAFT.

*The Superb New Royal Worcester Styles for the . .*

*. . Directoire, Empire, and Grecian effects.*



Model 831.  
Fine Coutille, 21/-

Of the many exquisite creations of the genius designer of "Royal Worcester" Kid Fitting Corsets, none has added more to the high repute of "Royal Worcesters" than the exquisite new models for the new Directoire, Grecian, and Empire effects.

It is such styles as these—sweeping and sudden changes of fickle fashion—that sift out the born corset designer from the mere corset maker. That is why, in this season which has seen the downfall of makers without merit, "Royal Worcesters" have surmounted every difficulty and once again added to their laurels.

Despite the antagonism of an ignorant section of the press, every lady admires the new fashion, and many lament their inability to adopt the style on account of their figures. But "Royal Worcester" Kid Fitting Corsets have made it practical for EVERY Lady to be in the fashion without any sacrifice of personal comfort, so masterly is the cut and design of the new models. The new styles are admirably adapted to take care of a full bust, giving ample freedom when seated, fitting close under the arm, and giving the long straight line from under the arms to the knees.

Congratulations and thanks are pouring in from British tailors and dressmakers and Continental modistes, all of whom are unanimous in regarding the new styles as the greatest contribution to the idealisation of the charming new Directoire, Grecian, and Empire effects. Little wonder that "Royal Worcesters" are "Certified Correct" in both hemispheres, and universally regarded as triumphs of the corset craft!

*Send for beautifully illustrated brochure, post free, to*

**ROYAL WORCESTER TRADING CO.,**  
**20, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.**

# THE PICCADILLY HOTEL

has the most beautiful —

## RESTAURANT & LOUNGE

(under the management of J. RAINELLI, of the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo)

... and the ...

### Finest Grill Room in London.



AFTERNOON TEA served in the Lounge adjoining the Restaurant,  
and also in the Lounge adjoining the Grill Room.

#### A SELECT ORCHESTRA

Performs in the Lounges of Restaurant and Grill Room during

LUNCHEON, AFTERNOON TEA, DINNER AND SUPPER.

Telegrams: "Picadillo, London."

Telephone: 160 Gerrard.



L.T. PIVER  
10, BOUL. DE STRASBOURG  
PARIS

# POMPEIA PERFUME

A MOST  
CHARMING  
&  
LASTING BLEND  
OF FLOWERY FRAGRANCE

EXTRACT · FACE POWDER · SOAP  
TOILET WATER · SACHET POWDER, ETC.

LONDON. **L. T. PIVER,** PARIS.

Also at BRUSSELS and STRASSBURG.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF FRENCH PERFUMERS.

GRAND PRIX - PARIS, 1889.      HORS CONCOURS - PARIS, 1900.  
HORS CONCOURS - FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1908.

MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED

ESSENCES,  
FACE POWDERS,  
SACHETS,  
SACHET POWDERS,  
SOAPS, &c.

TRÉFLE INCARNAT.  
AZURÉA.  
SAFRANOR.  
FLORAMYE.  
VIVITZ.  
VIOLETTE DUCALE.  
ORÉADE, &c.

ASTRIS.      VIOLETTE RÉGIS.      ROSE SOLEIL.      SAVON BELFLOR.

*Obtained only from leading Chemists, Stores and Drapers throughout the United Kingdom.*

FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FROM LONDON DÉPOT:

9 & 10, EDWARD STREET, WARDOUR STREET, W.



Their Majesties'  
Jeweller, Silversmith,  
and Dressing Bag  
Manufacturer.

# J. C. VICKERY.

179, 181, 183,  
Regent St.,  
London, W.

All Visitors are Invited to

## J. C. VICKERY'S.



# A Show of Gifts

UNEQUALLED IN LONDON.

*The largest and most beautiful collection  
of Novelties in London.*

### SPECIALITIES:

Fashionable Jewellery,  
Gold and Silver Novelties,  
Lovely Tortoiseshell Goods,  
Finest English Buhl,  
Watches and Clocks,  
Beautiful Umbrella & Sunshade Handles,  
Opera Glasses, Fans,  
Toilet Sets,  
Writing Table Sets,  
Leather Goods in Charming Shades,  
Dressing Cases, Suit Cases,  
Jewel Bags, Hand Bags,  
Tea and Luncheon Cases,  
Writing Cabinets, &c., &c.

J. C. VICKERY, Regent Street,  
LONDON, W.

## THOMAS & SONS'

### Gusset Sleeve Fly Fishing Coat.

AN IDEAL COAT FOR FISHING  
OR GOLFING

Worn in conjunction with the accompanying "breech-nicks" forms an admirable sporting suit.  
Very different to the cheap imitation of our specialities offered to sportsmen.

*Extract from a letter from R. B. MARSTON, ESQ.:*

"I never previously knew what real comfort in a coat was."

*Vide "LAND AND WATER," 18-2-05.—As Breeches Makers, Messrs. Thomas & Sons are known  
all over the world, and their productions are nothing short of works of art."*

*Patterns, Prices and Instructions for Self-measurement will be sent on application to—*

## THOMAS & SONS,

*Sporting Tailors and Breeches Makers,*  
**32, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON.**

Telegrams: "SPORTINGLY, LONDON."

Telephone: 4352 GERRARD.



# P. M. GRUNWALDT,

*Furrier to the Emperor of Russia,*

6, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS.

## FINEST FURS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Newest Styles in Fur Garments.

☼  
Best Russian Sables

Black Blue and

Silver Foxes



☼  
Seals Chinchillas

Sacs

Etoles Muffs



## GENT'S FUR COATS.

# P. M. GRUNWALDT,

6, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS.





# Mme. LEOTY,

8, Place de la Madeleine, PARIS.

Telephone No.: 229. 99.

Telegrams: "LEOTY, PARIS."



Mme. LEOTY'S STAND AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

---

26, Dover Street, LONDON, W.

Telephone No.: GERRARD 1,424.



# PERIOD FURNISHING.

Persons of taste who desire to furnish their town houses or country houses in the English or French Period Styles may entrust themselves with complete confidence to the guidance of Warings',  
Decorators to H.M. the King.



Warings' skill and resources are conspicuously exemplified in the work executed by them for the King and Queen, the German Emperor, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of Italy, the Sultan of Turkey, the Khedive of  
Egypt, etc., etc.

## WARINGS'

Waring & Gillow, Ltd.

LONDON. — MONTREAL. — PARIS. — MADRID.



BOIN-TABURET

HENRY FRÈRES

SUCCESSEURS

Hors Concours — Membre du Jury

GOLDSMITHS, SILVERSMITHS,

AND

JEWELLERS



OLD BONBONNIÈRE, LOUIS XVI.  
Blue enamel with gold ornaments, medallion painted on enamel,  
frame in brilliants.

Dealers in Antiques — Works of Art — Pièces de Collection

3, Rue Pasquier (Madeleine), PARIS



THE  
FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION  
ILLUSTRATED REVIEW



THE  
FRANCO-BRITISH  
EXHIBITION

ILLUSTRATED REVIEW

1908

EDITED BY F. G. DUMAS



LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS





UXBRIDGE ROAD ENTRANCE.

## INTRODUCTION.



THE time has come to sum up the Franco-Exhibition of 1908. It has had a brilliant career. From the first day, when wretched weather marred the opening by the Prince and Princess of Wales on May 14th, the Exhibition caught the attention of the public and held it through rain and shine. It has been the great feature, not only of the season, but of the year. It has overshadowed all other events of the London summer so completely that there is some difficulty in remembering what they were. Yet they were many, and some of them of world-wide importance. It has enjoyed great popularity, not among a section of the people, but among all classes, from their Majesties, who paid it repeated visits, to the working man, his wife and children. It has excited unflagging interest, not for a day or a week, but for nearly six months. And that means a great deal; for in London, with its multitudinous activities and distractions, one thing treads so fast upon the heels of another that some very exceptional qualities are needed



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

to make anything even a nine days' wonder. It is of interest to inquire what are the qualities which have won for the Exhibition the sustained appreciation of the great public, gentle and simple, serious and frivolous, not in London only, but from all parts of the country and across the water.

First and foremost it possessed the great attraction of novelty, and novelty of many sorts. The size alone was something new in this country. The daily advertisement in the newspapers called it "the greatest exhibition ever held in London," and that is even less than the truth. It is the greatest ever held in these islands. There have been larger ones in other countries, but we have never had anything on this scale before. The last great exhibition held in London was in 1862, and few remember it. I happen to be one of them, having visited it as a small boy, and having preserved a very distinct impression of the place and what was to be seen there. It could have been put down in a corner of Shepherd's Bush, and there was no great throng of visitors; small boys could wander about quite comfortably. But I doubt if mere size is a real or lasting attraction; it is a thing to talk about and boast of, but in practice it wearies. People wander about, lose their way and become fatigued, and fatigue damps appreciation; you can enjoy nothing with tired senses. It is possible for a show to be too large, just as it is possible for a programme to be too long. People go away having "had enough of it," as the saying is, which means that they do not want any more; but the essence of a lasting attraction is that they do want more. For a reason to be presently mentioned, the Franco-British Exhibition did not inflict the peculiarly irritating fatigue induced by losing one's way or not knowing where to go; and that was one of its chief merits. It was not too large for enjoyment, though large enough to excite wonder and to contain an inexhaustible variety of sights and distractions. But it touched the economic limit in size, and might have done better commercially if it had been somewhat smaller. None of the great exhibitions in recent years have been financially successful, and excessive size seems to be the cause, for many less ambitious efforts have done very well and proved highly profitable. The cost of preparing a very large area, draining, laying-out and erecting buildings, becomes disproportionate after a certain point has been reached, and is not balanced by increased attractiveness.

A second point of novelty has proved absolutely and brilliantly successful, and that is the bi-national character of the enterprise. This was, indeed, its most distinctive feature, and the leading idea which led to its initiation. It was intended to promote the *entente cordiale* between France and Britain, and it has done so. That adroit and charming phrase, the general adoption of which among us is a delicate compliment to the French language, suggests more than it expresses. It stands for mutual appreciation and good-will, for common aims and interests; it covers sentiment, understanding and material relations; and in all these senses it has been conspicuously promoted by the exhibition. The co-operation of the French appealed at once to British sentiment, and their

## INTRODUCTION



THE FRENCH RESTAURANT AT NIGHT.

splendid response to the invitation added incalculably to the actual attractions presented at Shepherd's Bush.

The sentimental element is much stronger on our side than the French realise ; they have never been able quite to understand it. We are supposed to have no sentiment, and to care for nothing but material things and particularly our own advantage. That is a great mistake. We are not excitable, but we are far more sentimental than many excitable peoples ; and the simple truth is that we are really fond of France and the French. They, who are the most popular nation in the world, are nowhere more popular than here. It was a truly happy idea that inspired this co-operative enterprise. It appealed by its novelty—for the same thing has never been attempted before—and it chimed with national sentiment ; the co-operation gave a flavour to the whole affair, and in the carrying out it added an element which of itself was almost enough to ensure success. The French are past masters in the art of organising exhibitions ; they have a standing machinery for the purpose, and they threw themselves into the business with more than cordiality, with the mastery that comes from experience. We owe them not only a general influence, an atmosphere, but some of the best individual items on the list. If a hundred persons—men and women—were asked to name the most interesting, complete and attractive exhibit in the entire place, it is safe to say that ninety-nine would answer “the French dress.” Nothing to compare with it has ever been seen before. Dress fabrics and dress are the greatest of French industries, and they were displayed in bewildering profusion, and with that inimitable sense of effect of which they alone have the secret. The French restaurant represented another great national art, which is highly appreciated here ; the jewellery and decorative crafts set forth the distinctive national feeling for elegance, and the French colonies added a touch of the unusual and the bizarre.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

The importance of the bi-national character as the distinguishing feature of the exhibition was signalled in two very different ways, one from above and the other from below. The first was the state visit of the King and Queen, accompanied by M. le Président on May 26th ; the other was the popular name adopted by the multitude. Many more or less silly attempts were made, as they always are, to coin a short name for the Exhibition, but none of them took the fancy of the people, who settled the matter in their own way, as they usually do, by calling it "the Franco." And the Franco it certainly was.

Another feature which in my opinion greatly contributed to the popularity of the Exhibition was the planning and general lay-out of the ground. It is a great merit. I said above that visitors were not fatigued by losing their way ; it was, in fact, impossible to lose your way. My first visit was paid nearly two months before the opening, when everything was in a state of chaotic unreadiness and confusion ; but the scheme was so broad, simple and intelligible that I never had occasion to look at a plan again, but always knew exactly where to find any particular thing and how to get to it. For that signal merit the credit is due to Mr. Kiralfy. He has had to do with many public shows on a large scale, and it has been my fortune to note his creations and those of others from time to time over a series of years. There has always been some original idea, an individual touch showing a peculiar sense of effect about his work, and it was never more evident than in the scheme carried out at Shepherd's Bush. The main idea is a series of courts or open spaces, extending one after another in a straight line, with the buildings disposed about them. It is simplicity itself, and that is why the plan was so easy to grasp. The art lay in varying the shape and dimensions of each court and in maintaining harmonious proportions between open space and buildings.

The series begins with the Court of Honour, which was the germ of the whole scheme from which the rest gradually developed. An admirably proportioned rectangular space of moderate size, with broad tiled walks enclosing a water basin ; the expanse of water spanned by an ornamental bridge and broken at intervals by minarets extending from the sides, with a cascade formed of glass steps at one end ; the buildings enclosing this area, high enough for dignity but not so high as to dwarf the open space, Indian in style with a profusion of light tracery all in white. Such was the Court of Honour into which the visitor entered at once after passing through an entrance hall. It was charming by day, but at night, lighted by thousands of electric lamps, it was exquisite.

How different the Court of Arts, which comes next. Also rectangular, but with the long axis placed cross-wise and occupying a far larger area, this Court lends the Exhibition the dignity of spaciousness and affords a *coup d'œil* which commands nearly the whole ground. The large open space was here left unbroken by buildings and laid out in flower beds and walks intersected by the canal which wound its way through a large part of the grounds and gave occasion

## INTRODUCTION



PREPARING THE CEMENT FOR THE SOIL.

to the interposition of many little bridges, their raised arches breaking the level surface agreeably, without spoiling the vista. The numerous halls, devoted to various arts and crafts, built round the court were all well set back and not too many in number ; but while some of them were effective and appropriate, others were neither interesting, nor pretty, nor dignified, but merely fantastic. There was some room for improvement here.

The Court of Arts opened on one side direct into the next section, which might have been called the Court of Dining. This was smaller again and of a different shape ; it consisted of a central garden enclosed on three sides by restaurant or buildings devoted to the same purpose. Behind these lay on one side the great Stadium and on the other the machinery halls. All very pleasant, but here the fine effect of space and background became somewhat broken up by buildings ; and in the sections beyond, devoted to amusements and colonial halls, it was lost altogether. The scheme was still quite clear, but the effect was spoilt by too many structures.

The merits of the scheme thus briefly described seem to me to be the combination of simplicity with variety and the proportions of open space to buildings. The architecture is discussed by an expert in a separate chapter. No doubt it lacked harmony and some of it was common, some bizarre ; but harmony is apt to involve monotony, and it is the privilege of exhibition architecture to be as fantastic as it pleases.

Some other points remain to be noticed. With regard to the exhibits, the French dress, which was the most striking of all, has been mentioned. On the British side the best groups were the fine arts and the ships models, which were the finest collection ever seen. Education was also very well done ; steel was adequate, and in the textile hall Manchester and Belfast did themselves justice in cotton and linen respectively. Machinery and engines were not well represented.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

Many British manufacturers deliberately keep aloof from exhibitions on principle, and the depression in trade discouraged others. Sufficient attention was not paid to the educational section, which was very carefully organised and remarkably complete; but comparatively few visitors to an exhibition go to spend time on such a heavy subject.

Many found the Canadian Hall the most interesting thing in the place, and it was certainly got up in an extremely effective way for displaying the resources of the Dominion. Others were equally enthusiastic about the Australian courts. Our own Oriental dominions and the French African colonies formed a most striking contrast to these young nations, and altogether the Colonial Avenue, as it was called, was in my opinion one of the most attractive features of the show. Behind it lay the Irish Village, which never lacked admirers, though the sixpence charged for admission brought it to the level of a "side-show."

Turning to the lighter side we find again the note of novelty prevailing. The principal features were, of course, the great Stadium and the Olympic Games, both entirely new to the British public. The Stadium is truly a great structure, on the heroic scale; too great, indeed, to serve the purpose of a single season only; it is surely a permanent possession. The games excited the utmost popular interest and drew vast crowds. It is unfortunate that they were the occasion of incidents, which left a disagreeable taste in the mouth and raised doubts whether international unity is really promoted by such contests. It is certain that if competitors carry their own rules about with them and cannot stand being beaten the result is more likely to be enmity. But the Exhibition was in no wise to blame for that. The other amusements formed a standing attraction which seemed to be appreciated to the utmost. They were all selected on the principle of being entirely new to London. One of them, the great Flip-Flap, is absolutely new; it was the invention of Mr. Kiralfy, the inspiration of a happy moment, and was constructed for the occasion. After some initial difficulties it had a triumphant career. Not less the Scenic Railway and the Canadian toboggan. I confess to being a little hazy about these great devices, never having had time to take a turn on them myself, but whenever one passed near them they were always crowded with passengers, and the noise they made was incessant and terrific.

In this introductory summary I have regarded the Exhibition solely from the public point of view. What went on behind the scenes is not my affair. No doubt there were difficulties and disappointments; there always are. But the public have been delighted with it. I have paid a great many visits at different times and in all sorts of weather. What astonished me was that it seemed to make no difference. There was always the same throng and the same look of interest and enjoyment; never a sign of dissatisfaction or satiety. Writing six weeks before the opening, I said "London has a surprise in store. It is going to be a great show." That has proved true. And it has promoted the *entente*.

A. SHADWELL.





THE COURT OF HONOUR.

## ARCHITECTURE.



THE exhibition architect to-day has a wide scope, for, freed from the conventional disabilities of the ordinary architect of cities, he can give reign to his imagination and realise airy conceptions which are not used in brick or stone. The ordinary canons of criticism cannot be applied to such erections of a few months; indeed, since elaborate architectural beauty is what is sought for, there is less excuse for poorness of design than there is in architecture, which is bound by the practical inconveniences of time, place, and the elements. We have not so much to do here, therefore, with styles of architecture properly so-called as with general effect, since mostly the aim of the designers has not been to copy or modify any period, but rather to attain at schemes of decoration which can only be referred to as belonging to the "Exhibition period."

Two architects have supervised the construction of all the buildings of the Exhibition. Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., P.P.R.I.B.A., was architect-in-chief of the Palace of Decorative Arts, also of the British Applied Arts and French Applied Arts buildings, which were designed by Mr. J. B. Fulton and Mr. L. G. Detmar respectively. He also supervised the Education Building designed by Mr. Charles Gascoyne, and a number of other designs in addition to those not

## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

carried out. Mr. Belcher also advised generally on the acceptance of steel-work contracts and other matters.

The architect-in-chief of the pavilions is M. Toudoire, the architect of the P. L. M. Railway Company and of the new and imposing station of this company on the Boulevard Diderot, Paris. The Administration Buildings are by Mr. Fulton.



THE WOOD LANE ENTRANCE.

The Exhibition consists of two parts, each of which is reached by a monumental entrance, both of these being the work of a young French architect, M. René Patouillard-Demoriane. The part extending from Uxbridge Road to Wood Lane is simply a long row of seven galleries over coal stores and railway company's depôts. These galleries end at Wood Lane, where is the entrance to the Exhibition, properly so-called—the Exhibition of Palaces and Pavilions, or the White City, as it has been denominated.

Starting at the Wood Lane entrance, the first striking example of architecture is the Court of Honour, a very pleasant treatment of a Hindoo idea, eminently well suited to the purposes of an exhibition. The first idea of this Court, as indeed of the Exhibition itself, was carried out from a design of M. Fournier de St. Maur, the collaborator with M. Toudoire. M. Fournier died

in 1906, and his design, which included an Imperial Tower, designed by M. H. Joulie, was replaced by a Terrace, comprising a Pavilion with a dome, which was not executed.

On the two sides of the formal piece of water in the Court of Honour are blocks of buildings—the Palaces of French and British Industries—



THE BRITISH APPLIED ARTS PALACE.





THE CASCADE.

of uniform height broken by pavilions. On the fourth side of this Court of Honour is the Congress Hall. The cascade from the centre of this building gives the finishing touch, and the whole effect of this Court and its buildings is extremely pleasing.

Leaving the Court of Honour we enter another quadrangular space, and here the chief interest of the Exhibition from the

architectural point of view is centred. The four buildings in each corner are : on the spectator's left, as he stands with his back to the Court of Honour, the French Applied Art Palace and the British Applied Art Palace ; on his right, the Palace of Music and the Palace of Women's Work. The most striking of the four is the British Applied Art Palace, designed by Mr. J. B. Foulton, which some architects consider to be the finest piece of work in the entire Exhibition. The Palace of French Applied Arts, from a design by Mr. Lionel Detmar, is also very pleasing, especially as regards the tower, which is beautifully proportioned.

In comparison with this latter the Palace of Music, by Claude Martello, has a very " exhibitony " appearance, amounting rather to garishness, and the globe on the top of the tower gives it a truncated appearance. Of undiluted exhibition style, too, is the Palace of Women's Work, by Maurice Lucet. On either side and behind the four buildings we have named in this Court are to be found—on the left, the Palace of Decorative Arts, and on the right the Fine Art Palace. The Fine Art Palace is from the architectural point of view not pleasing. The French Restaurant, Paillards, has been designed by Alfred Levard, and is a good specimen of its kind ; the archway gives a rich effect. The Pavilion Louis XV. is the work of Edouard Coste, the Grand Restaurant and Garden Club of Gaston Thorimbert, and the Royal Pavilion of Edouard Crevel. The Restaurant and Popular Café on either side of



THE COURT OF ARTS AND PALACE OF WOMEN'S WORK.

## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.



THE GRAND RESTAURANT ;

In the Foreground the Decorative Balustrade of the Band Stand or the Elite Gardens.

the Decorative Arts Palace are the work of Mr. John Belcher. Now passing through the French Restaurant Pavilion we find a huge range of galleries called the Machinery Halls, designed by Eugène Duquesne. In the space formed by the projecting arms of these galleries we find a garden, grandiloquently termed the Garden of Progress,

in which there are various pavilions.

The most important of them, and in fact the only two that are really tasteful, are the Pavilion of the City of Paris, the architect of which is M. Roger Bouvard ; and the Collectivité Délieux, drawn by M. Marius Toudoire.

The Pavilion of the City of Paris is a blend of well-known examples of Gothic and French Renaissance, refined and graceful in its details and giving one the reposeful pleasure always attending the contemplation of a pure work of art. The end elevations are reproductions of the Porte St. Jean of the Hôtel de Ville.

The rather florid Collectivité Délieux is in the "art nouveaux" style ; the decorations have been carried out by the talented young decorators, Messrs. H. and A. Barberis.

Facing the left entrance of the Machinery Halls is another building worthy of mention, the Pavilion of the Comptoir d'Escompte de Paris (architect Mr. Ambroise M. Poynter).

Behind the Grand Restaurant, which we have already mentioned, are a series of private pavilions, many of which are picturesque and interesting. From here we come into a huge semi-circle, which contains all the various Colonial Palaces and Pavilions.

The Great Canadian Pavilion, which, like its fellow, the Australian Pavilion — the next large building on the left—covers some 60,000 square feet. The Canadian building is the more satisfactory of the two, and has some pretension to dignity. Almost



HALL OF MUSIC.



## ARCHITECTURE.

opposite to the latter, but a much smaller building, is the New Zealand Pavilion, surrounded by a pseudo-Ionic colonnade.

Passing Commonwealth Avenue, we reach the group devoted to the French Colonies — the Algerian and Tunisian Pavilion by M. Albert Ballu, one of the most interesting on account of its character ; the French Indo-Chinese, by M.

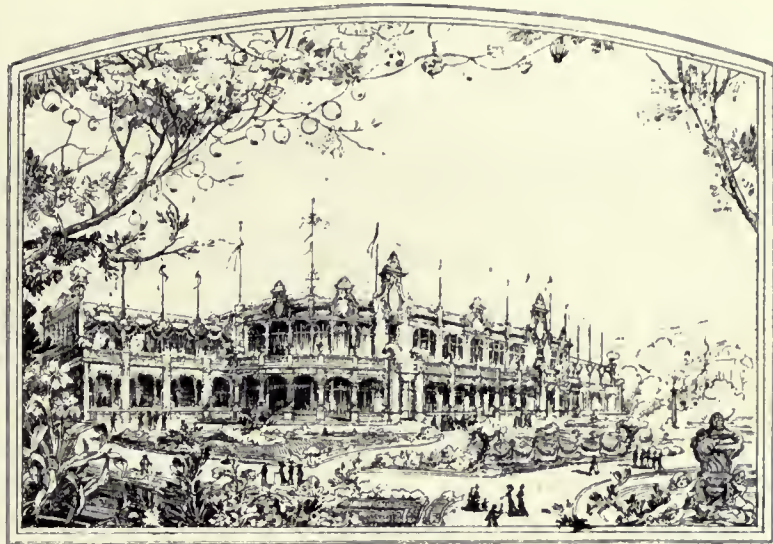
Siffert ; French Colonial Building, by Lefèvre, and the French East African. These are of smaller type than the British Colonial Buildings, but some of them are quite striking, especially the Indo-Chinese and the East African, which has a striking central doorway surrounded with tiles in the Moorish manner and a graceful cupola.

Having made the circuit of the hemisphere containing the Colonial Buildings, we come in the Eastern Avenue to the Great Stadium, on the opposite side of the Elite Gardens to the Machinery Halls.

Of the two club houses in the Exhibition, the Garden Club, situated in the Elite Gardens, has a large dining hall composed entirely of glazed panels, and its doors and windows open directly on the gardens, in the centre of which is a sunken concert arena. The other club is the Imperial Sports Club, close to the Stadium.

The Exhibition is a "White City" indeed ! Every building is white without shade, and under the ardent sun it has looked like some brilliant Oriental fantasy—a dream of a virgin city bathed in light.

GUY MAUVE.



G. THORIMBERT, Architect.

GARDEN CLUB.



THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.



MODELLING IN FIBROUS PLASTER IN A PAVILION.

## FIBROUS PLASTER.

### THE BUILDING MATERIAL OF THE WHITE CITY.

IF the great Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush has done nothing else, it has shown Londoners what can be accomplished in that strange material, fibrous plaster. It is everywhere. On skeletons of steel and concrete, the whole city is clothed in it. The beautiful and stately domes and columns that have the appearance of stone are built of wood, canvas, tow, and plaster cement, at about one-fifth the cost of the more solid material. The beautiful Court of Honour, dazzling in its virgin white, delighting the eye with its domes, minarets, mouldings, lattice work and delicate traceries, is nothing but lath and plaster. The great palaces, with all their appearance of stone-like solidity, may claim a skeleton of steel and concrete and no more; all the rest is fibrous plaster. But this city is no weakling, it is weather-proof and remarkably strong, and with an occasional coat of paint should live for a quarter of a century at least.

The method of work employed in building is, first to make a framework of wood, over which is stretched a layer of canvas; a layer of fibrous plaster is then placed over the canvas, followed by more layers of canvas and more layers of plaster. This is continued until the dome, column, or whatever it



## FIBROUS PLASTER.

may be, is ready for the decorative artist, who forms his delicate traceries from a composition called "staff," which is a finer form of fibrous plaster, composed of plaster, cement, glycerine, dextrine, etc., with a basic material of cotton wool. In point of interest the use of fibrous plaster in building is far exceeded by its decorative use. The noble statues and groups which have the apparent solidity of marble, together with the delicate mouldings and entwining wreaths, represent the greatest skill of the plasterer and modeller. In figure



PREPARING MOULDINGS.

work, first-class modellers only can be employed. In the beginning the same method is used as in building, but in place of the decorative artist with "staff," the sculptor now appears, and he goes over the whole design with clay. When he has finished his modelling, a gelatine mould is taken and the plaster cast is made, at one-fifth of what would have been the cost had the figure been executed in stone. When the cast is dried, it receives several coats of shellac to make it waterproof, and is then ready to fill its allotted space. In cases where a knowledge of carving is united with that of the modeller's art, the expense of casting and time also may be saved by building the figure in plaster of paris on the wood and canvas framework. This method was adopted with the group that adorns the pavilion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Garden of Progress. For the four animals

## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

in the Quadriga that adorns the Palace of Decorative Arts but one cast was used. The Quadriga took over three months in preparing, and is perhaps the finest illustration of the plaster modeller's art, if we except the monster figure adorning the Palace of French Applied Arts. The figure here referred to, standing with uplifted hand holding a torch, measures over twenty feet in height. A very beautiful illustration of the plaster modeller's work is the central figure of the floral sundial in the Garden of Progress, facing the Pavilion of the Collectivité Déléguée. This sundial is one of the most graceful features of the Exhibition. Another instance of the plaster modeller's work is the great shield at the Uxbridge Road Main Entrance. This shield was ten weeks in the making. It is so large (it is about sixteen feet broad, and over sixteen feet in height) that it had to be made and placed in position in sections, the whole being afterwards pieced together with cement. Here, in addition to wood, canvas, and plaster, there is a generous admixture of clay, which is principally used in the formation of the flowers at the base of the shield. As an illustration of the Gargantuan efforts employed in building and decorating the White City, it may interest the reader to learn that the monuments and figures adorning the main buildings range in height from seven to thirty feet, and number over two hundred, while the busts, heads, medallions, centre pieces, etc., run into four figures. Fibrous plaster is largely used on the Continent for decorative purposes, but as a substitute for brick and stone it was practically unknown in England before the birth of the City of White Palaces.



CONSTRUCTING A CUPOLA.

# THE BRITISH ART SECTION.

By M. H. SPIELMANN.

## BRITISH PAINTING.



J. HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810).  
Mrs. Williams, wife of Captain Williams.

THERE seems to be a general concensus of opinion that the *clous*, the greatest and most striking successes of the Franco-British Exhibition are the Fine Arts Section and the display of French jewellery and of French dresses. We knew beforehand that the last two would be exquisite in taste and quality, wholly unapproachable by British industry and manufacture, but the splendour of the display in the Fine Art Palace seems to have taken the public somewhat by surprise. For we have here a collection such as has never before been set before British eyes on British soil, the result of the most strenuous efforts made by the two committees, French and English, acting in friendly and sympathetic emulation. There is no need here to draw

comparisons, save the very obvious one that the British Retrospection Section carries it off over the corresponding French department, mainly because special effort in that direction was made by the British representatives, while the French, as the visiting nation, were at a practical and manifest disadvantage; and on the other hand, that the French Section of Sculpture triumphs over our own, as everybody expected it would, despite the enormous difficulty of transporting these ponderous and unwieldy exhibits. To this noble contribution it behoves us to take off our hats, yet with a keen sense of satisfaction that our own sculptors are not nearly so far behind as we feared would be the case. But the sculpture will be spoken of later on; our present concern is with the paintings of the British school, in oil and water colour, which are grouped in the fourteen rooms at the right-hand of the centre-line of the Fine Arts Palace.

People familiar with the history of our art and with its principal achievements, while wondering at the comparative completeness of such a collection, may be surprised at the absence of a few painters of note, and of a number of pictures which might reasonably be expected to be met with in a display which clearly



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

makes a bid for thorough representativeness of character. But everyone who has taken part in, or is acquainted with, the work of promoting exhibitions, even those conceived and carried out in a scale much more modest than this, will realise the difficulties of the tremendous task. How some owners, obdurately deaf to the entreaties of the committee, and as obstinately indifferent to persuasion from higher or closer quarters, refuse to lend works which seem essential to completeness; how others promise and at the very last moment refuse, when it is too late to attempt to replace the treasures withdrawn; how certain artists from one motive or another decline to render assistance or give no sign in response to repeated applications—these things are not known to the many, even to some of the critics who should know better; so that the marvel is that success so nearly complete should have been achieved at all. When we are told that the four rooms containing the Retrospective section are the result of about five hundred letters and of an insurance total of £400,000, some idea will be formed of the labour and enterprise involved in such an undertaking—an undertaking hurriedly carried out under great pressure of time, and under occasionally trying conditions such as the necessarily divergent views inherent in a large committee. In the face of circumstances such as these, which every thinking man can imagine for himself, criticism should not be too exacting. Even though Whistler (who, at the last great Exposition, preferred not to exhibit with the English) should be absent, and one or two others of less importance should also be unrepresented, allowance must be made. We prefer to recognise the presence, generally speaking, of the cream of the production of British and Irish art for many years past, and not cavil at minor defects; let us not be of those who,



J. CONSTABLE, R.A. (1776-1837).—Dedham Vale.



G. ROMNEY (1734-1802).—"Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante—With a Goat."

## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

constitutionally afflicted with mental cataract, see nothing but the spots upon the sun.

In the attempt to trace in the display the progress of British art we find some timidity in the initial step. There is naturally nothing of Bettes, Holbein's



T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727—1792).  
Portrait of Anne, Duchess of Cumberland.

contemporary and likely enough the pupil of Hilliard, for his pictures are of extraordinary rarity; but to William Dobson, who approached so near to Vandyck, is ascribed a beautiful portrait of a lady in black holding a lemon. This is less like the work of the able painter to whom it is attributed than that of one or other





SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792).—Lady Crosbie.

## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

of the able Dutchmen who painted in England till the great Fleming arrived, and in a great measure turned the public taste of the day from the art of Holland to that of Flanders. Nor is there anything of Jamesone, Robert Walker, John Riley, and others of their rank, who were clever without being pre-eminent, and so might well be spared, for in the history of art their names are more important trouble about omissions. In regard to both quality and numbers representation is doubtless sometimes unequal, but even the worst is very good indeed.



JAMES HOLLAND, R.W.S. (1800-1870).  
Wooded Scene—A Salmon Trap—Glyn Lledr, North Wales.

In Hogarth's portrait of his sister, "Miss Hogarth," we find that bluff English temper, that contempt for grace and cultivated charm which the political



W. HOGARTH (1697-1764).—A Card Party.

attractive, and with none at all on her brother's to soften the asperities of what the modest little Japanese lady, we are told, in a spirit of self-abnegation, loves to call "my unimportant face." But there is a sturdy recognition of unvarnished truth and of strong personality and absolute sincerity. It is

than their works. We thus arrive at Hogarth, when for the first time the British school found itself and became truly national; and thenceforward we need not

feeling of the time condemned as "Frenchified." So Miss Hogarth is represented as a middle-class English gentlewoman, without much effort on her part to make herself look



## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

these qualities that made the foundation of the British school, for daintiness and airs and graces were not indigenous to the people; they were importations from France, the land of their birth, and until a man arose to start afresh to paint with honest veracity devoid of all flattery, the art of the country could not be said to be wholly sincere and characteristic of the nation whose sentiment and emotion and way of seeing it was supposed to reflect. That man was the stalwart

Hogarth, and to him we owe eternal gratitude for his robust, life-long protest. Protests of the kind regularly recur, as the irresistible impulse precipitates a crisis: we had it again in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and again in the Impressionistic movement, as in the



D. G. ROSSETTI (1828-1882).—The Bower Meadow.

development of principles that called into being the "Arts and Crafts," all protests against growing conventionalism and dulled artistic sense. But Hogarth's refusal to dandify his sitters did not prevent him, especially in his earlier years, from painting society as he saw it,

and as he shows it to us in "A Card Party"—one of those "conversation pieces" in which with unerring taste he reflects the life and costume he was soon to hold up to ridicule in merciless caricature. It is the same honest brush that painted the little "Ranelagh," lent by Mr. Burdett-Coutts—the famous gardens seen in the soft light of morning when all the revellers had flitted. There is love of nature here, and the scene is set down without trifling and without "arrangement." The charm is in the colour and the actual painting, the qualities for which Hogarth is to be valued above his gift of satire or his talent for preaching and didacticism.





G. F. WATTS, O.M., R.A., (1817-1904).—Orlando Pursuing the Fata Morgana.

Reproduced by permission of the Leicester Art Gallery Committee and Mrs. Watts.



J. HOPPNER, R.A. (1758-1810).

The Sisters.

Marianne and Amelia, Daughters of Sir T. Frankland.

## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

From him to Reynolds is an easy step, although in the great Sir Joshua we have a return to grace and fancy, now, however, entirely nationalised and assimilated. Save that there is no male portrait by the first President of the Royal Academy, his art is well represented. For simplicity and truth, albeit highly decorative in the richness and colour of the dress, we could hardly have chosen a better example than the well-known half-length "Mrs. Morris" (whose husband, by the way, in 1806 became Sir John Morris), for it is one of the

minority of the painter's pictures which retain their full glow of colour without change or fading. Four years later he completed his brilliant full-



T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1792).—Landscape and Cattle.

length of "Viscountess Crosbie," shown hastening to welcome you in her park with a spontaneity of grace and movement and a charm of gesture which the

master rarely, if ever, surpassed, the whole displayed with a vivacity of execution and a golden glow of colour that make it a worthy *vis-à-vis* to "The Blue Boy" that hangs opposite to it. Twenty years before, Reynolds had painted the "Kitty Fisher," which has been lent by Lord Crewe, and it is interesting to compare the vigour of the Lady Crosbie with the dreamy, quiet beauty of the frail charmer as she sits with her attendant doves—a faded picture, which has faded into the sweetest loveliness. Then we have "The Guardian Angels" of 1785, representing two angels protecting a babe—a picture, apparently, painted in connection with the "Angels' Heads" of 1786 in the National Gallery—the portrait of the lovely little Frances Gordon at the age of seven, who lived a spinster and died in that lonely state in 1836. And there is "The Mob Cap," unmentioned by biographers and cataloguers, but undoubtedly from Sir Joshua's hand, and the study for the central figure in his "Infant Academy," painted in or before 1783—a delightfully humorous invention. Here, then, we have the playful, as in the other pictures we have the sentimental, the realistic, and the dreamily demure.



## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

Gainsborough is here not less "various," as Reynolds, in a moment of explosive admiration, declared him to be. The noble portrait of Master Jonathan Buttall, known to all the world as "The Blue Boy," is an extraordinary combination of adolescent dignity and grace. He stands in his "Vandyck habit," as the catalogue described it at the time of its exhibition, self-possessed and even masterful, admirable alike in pose, character, and colour. The warmth of this



SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. (1802-1873).—The Monarch of the Glen.

blue and the almost certain date of the picture give the lie to the traditional story that it was painted as a reply to the challenge of Reynolds's "Eighth Discourse," for the simple reason that discourse was delivered years after the picture was exhibited, and, moreover, dealt specifically with *cold* blue. Few have managed blue more exquisitely and more daringly than Gainsborough. His "Lady Bate-Dudley" (the wife of the handsome fighting parson, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, whom the artist painted at Bradwell seven years before Reynolds's discourse aforesaid) is a miracle of execution and handling of the colour. The lady, attired in a flutter of azure silk, standing at full length in a landscape, presents so delightful an appearance that we would not have her one whit less



R. P. BONINGTON (1801-1828).—The Fish Market, Boulogne.



FORD MADOX BROWN (1821-1893).—Work.

Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Manchester.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

plain than she is; and the execution reveals the high-water mark of Gainsborough's achievement. It is a masterpiece. And yet not a few prefer his "Anne, Duchess of Cumberland," executed in his pencilled manner, but full of delicacy and dignity. Besides these we have the fine cattle-piece—lent by Lord Jersey—a noble work itself, and a reminder that Gainsborough preferred to think and speak of himself as a landscape painter rather than as a "maker of faces."

A far smaller man as a painter, yet almost his peer in appreciation of female beauty and in power of transplanting it to canvas, is George Romney, whose two celebrated portraits of the lovely Lady Hamilton are the painter's



SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A. (1829-1896).—Autumn Leaves.  
Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Manchester.

Romney has caught the saucy witchery and pretty piquancy of the lady far more successfully than the greater man. "Lady Hamilton at the Spinning Wheel" (lent by Lord Iveagh), despite the bituminous lumpiness of the shadowed background, is even more attractive in proportion as it gets away from the cold suggestion of classic mythology so often affected by fancy-portrait painters of the day—but by Gainsborough never. These two works represent Romney's art, but they represent it in its most engaging and effective aspect; for although

tributes to the charm of British womanhood. The "Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante," otherwise "with a Goat," reminds one strongly of the picture, under the same title, by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the possession of the Earl of Durham—the conception and arrangement are much the same; but

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

Romney was also a painter of men, his somewhat effeminate art was happiest with women in general and with Lady Hamilton in particular.

A more vigorous personality, although possessed of less originality, John Hoppner conquered a position which, from the beauty and breadth of his work, should by rights stand above that of Romney's. "The Sisters," which belongs to Sir Edward Tennant, is one of the most beautiful things of its period in British art. When it was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1795 under the title of "Portraits of two young Ladies," it naturally created a furore, and people recognised, or thought they recognised, that the place left vacant by Sir Joshua Reynolds's death three years before was now likely to be honourably filled. This group of the daughters of Admiral Sir Thomas Frankland, the great-great grandson of Oliver Cromwell, was doubtless a beautiful thing then; the years that have passed have softened the already quiet scheme of colours and, for all its sparkle, added a mellow softness that lends a charm to what must always have been a triumph for the painter. His "Miss Judith Beresford" and "Miss Williams" are both excellent examples of Hoppner's art, but



SIR E. BURNE-JONES, BART. (1833-1896).—The Golden Stairs.





SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A., R.S.A. (1756-1822.)  
Portrait of Alicia, Lady Steuart of Coltness.





T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1792).  
Portrait of Lady Bate-Dudley.

## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

he touches his highest water-mark in the portrait of "Mrs. Pearson"—the grandmother of its present owner, Captain Pearson. It is a masterpiece, superior in quality (though of course simpler and easier as a composition) even to "The Sisters," for allied to dignity and charm of expression and unity of colour it has a sense of atmosphere and "looseness of handling" as the painters call it, which place it higher in the scale. In the end, "quality" in paint always tells; fashion may set for a time mere prettiness or charm on the higher pedestal, as Romney is set up to-day, but sooner or later quality will assert



W. COLLINS, R.A. (1788-1847).—Cromer Sands.

itself, when revised judgment will place the favourites of to-day in their proper niches. That will inevitably be Romney's lot one day, when collectors come to their artistic senses; then it will be recognised that Hoppner at his best stands above Romney, though all the beauty of his numerous Lady Hamiltons be cast into the scale.

Even Opie was stronger than his contemporary Romney, and often more painter-like, as we see in the engaging portrait of "Mrs. George Warde," wife of the younger general of that name. It was executed in 1782, the year of the artist's first contribution to the Royal Academy, and so was the work of his youth, and remains, with its pretty arrangement of Leghorn hat, blue ribbons, and powdered hair, one of his most pleasant examples of portraiture.

The year that saw the exhibition of Hoppner's "Misses Frankland" witnessed also the production of Sir Henry Raeburn's "Lady Steuart of Coltness." The great Scottish artist painted two or three portraits exactly on this plan of pose, chair and landscape; not that it was his custom to repeat himself, or that he

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

lacked invention, but that the arrangement greatly pleased him at the time. It is one of the best specimens of his art, especially in female portraiture, and in its excellence of treatment and presentation it reveals the hand of a master. At the opposite pole stands the *soi-disant* Zoffany—"Mrs. Morrison of Haddo"—with its smooth, highly-finished flesh, its blue dress and cream lace. That it is not by Zoffany there can be little doubt; at first glance you might take it for an early Reynolds or an unusually fine Cotes, but a closer examination will proclaim it a beautiful work by the Scotsman, Allan Ramsay,

whose portrait of his wife in the Scottish National Gallery is a counterpart of this; and it is confirmed by the "Portrait of Mrs. Bruce" in the same Gallery. It is one of the most interesting



LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A. (1830-1896).—Summer Moon.

and Child" representative enough of his better work, but, compared with what has gone before, artificial in grace and prettiness. They are standing proofs, in spite of their more engaging merits, that in a picture good draughtmanship is not everything, and, indeed, cannot stand beside fine colour and artistic sympathy.

These are the chief portrait-painters during the latter half of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, and some few years were still to elapse before a fresh set of ideals awoke our painters from the lethargy which overcame the successors of the group we have been considering. Even Northcote and Beechey, Hone and Cosway, Shee and Jackson, and Watson Gordon were of the smaller fry, their titles and position notwithstanding; and perhaps it is as well that no room has been found for them in the restricted space at the Exhibition.

When we turn to landscape we find a group of pictures scarcely, if at all, less worthy of admiration than the portraits. Wilson's magnificent "View on the Arno," lent by Mr. Harland-Peck, may owe something to Claude, but it has

pictures in the Exhibition. When we come to Sir Thomas Lawrence, the brilliant draughtsman and second-rate painter and colourist, we find his "Mrs. Planta" and his characteristic "Lady





JOHN LINNELL, R.W.S. (1792-1882).—The Coming Storm.



SIR E. BURNE-JONES, BART. (1833-1898).—Le Chant d'Amour.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

striking individuality of its own, and glows from the wall with the full golden light of an Italian sunset. Time has given Wilson his revenge, and the neglected artist of Gainsborough's day is the honoured master in this day of grace. He was the inspirer of Julius Cæsar Ibbetson, whose "Welsh Landscape" is a fine and impressive work, curiously simple in its naïveté of composition, yet touchingly sincere. In its rendering of atmosphere there is in it that rather obtrusive greyness, like a muslin veil, that we often find also in the pictures of his boon-companion George Morland. "Morning ; or, the Benevolent Sportsman," by



P. F. POOLE, R.A. (1810-1879).—The Seventh Day of the Decameron.

the last-named, has the same peculiarity, as well as his seventeenth-century Dutch conventional manner in the rendering of the trees ; nevertheless, the fine sentiment for landscape and the charm of the composition raise it to the front rank of his achievements. It is otherwise with "The Wreckers," lent by Mr. Barnet Lewis. This picture, representative of a large class of subjects of very similar design, not only by Morland, but by De Loutherburg, and others, including Turner himself in his younger days, scarcely bears the stamp of truth and sincerity, and the storm is as unstudied as the "wreckers" are theatrical.

In his day few painters enjoyed the popular appreciation which was lavished on Thomas Barker of Bath, whether for landscape or figure-painting, certain examples of which are of vast size. The "Rocky Landscape—a Scene in North Wales," belonging to Captain Huth, is the most powerful of his works the present writer has ever seen and the most important, artistically judged ; it is, in fact, almost unique, and may perhaps have been seen by James Ward and guided him in the formation of his vigorous style. Indeed, it challenges, on the ground of pictorial strength, the most forceful work of "Old" Crome himself.



## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

That this is saying a good deal will be confessed by all who compare with it Crome's noble "Moonlight," lent by Mr. Darell Brown. This is an unusual picture for the master, unfinished, too, in the trees; but it proclaims a love of nature even beyond what we find in Gainsborough's "Landscape and Cattle" already mentioned, or in Barker's hammer-blow at Welsh scenery. It is such

a picture that might better have been the inspiration of the schools of Barbizon and Fontainebleau than Constable's "Haywain" of 1823, and might be taken for the direct forerunner of Rousseau, just as in its turn it appears to have been suggested by the finer moonlight pieces of Aart Van der Neer. But that it is wholly original and true to the scene it depicts is not open to question. With



SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A. (1829-1896).—The Black Brunswicker.

whose "Road through the Wood" is inspired mainly by Nasmyth; and of John Sell Cotman, whose stately oil-picture "St. Malo" is wholly inspired by his own watercolours.

When we come to Turner we find three moving canvases representative, roughly, of the master's three periods, the early, the middle, and the last. In the first, "Fishing Boats on a Lee Shore," belonging to Lord Iveagh, we have the passion for fact, and incidentally his love of the sea of which he had such unrivalled knowledge. Here we are struck by the firmness of the drawing and the emphasis of the statement. In the second work, the celebrated "Mercury and Herse," lent by Lord Swaythling, we have the passion for composition and the

Crome's work should be grouped that of the others of his school: of George Vincent, whose admirable "Driving the Flock, St. Mary, Beverly"—commonly called "The Jumping Sheep"—is inspired directly by nature; of Patrick (or more correctly Peter) Nasmyth, whose delightful art, here represented by "Meeting of the Avon and Severn," is inspired directly by Hobbema and Ruysdael; of James Stark,

pseudo-classic feeling in landscape which for so long a period possessed him. In the third, we have the passion for colour and light. This is "Quillebœuf," the property of Mr. T. H. Miller, familiar among students of Turner as "The Great Wave"—the vast moving mass of water whose weight and momentum we are made to feel as it speeds toward the shore to break in a cloud of spray.

Here we have that glorious colour, exquisite, yet restrained and full of light, that marks the beginning of the artist's latest phase. If three pictures are to illustrate Turner's career, it would be hard to better the selection, whether for technical study or for sheer delight.

A year after Turner was born Constable first saw the light.

Two men, equally de-

major part of his career he sadly lacked appreciation. His art, as he himself said, is "without either fal-de-lal or fiddle-de-dee; how can I therefore hope to be popular?" If he could now return and see the crowd that daily exclaims in rapture before "Dedham Vale," just as it stands enthralled before his pictures in the National Gallery, the bitterness that tinged and tainted his life would be dissipated in the warmth of the acclamation.

Bonington, born a quarter of a century later, had greater affinity with Turner than Constable, and his "Fish Market at Boulogne" (Sir Edward



J. F. LEWIS, R.A., P.R.W.S. (1805-1876).—In the Bey's Garden.  
Reproduced by permission of the Preston Corporation.

voted as they were to nature and truth, more diametrically opposed in their outlook and artistic vision it would be difficult to name. Constable's "Dedham Vale," lent by Colonel Sir Audley Neeld, is an example of his finest work and his finest period. It was painted in 1828, and pleased its painter vastly, as his "Life and Letters" shows; and yet for the



## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

Tennant) might not unreasonably be compared with Turner's "Sun Rising through a Mist" in the National Gallery. It is one of his most important works, and a fine exercise in the representation of white sunlight as it plays in the moisture-drenched atmosphere on the sea-shore. James Holland had none of



ERNEST CROFTS, R.A.—Charles I.'s Execution.

his love of problem-solving; he aimed at rendering harmoniously the gay colouring of Venice, as in his "Santa Maria della Salute," or at transcribing nature without, as it were, an "ulterior motive." But we have a complete surprise in "A Salmon Trap—Glyn Lledr, North Wales," wherein he has anticipated the "slick" pictorial manner of many a painter of a half-a-century later, and offered



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



G. C. HAITE, R.I., R.B.A.—A Scene in Morocco.

a puzzle to nearly every man who thought he knew his work. Next we come to the brilliant "Chess Players" of William Müller, whose orientalism showed a sincerity, a local truth to fact, and a broad independent vigour of vision and virility of colour and brushwork which have set him in the front rank of painters of his time, when conventionality and impersonality were the bane of our school. Then we have, exhibited together, a group of painters more recently deceased. Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen" and "The Twins" show the artist in two of his more important canvases, the former the better as to composition, the latter the better as to painting; both of them rather thin in technique and uninteresting from the point of view of art, but both very fine and able as studies of animal life. In neither is there an atom of true poetry—of that exquisite feeling which fills the noble canvas of Lord Leighton's exquisitely delicate "Summer Moon," or Cecil Lawson's little "Dreary Road," and George Mason's "Crossing the Moor," or Fred Walker's romantic sunset piece, "The Plough"—with its strange, cleverly-managed discord of reds, and its plough-boy striding along with the swing of a Greek god. And we have Millais's realistic "Over the Hills and Far Away"—a magnificent and highly finished sketch of vast dimensions—and his portrait of "Lord Beaconsfield," with Frank Holl's "Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain" for pendant, and between them Charles Furse's small equestrian portrait of "Lord Roberts"—a masterly little canvas. These, with Holl's fine character-study, strong alike in colour and expression, known as "The Chelsea Pensioner," and Robert Brough's "Lord Justice Vaughan Williams," a canvas which reveals pathetic proof of what the artist would have attained to but for the railway collision that cruelly cut short his brief and brilliant career, comprise the greater number of the works with which the main Retrospective section illustrates the history of painting in Great Britain.



GEORGE MORLAND, 1763-1804.—Morning, or the Benevolent Sportsman.

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

Midway in the course of that development in the nineteenth century came the epoch-marking movement to which allusion has already been made—the Pre-



E. J. GREGORY, R.A., P.R.I.—Boulter's Lock.

Raphaelite Brotherhood, which the plan of this Essay has reserved for present and necessarily detached consideration. As has been said, it was a protest pure and simple—a protest which, short-lived as it was as an organised movement, led to a





W. P. FRITH, C.V.O., R.A.—The Derby Day.

Reproduced by permission of the owners of the Copyright, Messrs. L. H. Lefevre, publishers, 1a, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.





SIR L. ALMA TADEMA, O.M., R.A.—A Dedication to Bacchus.

Reproduced by permission of the owners of the Copyright, Messrs. L. H. Lefevre, 1a, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

revulsion of feeling against the uninspired art of the day far beyond the borders of the circle and of the country with which it is identified. Certain tenets Ruskin preached, and the Brotherhood practised, tenets which are still the inspiration of some of the phases of the Impressionist school, and which, when Monet, Manet, and their followers adopted them, were hailed as inventions, or at least as innovations, of the revolted schools of France. But as Ruskin himself declared, contradicting the view persisted in by many, he was by no means the originator, but only the supporter, of the aims of the Pre-Raphaelites. The true fathers, or



W. F. CALDERON.—Market Day.

Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Worcester.

step-fathers rather, of the movement were William Dyce and Ford Madox Brown. It is a late example of Dyce we have here, but a very perfect one—"George Herbert at Bemerton"—which is painted on the plan advocated by the Brotherhood: going in all humility to nature, and painting exactly what the artist saw, accurately and laboriously, much as if, in the spirit of the thing, the work were the reverential exercise of a religious devotee. The intense sincerity of the picture is a practical repudiation of tame conventionality on the one hand and irresponsible slap-dash and easily and cheaply-got effects on the other. Madox Brown, in his *magnum opus* entitled "Work," while not less sincere, is a thousand times more bizarre (perhaps because he himself began as a conventional painter of the Ecole des Beaux Arts order of that period), is full of anecdote, comprising a dozen "subjects," and full of strange drawing and of a riot of hot colour; and yet in spite of all impresses us with the powerful individuality of the artist and with the general expository purport of his symbolical design veiled in realism.

But these men, as has been said, were not themselves of the movement. It was Holman-Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti who formed their special coterie, and



others, such as John Brett, J. F. Lewis, and a number more, who became converts in their own practice, but were never elected into the body. Mr. Holman-Hunt, the one survivor of the band—(Mr. William Rossetti, though a “Brother,” was not a painter)—is seen in nothing of his early years; but in his “Isabella and the Pot of Basil” and “Morning Prayer” demonstrates his loyal general adherence to principles which, in their narrower application, his associates threw up after a few years. These remarkable works—the one a large canvas, the other but a miniature—equally display the tenacity of the artist; but the spirit animating him is very different in the two cases, for in the former Mr. Holman-Hunt trusts for his effect

to the poetry of the story and scarcely less to the sumptuousness of the colour and accessories, while in the latter, it is solely the intense religious devotion of the girl that interests us, apart from



W. J. MÜLLER (1812-1845).—The Chess Players.

selves in *le beau milieu* of the P.-R.B. movement. He had got over his first primitive and archaistic fit, of which “Lorenzo and Isabella” was the type, and had passed the transitional “Christ in the House of His Parents,” on account of which, as he expressed it to the present writer, he “had been so dreadfully bullied;” and, in 1852, he sought to conciliate the public, while re-asserting his principles, with “The Huguenot,” his earliest picture here exhibited. But the public declined to be conciliated or won over, and closed their eyes to the charming sentiment of the subject, to the sweet solicitude of the lovely face, to the dignity of the man—the “one-legged lover,” they called him—who refuses to wear the Roman Catholic badge which would save him in the projected massacre; and if they were blind to these striking merits of subject, usually unfailing in their appeal to the sentimentality of a crowd, what hope was there that they would appreciate the richness and strength of the colour—the visible protest against the mere “tinting” that the Brotherhood denounced as one of the weaknesses of the British school—still less that they should recognise, much less appreciate, the world of care, and honesty, and

the skill of execution—for we care little for the rather common-place young person for herself and still less for her common-place surroundings.

When we come to Millais we find our-





SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, C.V.O., R.A.—The Last Muster.



JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.—Portrait of the Ladies Acheson.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

patient labour devoted to the rendering of the wall, of the nature and the accessories of the scene? But time has had its revenge, and Mr. Miller's treasured possession had not long to wait for public acclamation of the mastery and breadth of sentiment and treatment which made this remarkable little canvas eloquent in the cause of the Brotherhood. At this time Millais still scorned the mere adventitious aid of the beauty of his sitters and the extraneous allurements of fine tissues, ornaments, and the like; and in this spirit he produced, in 1859,



SIR E. LANDSEER (1802-1873).—Midsummer Night's Dream—Titania and Bottom.

what is, taking it for all in all, the most remarkable of all his pictures. This was "Autumn Leaves," now the property of the City of Manchester, showing two little girls of "the house," assisted by the gardener's children, making a bonfire of the wood's sad harvest at the hour when the setting sun is still illuminating a Scottish twilight. For penetrating poetry and for beauty of effect this picture may well be held to vindicate Ruskin's prophecy that in time it would come to be regarded as one of the world's masterpieces; and there can be no doubt that its fame will endure and receive yet wider recognition as it becomes more familiar to the world at large. As we pass from this to "The Black Brunswicker"—from the appeal to our love of nature to the appeal to our love of domestic drama—we feel and almost resent the descent into the arena of anecdote. And yet the sentiment is very true and is very genuinely realised. This soldier of the skull-and-crossbones regiment taking leave of his beloved, who is loth to let him go, affords a very moving and pathetic subject, and we cannot but admire the thoroughness of it even though the deep strength of the

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

pure colour, noble as it is in character, somewhat shocks the more sensitive vision. With this picture Millais made his peace with the public; he had developed, outgrown the tenets of the Brotherhood by which his art has so greatly benefited, and henceforward he was liable to the critical attack of his friend Ruskin and to the gentle reproaches of his friend Holman-Hunt.



FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.—The Cider Press.

It is all very well; but art, intellectually speaking, is not democratic, but aristocratic, and the appeal to the many is the appeal to the inferior. This was never the intention, never in the programme, of the Brotherhood and its supporters. As they strove to raise the character of the school in honesty of perfection, so they aimed at improving their own status—and plain Brown, Hunt, Jones, Douglas, became Madox-Brown, Holman-Hunt, Burne-Jones and Fettes-Douglas, and it may be that the respect of the crowd for them proportionately increased, and with it the openness with which adherents joined the once-despised band. We had John Brett, whose "Val d'Aosta" is a miracle of realism in the rendering of valley and mountain scenery,



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

marvellous in truth and execution, and not less marvellous than in the completeness with which it fails to become a picture, owing to the fact that the artist followed, according to his lights, the theories of Ruskin rather than the practical teaching of the Brotherhood. We had "The Recusant's Concealment Discovered" of Sir William Fettes-Douglas, a follower of Millais—a work, popular in Scotland, which is stronger in its dramatic than



ADRIAN STOKES.—French Landscape.

in its pictorial elements; and we had the pretty but too sentimental "Children in the Wood," by Robert Gavin, whose sincerity in nature-study and of draughtmanship and delicacy of presentation just save it from the charge of mawkishness.

The other phase of the movement, untouched by the pictures we have been considering, is the passion for romantic poetry, of mediævalism, Italian and English, which animated Rossetti and his own particular friends, Burne-Jones and William Morris. Rossetti was the oldest of the band, and for a time dominated his associates with his love of Italian poetry and romance, and caused Millais to paint "Lorenzo and Isabella," and Holman-Hunt "Rienzi." His Italian blood carried a stream of sensual poetry in his veins, which was really foreign to the Saxon sturdiness of Hunt and the British vigour of the sportsman Millais. To Rossetti, the mystic was irresistible, whether Italian or British, and he coloured them with all the ardour of his own passionate nature down to the very end of his career. We see proofs of it in "Mariana" (1870)—the Mariana of "Measure for Measure"; in

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

"The Bower Meadow," which was painted as to its Sevenoaks landscape in 1850 and as to its figures of musicians and dancing figures in 1872, yet perfectly harmonised as to its two styles and periods; and particularly in the decadent "Blessed Damozel"—the 1879 copy of the 1877 picture painted for Mr. Leyland. It is interesting to recognise in this last-named work the sumptuous arrangement and splendour of design, while recognising, too, as we must, the failing powers of this amazing poet-artist.

We come into a less cloying atmosphere when we approach Burne-Jones. His delicately powerful "Chant d'Amour" is English rather than Italian—it has more affinity



J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A.—Portrait of Miss Kitty Shannon.

with the "Morte d'Arthur" than with the "Vita Nuova"—and the love in it is wistful rather than voluptuous. It was the work, on and off, of nine years (1868—1877), and its refined strength is such that it does not suffer from the juxtaposition of "Autumn Leaves" and "The Bower Meadow." Purer still in sentiment, if

that be possible, is the "Golden Stairs" (1872—1880), exquisite as a composition of fair girlish forms descending the wondrous staircase, and lovely in its delicate harmony of ivory, gold, and pink—deriving its unquestioned force not from the strength of the painting but from the beautiful personality of the painter. With him must be grouped William Morris, his college chum and life-long friend, whose single finished picture known to the public is here exhibited. This is "Queen Guinevere," the lady who was the heroine of his first published poem "The Defence of Guinevere." It is a picture of extraordinary interest, in sentiment redolent of the age, but it is rather dirty in colour, and naturally a little amateurish in handling—for the technique of oil-painting irritated the impetuous poet, and he gave up the practice of it in disgust.

Beside this the works of G. F. Watts stand out with striking vividness and *maîtrise*. The opulent grandeur of "Orlando pursuing the Fata Morgana"—alike in composition, line, "pattern," colour, and sentiment—is extremely



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

impressive ; we feel we have here the modern Titian whose virility of character and voluptuousness compares nobly with the langorous yearning of Rossetti, and whose sense of decoration is surpassed by no exhibitor in the galleries. His bust-pieces of "Bianca" and "Tennyson" are not less remarkable in their different ways—the former for its fine flesh-painting and stately grace, the latter for its nobility and dignity of character, and both for their painter-like quality. The "Portrait of Lord Leighton, P.R.A.," stands on a lower plane of execution and quality, but it is a very vigorous state portrait, intended to combine with the likeness of his friend



FRANK DADD, R.I.—Beer and Skittles.

an embodiment of his great position as President of the Academy and official chieftain of British Art.

Otherwise in sympathy with the ideals of a school as many sided as a chiliaedron are a group of pictures in other respects representative of divergent aims. Here we have John F. Lewis's celebrated "In the Bey's Garden," with its remorseless accuracy of figure and flower painting, and with its hardness of colour and sentiment, a masterpiece in its way, nevertheless ; and "The Coming Storm" by John Linnell, with its exaggerated, ropy clouds threatening appalling disaster—one of several versions of this alarming harvest scene. We have Landseer's "Midsummer Night's Dream," a unique excursus into fairy-poetry, and remarkable alike for invention and execution of textures, and Sir Noel Paton's "Fairy Raid," both pictures dainty and fanciful illustrations of fairy lore, but not to be regarded, strictly speaking, as serious pictorial efforts. Even more curious—and carried to the furthestmost point of minuteness and executive skill—is

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

Frederick Sandys' "Portrait of Mrs. Stephen Lewis," as accurate in its imitation as a Van Eyck, but utterly lacking in the sense of breadth and in the subordination of the still life to the figure that characterised the Flemish master. Indeed, the most remarkable piece of still life is the figure of Mrs. Lewis herself. With this, and Sir John Gilbert's "Field of the Cloth of Gold"—a rich realisation of the historic scene of ruinous display—painted by the skilful illustrator whose invention and amazing memory permitted him to dispense with models; and with Alfred Hunt's "Haunted Stream," a truly poetic canvas, but painted as though with watercolour—the survey of this collection is brought to a close.



G. D. LESLIE, R.A.—In Time of War.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost & Reed, of Bristol and London, the Owners of the Copyright and Publishers of the Engraving on the Subject.

Closely allied, however, is the small living school inspired by the tradition of Pre-Raphaelitism, which still endures as a small though vigorous tendril clinging tenaciously to the portals of the Palace of Art. Mr. G. A. Storey, who is still with us, painted his "Bad News from the War" under the influence of "Autumn Leaves," and it may be said that he has never since reached so high a level either in feeling or in paint. Mr. Byam Shaw belongs to the younger school, but he is faithful to the old régime, as may be seen in "Rosemary"—his first Academy success—a picture conceived on purely decorative lines. As followers of his must be regarded Miss Fortescue-Brickdale and Miss Isobel Gloag; while as disciples of the early Millais we find Mrs. Young Hunter ("Joy and the Labourer") and Mr. Lindsay Smith ("The Twa Corbies"—an illustration of Scott's "Border Minstrelsy"). Mr. Cayley Robinson has far greater originality, and paints like no one else in his extraordinary asceticism of colour, type, and method. Yet his "Mother and Child" challenges every beholder; the sight of it seems, so to say, to pop a spoonful of alum into the mouth of the spectator, while it impresses him with the individuality of the artist as a thinker and a



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

worker. Mr. J. M. Strudwick, on the other hand, has adopted the poetry and the outlook of Burne-Jones, executing his subjects on a very small scale, colouring and sometimes gilding them with loving care, till he completes his precious little *bibelots* so that they almost look like painted ivories—like the wings for some small

triptych in a richly decorated chapel. But they are not decoration merely. The artist seeks to make the execution worthy of the thought. In the little picture here shown, “Love



WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, N.E.A.C.—Carrying Back the Law.

working out and dignifying the thought with all the skill and taste at his command. The result may be, as it has been called, “an exquisite Pre-Raphaelite toy,” but to the artist it is a serious and a precious affair; and if we do not recognise in it a picture in the ordinary sense of the word, we must regard it with the respect we owe to lofty motive and earnest and beautiful craftsmanship.

But that is not to say that passionate striving after truth is not the touchstone of the latter-day artist. On the contrary—setting aside the commercial painter who lays himself out to catch the favour of the public whatever may be the dictates of his artistic conscience and of his own preferences and convictions (if any), the men of to-day are not less earnest in their devotion to nature than the Pre-Raphaelite group, only it is another sort of truth, a broader, if not a higher truth at which they aim. The ambition of some is satisfied with the exercise of their craft in its fullest perfection and widest capabilities possible to them—and that is enough for the greatest technician. I remember Leighton saying to me: “My first duty to my art is to learn my trade.” The latter development of certain of the schools is not the perfection of technique, but the inquiry into the problems of nature—of colour, of light, of atmosphere and its effects, and the like—and the

rules the World,” there is nothing trifling on the artist’s part, he feels the holy truth he is depicting like a mediæval monk, and like the monk has lavished time and labour and love on

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION



W. LOGSDAIL.—An Early Victorian.

Club, by the International Society, and especially that phase of art practised by the Scottish school may easily be traced and studied in all essentials with a completeness hitherto impossible in any exhibition that was ever held.

Fifty years ago, when estimating the position of British art as revealed in an exhibition of this sort, the first natural step would have been to eliminate the foreign artists who had made their home amongst us and treated them apart as a group by themselves. But to-day the foreign influence, mainly French and American, has so permeated the ranks of our artists, and has so deeply coloured and identified itself with their practice, that the foreigners now form part of the mass. A more practical classification, were we called upon to make one, would be on the basis of a cricket match, North *v.* South, for the difference is at least as clear-cut between England and Scotland as it is between England and France. But there is no room to follow out this line, interesting as it would be; and

placing of the results of their research before the public, whatever the degree of their success; and if the object which has claimed all their concentration yields anything worthy of the effort, they are content. Specimens of all this work is in the Exhibition; scarcely anything essential is absent. From the oldest to the youngest, all are represented, every direction which has been struck out may be identified, from the severest academicism to the freshest individualism—all is here; but there is no attempt to classify, for such classification would, in practice, defy arrangement. The visitor, therefore, must classify for himself and draw his own conclusions; but in this Paper the writer may at least give some indications which in some measure, however slight, may assist the inquirer. The Academicians and their adherents naturally occupy a large section of the space, for in the sum of British art they constitute the predominant partner; but their adversaries are represented, too, and the movements championed by the New English Art



JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A., R.H.A.—Polymnia.



FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



DAVID MURRAY, R.A., A.R.S.A., A.R.W.S.—The Tees—Snowhall Reach.



J. FARQUHARSON, A.R.A.—The Shortening Winter Day, Drawing to a Close.

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION



WILLIAM ORPEN, N.E.A.C.—The Valuers.



ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A. (1825-1904).—Praties and Bootermilk.



# FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., P.R.W.S. (1817-1897).—The Field of the Cloth of Gold.



G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.  
Bad News from the War.



W. HOLMAN-HUNT, O.M.  
Isabella and the Pot of Basil.



T. GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1792).—The Blue Boy.





THE HON. DUFF TOLLEMACHE.—The Lizard.

but from the point of view of art it was a side question, as it were, and few of the greatest, save Franz Hals, ever confined themselves to its practice or deigned to seek a reputation as a portrait-painter and nothing more. In this country the portrait has always been held sufficient by most of our greatest masters to be an end in itself, although at the present day men like Millais, Herkomer, Alma-Tadema, Seymour Lucas, Luke Fildes, and Frank Holl, began by being history-painters (as it used to be called) before they threw themselves professionally into portrait-painting. Some, no doubt, like Sir George Reid, have scarcely been known as figure-painters at all. And yet, for the public, portraiture is the most welcome of all the sections of painting. It is easy to understand; it represents persons whose humanity and character they can judge as well as the artist; it is a valuable record, independent of all considerations of art; it is, besides, a vehicle of beauty that offers no problems for solution and makes no special claim, like landscape, for knowledge of the secrets of nature; and in some measure, too, it satisfies the vanity of the sitter and of his or her friends—and that is an element not wisely to be ignored. And to the artist it provides the constant

the collection must therefore be judged in its more obvious sections of portraiture, history, landscape, and so on.

Among the great Italian masters it was a common-place that the main use of portraiture is the stepping-stone it afforded to the painting of history. Its uses as a record of individualities, of course, were fully recognised,



CHARLES SIMS, A.R.A.—The Storm.

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

interest of research and the opportunity of fresh composition and arrangement, while offering a path to success and fame beset by few of the difficulties that attend the figure-painter. However that may be, the pre-eminence of the British portraitist in the past and his eminence in the present are not to be gainsaid.

All the same, the inclusion of a vast array of portraits in an exhibition is apt to impart an appearance of monotony, and for that reason, it may be explained, their numbers have been severely restricted on the present occasion. A few of the best known have already been mentioned, but there are others that claim attention and respect. Let us take the female portraits first. The division is not unreasonable, for male and female portraits demand for their successful treatment a quite different set of qualities in the painter—delicacy, refinement, and grace on the one hand; insight, vigour, and character on the other; and sympathy and understanding for both.

When Sir Hubert von Herkomer painted Miss Catherine Grant—popularly known as “The Lady in White”—his picture was greeted with universal applause,

for not only had he rendered with success a very charming and markedly intelligent young lady, gifted with character and individuality, but he had introduced a new *motif* by placing the white-clad figure against a white background. The result was charming, novel, and striking, and at the same time refined, and Herkomer's reputation as a painter of ladies was made. Something of the same success was achieved later on by Mr. Alfred S. Cope in his portrait of “Lady Hickman,” whose white hair helped the scheme, while a touch of blue was added to give colour and completeness to the whole. Then Mr. J. S. Sargent brought his extraordinary genius to these shores by way of Paris, and electrified the



J. HOPPNER. R.A. (1758-1810).  
Portrait of Miss Judith Beresford.



D. G. ROSSETTI (1828-1882).—Mariana.





J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.—Hylas and the Nymphs.  
Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Manchester.

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION.

whole portrait-painting world, and, in spite of a certain very obvious lack of sympathy, imposed himself by sheer virtue of his astonishing force and all-conquering art. Sir William Orchardson might delight us with the tender charm and subtle delicacy natural to him, made evident in his "Portrait of Mrs.

Tullis;" Sir Luke Fildes might be as vivacious and elegant as you please, as in his "Portrait of Lady Fildes;" Sir Edward Poynter might bring all his realism into play, as in his accentuated "Portrait of Mrs. Murray Guthrie"—Mr. Sargent stalked over them all, and, wholly indifferent, it would seem, to the charm or the



EDWIN HAYES, R.H.A.—Granton Harbour.



FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.—The Ideal.

gracious womanhood of his fair sitters, would place them, not so much living, but galvanised into superconcentrated life, upon canvases which have secured for these embarrassed ladies an artistic if not a sympathetic immortality. The completest thing among his three exhibits, because the most flawless, is his "Portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer," with its perfect rendering of character and of life, its dignity and felicity of arrangement, its brilliant painting and fine tonality. Of course, the vast group of "Lady Elcho, Lady Tennant, and Mrs. Adeane" is a greater triumph as a whole, but with the impossible rendering of the arm of the centre lady, and the lack of repose of the whole, it lays bare its defects as remorselessly as the artist deals with his sitters. His other large group of "The Ladies Acheson," though not entirely correct in drawing and perspective, is more agreeable by reason of the pyramidal





LIONEL P. SMYTHE, A.R.A., R.W.S.  
Within Sound of the Sea.

composition ; and for the sake of the colour and the gaiety of the whole we are willing to forgive the excessive height given to the ladies' figures. At the same time, criticise as we may, we are conscious as we gaze upon these pictures that we are standing before masterpieces which in future times will be discussed as we discuss Reynolds and Gainsborough to-day. In their *allure* we find little influence of Velasquez, save in certain passages of brush-work. But it may be noted that something of the Spanish master's inspiration may be traced in "La Cravate Noire" (Miss Helen Harrington's portrait) by Mr. Gerald Kelly, the young Irish painter of marked ability, whose career will be watched with great interest.

Mr. J. J. Shannon gives us a more graceful appreciation of female beauty in his portrait of his daughter, "Miss Kitty Shannon," one of his charming exercises in setting a graceful profile into its landscape background. Mr. Lavery, on the other hand, repudiating Mr. Shannon's subdued harmony of colour, makes his effect in "Polymina" by setting his tall lady, clad in black and wearing a large black hat, beside a black piano over which she leans, a red rose providing a note of colour that is of immense service to the composition. In arrangement it is the antithesis of Herkomer's "Lady in White ;" in result it almost rivals it in effectiveness and charm. Besides these we have the curiously incisive group of the "Daughters of D. C. Guthrie, Esq.," by Mrs. Swynnerton, which none would suspect to come from a woman's hand ; Sir James Guthrie's "Mrs. Watson," good, but hardly of his best ; and Mr. Wilson Steer's female head, entitled "Pansies," which is remarkable for sobriety and distinction.

The male portraits are perhaps more numerous and on the whole more striking. Sir William Orchardson's life-size *portrait d'apparat* of "Sir David Stewart," the Provost of Aberdeen, is a wonderful example how



TERRICK WILLIAMS, R.I.—Pots and Pans.

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

a very thin and delicate technique may serve to produce a vast portrait full of life and of delicate colour by sheer management and subtle handling. It is almost as forceful as Herkomer's "Duke of Devonshire," and yet there isn't a tithe of its strength in the whole of the larger canvas. In respect of dramatic quality the



SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A.—The Allegory.  
Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Preston.

heads of both these canvases must yield to Sir George Reid's Scottish *savants*—"Professor Blackie" and "Professor Mitchell, D.D."—a revelation, both of them, of Scotch professorial character, and each of them a masterpiece. With them should be studied Mr. Shannon's "Mr. Phil May," cruelly veracious (yet never resented by the humorist himself) and masterly in its virile rendering of



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

character and humour in the saddest and most pathetic guise. But it is useless to deal with other notable canvases in detail, for except the clever yet incomplete bust-piece of "Professor Mackay," by Mr. A. E. John, the able portraits by



WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, N.E.A.C.—The Doll's House.

such as Mr. Oules, Mr. Bramley, Mr. Hugh Riviere, and others, they contain no new or striking pronouncement and exercise no special attraction.

Passing, according to the evolution maintained by the masters of Italy, from Portraiture to History, we find it easier to welcome the work than to expatiate on its tendency or its artistic significance. Our men have less aptness to run in schools than other nations ; whether it is independence of character or bluntness of intellect, the artist who is recognised as successful is generally he who has chosen

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

to “gang his ain gait,” and, unlike many foreign masters, resents, instead of encouraging, followers in his own path. In this country we have no imitator who “counts” of the work of Sir L. Alma-Tadema. That the great Frieslander is unapproachable and inimitable in his own line is nothing to the point, for no artist



S. MELTON FISHER.—Dreams. E. Dolce Dormire.  
Reproduced by permission of the Oldham Art Gallery Committee.

is so great but that the small will copy him. But who could rival, on their own plane, “The Dedication to Bacchus,” lent by Baron Schröder, “A Hearty Welcome” (of 1879), “A Kiss” (1892), or “Under the Roof of Blue Ionian Weather” (1901)? We see here one side of the best of the artist’s talent, we recognise the wonderful capacity, and are the more sorrowful that such an eye and such a hand, guided by immense knowledge and controlled by extraordinary taste, should never have painted the scenes around him. As it is, while we bow willingly before his immense capacity, and stand in amazement before the skill in his pictures, we care mainly for his brilliant and instructive archæological reconstructions and for the technical triumphs that attend on everything he does.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

He is an archæologist and naturalist in paint, an artist of high intellectual power and historical learning. Sympathy we do not expect in a great decoration such as Sir Edward Poynter's vast monument of erudition, "Atalanta's Race," but it has that appropriateness which, in the circumstances, contents and satisfies the observer, and leaves him without regrets. Indeed, these "classicalities" need not always be



E. A. HORNEL.—Flowers for the Temple.

without sympathy or warmth. For example, Mr. Waterhouse's "Hylas and the Nymphs," which has been lent by Manchester, is so human and so full of charm that the subject interests us almost as if the adventure had befallen our own relation or ourselves. These sweet, very human nymphs have such wistful faces and delicate forms that we find ourselves wondering if in the circumstances we are really very sorry for the fate of Hercules' unfortunate messenger. The forms are so good, the composition so pleasing, the scheme of colour, the artist's own, so happily used and so completely in harmony with the subject, that the student of Mr. Waterhouse's work quickly feels that he is in presence of the painter's



B. W. LEADER, R.A.—Green Pastures and Still Waters.

masterpiece. Again, "The Cloud," by Mr. Hacker, is sympathetic, for this voluptuous storm-nymph is of flesh and blood, while "of grace she's all combined," and Mr. Millie Dow's "Eve" is as much a tender-hearted woman as the sculptured figure of Mr. Brock. Even Mr. Dicksee's monumental work, "The Ideal," touches a responsive chord, although it belongs to a style of art

which is no longer in the fashion. This, with a few of the others, are examples of the nude, to the unpopularity of which prudish England owes such inferiority as the British school is willing to admit. This being so, it is pleasant to meet a work so important as Mr. S. J. Solomon's "Allegory" as the loan of the public gallery of Preston. As the subject is thought to be somewhat obscure—(though it clearly represents the triumph of Hebraism in its two sections, Judaism and its child Christianity above triumphing over Hellenism below)—the significance of it is missed by ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who behold it; but all can appreciate its wealth of colour, its harmony of line, and excellence of draughtsmanship and flesh painting, and congratulate themselves that we have here a man who can not only paint but think while handling a mighty canvas.

The chief popular objection to history-painting is that it presupposes and demands some measure of historical knowledge in the spectator. Another is that while giving full and free scope to the artist's ingenuity and imagination, it presents the result, however well it may be done, that is not convincing because it represents not how the event actually happened, but what the painter conceives may probably have happened. This is a concession required by the finest painter who ever lived who devotes himself to the reconstruction of scenes and events he never saw, and not give us contemporaneous history, which he has witnessed with his own eyes. For this reason there will always be a value in Mr. Bacon's extraordinarily clever, though necessarily unpictorial, "City of London Imperial Volunteers' Return to London from South Africa, 1900," thanked by Lord Mayor Newton in the Guildhall, which cannot be claimed by such a masterpiece of art as Sir William Orchardson's "The Borgia." No doubt the glowering noble murderer may have sat much like this at his table across which lies the body of his guest whom he has characteristically done to death, but that, as Mr. Justice Stareleigh said, "is not evidence." Whether true or not, we are satisfied with the might-have-been,



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

especially when we are faced not only with the fine dramatic imagination of the artist, but the poetic beauty of the colour and exquisite management of the light and atmosphere. It has higher artistic qualities than we find in Pettie's admirable little picture, "James II. and the Duke of Monmouth," wherein we are shown an illustration of how the unhappy rebel, in a passion of unmanly fear, flung himself at the feet of his scornfully triumphant king. The brilliancy of the execution and of the handling is finely representative of Pettie at his best, and will do much to restore to public and to collectors' favour an artist who has been undeservedly neglected, yet whose work takes high rank among the finest things produced by the Scottish school of a quarter of a century ago.

Endowed with a somewhat similar artistic outlook, yet wholly English in his genius, is Mr. Seymour Lucas. His picture called "The Setting Sun," showing Cardinal Wolsey at Hampton Court, sniffed at by his courtiers, his sycophants in happier days, has much dramatic force, for it is rightly conceived and archæologically correct, and in execution it is thoroughly painter-like; but it is really through its last-named virtue that its claim to remembrance is likely to be achieved at the hands of the art-historians and art-lovers. Mr. Abbey's "Hamlet" is on another



JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I.—My Garden, Hampstead.



EDWARD STOTT, A.R.A.—The Reaper and the Maid.

plane, for it aims at reproducing for us a dramatic scene of pictorial fiction, and we do not ask "was this really so?" We are satisfied that it is a powerful realisation, a highly intelligent and thoroughly artistic performance, and we should judge and applaud it much as we should judge and applaud a noble representation on the stage. Even less do we ask for "the

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

probabilities" in such a work as Mr. A. T. Nowell's "Expulsion from Eden," the very nature of the subject forbids it; and scarcely caring whether or not it be academic in style, though we appreciate its elements of originality in design, we regard it from the historical point of view no more exactly than we regard the tapestries in the Sistine Chapel. Even "The Roll Call" by



W. HOLMAN-HUNT, O.M., R.W.S.—Morning Prayer.

Lady Butler, and "The Thin Red Line, October, 1854," though much nearer to our own day, and founded on material within reach of the artists, still are pictures painted "on evidence." There is convincing realism in both of them—notably in the last-named work (much the better of the two)—but the Crimean scenes that have most historical value are not there: they are those which came from the pencil of William Simpson, the war correspondent. Compared with them, Mr. Crofts's "Execution of Charles I." is just an interesting painter's exercise, of historical value inasmuch as it has raised certain points for the antiquaries to fight about. For a military nation we can hardly feel proud of our



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

meagre display of military pictures ; but the fact is, we are not strong in our paintings of battles and soldiering, and even our recent wars are celebrated here in nothing more important than Mr. John Charlton's clever and vigorous picture, obviously based on actual fact: "Placing the guns—Halt!" At the same time, we must not forget that courtesy required that all pictures having for their subjects



G. F. WATTS, O.M., R.A. (1817-1904).—Portrait of Lord Tennyson.

the campaigns of Napoleon or Wellington or that of the Franco-Prussian war should be held to be unavailable for exhibition.

Real historical pictures are not lacking—pictures which record the scenes of our life of to-day, whether they be of historical importance or merely represent our habits and customs for the truthful information of generations to come. Such is Herkomer's noble picture of the Chelsea Hospital veterans in chapel—"The Last Muster" (Sir Cuthbert Quilter)—which is as affecting and convincing to-day as it was in 1875, when its strong human sentiment, its tender sympathy, dignity, and pathos touched a chord in the national heart and immediately raised the

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

painter among the famous in the land—a success that very soon followed in France and America. Such, too, is Mr. Will Rothenstein's scene in an aliens' East End synagogue—"Carrying Back the Law"—a work excellent as to conception and execution, full of the gravity and humble dignity that belongs to such a ceremony. Similarly, Mr. E. J. Gregory's brilliant Thames scene of "Boulter's Lock" on a crowded day, while a veritable *tour de force*, wonderful in its management of the crowd, capital in its groups, its drawing, and colour (save, perhaps, that there is too much of the prevailing red), is a bit of history which, we may be sure, posterity would not wish to miss, and which will interest them almost as much as the adroit and brilliant rendering will awaken their admiration. "The Valuers," by Mr. Orpen—a group of picture dealers sidling up to a picture on the wall—is a work full of humour



C. E. PERUGINI.—A Summer Shower.  
Reproduced by permission of the Hull Corporation Gallery.

and character, quiet in its colour, and so masterly in treatment, that it must be reckoned among the most able things in the place; and, above all, it is so true to life—or a certain phase of life—that its value is fully established. All the same, it is hardly fair of it to suggest that all dealers and valuers are drawn from the rank of society which has put forth these cunning and vulgar fellows.

Give a turn to the kaleidoscope, and you have "The Forge," by Mr. Stanhope Forbes—an actual scene as we are made to feel, although the artist has cleverly bent it to his needs. But in this case, it is not so much the well-selected figures and their work that interest us as the lighting of the place, with its glow of the forge contending with the daylight struggling in through the panes, and the attendant "mystery." Indeed, this problem of contrasted light and shadow, as well as the analysis of light itself, is one of the chief delights of the artist of to-day. We see it in Mr. George Clausen's fine picture, small but vastly important, called "The Dark Barn." We have it in delicate grey and tender gold in Mr. John



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, O.M., R.A., R.W.S. A Hearty Welcome.

Reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, W.

Lorimer's "Interior: Moonlight Evening," showing a mother dancing as she holds her babe in her arms; and we have it in perhaps the most truly tragic and impressive picture here, "The Doll's House," by Mr. Will Rothenstein. That it



MARCUS STONE, R.A.—In Love.

Reproduced by permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., 133, New Bond Street, W.

is emphatically Ibsenish is one of its merits, that the figures of the man and woman in this appalling interior are wonderfully characterised is another; but the chief

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

triumph lies in the fine lighting and in the glorious black and subtle shadow. Here is a picture, it may readily be believed and hoped, that will one day find its way into our National Gallery of British Art.

One of the marks of our latter-day school is the decorative note, the chief credit of which belongs to the teaching of William Morris and, in a minor degree, of Whistler and Albert Moore. In some the formality of the treatment is more insisted on than in others. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, one of the leaders of this school, is seen in "The Cider Press." It is an early work, but it contains the root of the matter which has borne such fine fruit in recent years. Mr. E. A. Hornel is not less decorative, not less divorced from actuality, as we may see in his dainty Ceylon picture, "Flowers for the Temple." In others, the sense of decoration is subordinated to the human interest, as in Mr. Charles Shannon's soberly sumptuous picture entitled "Delia," a work of real power and beauty; and in Mr. Strang's "Supper-time," conceived in the spirit of Watts. We see it, too, in another phase in Mr. Mouat Loudan's "Mirror on the Wall," and Mr. Melton Fisher's "Dreams—e dolce dormire," both pictures of rare distinction and sweetness. This quality of decoration is a saving grace of the British school—it is precisely what it lacked, that and a due appreciation of nature; and it is what will bring back that noblest of all qualities in the art of painting—Style.

It is in landscape-painting that we find the widest divergences of artistic view, for here the painter is free to see nature as he pleases. One aims at rendering every fact and detail microscopically seen; another is content with reproducing beautifully the view before him recognisably and with taste; a third gives merely



JOHN HASSALL, R.I.—Hark! Hark! The Dogs do Bark, The Beggars are coming to Town.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

the impression of the scene upon him in bold broad masses ; yet another shows that he cares little for the landscape for itself, but regards it as an instrument by means of which to catch and record the lovely, or the strange, play of light that flitted

across it when it took his fancy. Another paints it for the sake of effects of atmosphere ; another for its colour-scheme, without troubling himself about effects of light or atmosphere, insensible to the emotional appeal of



MRS. HELEN ALLINGHAM, R.W.S.—Drying Clothes.

nature that to others is the main, the only, charm of landscape worth painting.

We have them all in the Exhibition, from the patient transcriber to the most impulsive impressionist—according to each extreme group's definition of the

other, from the "old-fashioned" to the "new-fangled." If only for its obvious sincerity and reverence for the beauty of a simple scene, Mr. Leader's "Green Pastures and Still Waters" must be accepted with respect, in spite of its



E. BUCKMAN, A.R.W.S.—Street Cries.

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

popularity, and in spite, equally, of the limited interest in the *moods* of nature that this charming and placid Academician invariably displays. At the other pole is the wild and whirring impressionistic picture of "The Storm," by Mr. William McTaggart. Here at least we have the movement, the very whiz and sting and rush of wind and rain, and the blinding flash of sunshine, a very wonderful effect: just as if you had been awakened



J. G. LAING. R.S.W.—St. Nicholas, Amsterdam.

to the sunlit tempest by your face being lashed by the cold spray, and had opened your eyes to the scene for ten seconds and quickly closed them again in the excitement of the vision and by the breath of sharp air you had drawn into your astonished lungs. Here is the true open air! here is life—the real thing! But it is only an "impression"—(to retain its effect it could be nothing else)—and three out of four people who pass before it cannot tell what it means, and laugh. It means much, not only to you and me, but to the whole school of Scotland. Mr. McTaggart's other picture, "Wet Sands," conceived in the same spirit, is not so well drawn. Beside him, Professor Brown and Mr. Wilson Steer, those fighters for the "new," become almost dull and certainly rather clumsy. Between



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851).—Coblenz.

Mr. Leader, with his infinitely careful and delicate rendering of typically charming English scenery, and the swift swish of Mr. McTaggart's brush, all life-like suggestion, there is a whole group of moderate men, each a distinct individuality. There is Mr. Alfred East, a leader in decorative landscape, whose picture of





J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. (1775-1851).—Snowdon: Afterglow.

“The Shepherd’s Walk, Windermere,” is imbued with poetry, not only through its sentiment, but through its scheme—its “pattern”—like the charm added to verse of fascinating rhythm by pleasing rhyme. There is Mr. David Murray’s “The Tees—Snowhall Reach,” and Mr. Hughes-Stanton’s “Les Andeleys, Château Gail-lard,” Sir James Guthrie’s “Orchard,” and similar

work, all noteworthy and important. If we name them together we find they constitute a school in themselves. There are the recently deceased David Farquharson, Buxton Knight, and James Charles, and their artistic sympathisers, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. James Henry, and Mr. Friedenson. There are Sir Ernest Waterlow, Mr. Campbell Mitchell, Mr. Bertram Priestman, and Mr. Arnold Priestman. There are Mr. Leslie Thomson, Mr. A. K. Brown, Mr. Robert Noble, Mr. Austen Brown. These all more or less fall into schools or sections with certain views in common. Then we have the men of special sentiment—such as Mr. Edward Stott, whose pictures of the twilight, with their lovely broken colour, are like poems trilled in the darkening air; Mr. Fred Hall, with his “Fading Day,” and Mr. Albert Goodwin with his pale blue moonlight in “San Giorgio, Venice,” in which the colour is made to sing; and Mr. Oliver Hall’s masterly “Albi,” a picture of singular beauty, conveying a lively



ALFRED PARSONS, A.R.A., R.W.S.—Megève, Savoy.

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

appreciation of the pictorial possibilities of old houses. Two pictures of white light and wet atmosphere stand out from the rest ; the first, Mr. Foottet's picture of hot sunshine struggling with the mist, called "The Bridge"—all white, and yet with scarce a touch of white in it ; in the other, Mr. George Houston's "Seed Time in Ayrshire," a veritable masterpiece, without trick or *parti pris*, without thought of prism or science such as animated Mr. Foottet : but just the



SIR JAMES D. LINTON, R.I.—Abandoned.

country side under delicate haze—simple, beautiful, and convincing. Many more are the works which might be mentioned ; but these are enough to enable us to form an opinion on the character of the display, and through it of British art.

It is strange that the landscapes should be so varied and the marines so few. We, a sea-girt people, who love the sea, and whose belt of security is the sea and nothing but the sea, are producing few sea-painters of striking ability. Since the death of Henry Moore (whose very blue, but superbly rendered, "A Perfect Day for a Cruise" is here) we have had but a single sea-painter of the front rank—Mr. Napier Hemy. The others are specialists, but not absolutely first rate at that—J. C. Hook was a painter of the sea-board, not of the open sea. Mr. Somerscales confines himself to the blue and apparently rather wooden waters of the Pacific Ocean. The Hon. Duff Tollemache, it is true, has a talent for painting breakers in fine style, and Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Julius Olsson, and Mr. Robert Allan have produced some very fine sea-studies. But towering above them all is Mr. Napier Hemy. It is not the poetry of the sea that moves him, but its vastness, the shape of its waves, the subtle drawing of





DAVID ROBERTS, R.A. (1796-1864).—The Ruins of Luxor.

its forms, and, above all, the rush and movement of it, whether in rolling, many-faceted breakers, or in swift and gurgling eddies. He has the eye of the sea-naturalist, and a hand unerring, and he has given us a whole series of marvellous scenes—like some strange new cinematograph—of which “Haul Aft!” is one of the more striking examples. I might have mentioned “Granton Harbour,” of the late Edwin

Hayes, but although he knew the sea

with the thoroughness of a sailor, he was wont to generalise it in an old-fashioned way, and so lost half the value of his studies.

We are apt to claim, here in England, that the art of Water-colour is essentially an English art, and that it is neither so widely practised nor so sympathetically understood beyond our borders. It is true that few foreign nations love water-colour as we do. Perhaps it is the domesticity in our nature that leads us to treasure these *intime* little pictures, and so causes us to foster the art and encourage it—up to the point of paying thousands of pounds to get possession of a noble and celebrate specimen. And under this genial warmth of popular favour the art has doubtlessly developed greatly, the numbers of our aquarellists have vastly swollen, and in deference to the national love of elaborate care the art has considerably changed the mere topographical character it once had, and passed from the broad sketchiness and the flat tints that were once thought to be its genre.

It is an evolution that has produced “water-colour painting” where water-colour drawing” used to exist. We may think that this develop-



F. G. COTMAN, R.I.—Moonlight Scene.

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

ment is towards perfection; others, comprising most of our foreign critics, may write it down decadence and degeneration. The fact remains that our people are vastly pleased with the result, and protest that it is an English art. The French declare that they produce much the same abroad; so they do, but, lacking the measured popular appreciation which it here enjoys, the aquarelle in France takes a relatively subordinate place in the estimation of the public.

How—through what stages—that development took place can be seen in the room devoted to Retrospective Water-colour painting, from Girtin and Cozens onwards. In the fine series of four drawings by Turner you can see his movement from sombre colour, sometimes almost monochromatic, to the glory of red and gold that characterise his "Coblentz." John Varley and Peter de Wint, Prout and David Cox, David Roberts, Müller, and the rest—all honoured masters—you may see their history suggested in its main outline in this one room. The Pre-Raphaelite movement is more richly shown, for the group of Rossetti, Millais, Burne-Jones, Simeon Solomon, William Hunt, Fred Walker, Houghton—were all working with a common ideal, a common denominator, however different their individual outlook might be.

In the three following rooms we have spread out before us a very fair display of the English water-colour art as it exists to-day. The number of sections into



CARLTON SMITH, R.I.—The Crystal.



ANDREW C. GOW, R.A.—The Requisitionists.

which the school is broken up is at least as numerous and bewildering as those seen in the oil section. Indeed, the variety is greater, for on the one hand we see here and there a more complete academicism, little removed from the laborious



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

stipple of the more debased form of miniature painting ; on the other, the broadest treatment of subtle sketchiness ; and again, the border pushed further still, we have the pen drawing delicately tinted, until we wonder whether the work has not overflowed from the section of black-and-white. It would be useless to follow out this



CHARLES GREGORY, R.W.S.—Luther's Abstraction.

important demonstration in detail ; enough to say that it is truly representative of the art, and reveals its many beauties to the visitor who will study it with care—beauties half of which are withheld from him who vouchsafes it but a casual glance of semi-interest.

It is impossible in a brief review such as this to give any adequate idea of the extent and full significance of this great display. As Ruskin said, the history of a nation's art is the history of the nation's life. In these examples, chosen for their merits not only of execution but of sentiment, we have the national character revealed, that character which has changed slowly with the march of time and the attendant events that have moulded and controlled the national sentiment. This paper, therefore, is but an indication—a suggestion. For proper understanding of the striking phenomenon—for such it must be considered—it has been for the visitor to go to the works themselves.



GENERAL VIEW IN THE BRITISH SCULPTURE HALL—TRANSEPT.

## BLACK-AND-WHITE.



"WHAT PRICE THIS FOR MARGIT?"

PHIL MAY, R.I.

FOR many reasons "Black-and-White," as it is rather loosely termed, offers the vastest field from which to gather a harvest of little masterpieces. It covers many arts—all the engraving arts, the reduplicative arts, the arts of the printing-press. It is the art of the sketcher, of the designer, and of the decorator. It is the most intimate art of all, wherein the draughtsman is seen communing with himself; and yet it yields to none in boldness of execution and display, and in patient deliberateness. The pencil, the crayon, the graver, the scraper, the needle—each with its own virtues and its own technique—have poured forth a multitude of leaves—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa—"

—nay, thicker far, for they cover the lands of five continents. How, then, is a committee to bring together in a single room a collection that will accurately reflect the achievement, past and present, of a nation pre-eminent in several of the arts combined under the one generic title? And yet, thanks mainly to the energy of Mr. Frank Short, we have a very wonderful selection, the principal note of which, perhaps, sounds the triumphs of the line-engravers and mezzotinters of the past and the etchers and pen-men of to-day. It would be easy, in this section as in others, to ask why so-and-so has been omitted; but the question





VALENTINE GREEN.—The Ladies Waldegrave.

would call forth the obvious retort that, in order to make room for the omissions, other things, not less desirable from the point of view of completeness, would have had to be left out. Let us, therefore, glance at the display as it is, as a whole, classifying as best we may, and taking the retrospective section first.

Although two hundred and fifty years ago etching had been employed on the Continent

as a means of original expression, as opposed to its use in reproducing the painted and drawn work of other men, it was not until comparatively recent times that its capabilities in one section or the other were fully appreciated in this country. For a long period the art of the line-engraver was paramount, and here it rose to as high a level as elsewhere—some, indeed, claim a higher standard for the British graver, but that is a point arguable and undecided. It has been indigenous to the soil for three hundred and sixty years, so that we might have expected to see here William Rogers's wonderful standing portrait of Queen Elizabeth, or John Payne's "George Wither," or examples of George Glover and Robert White, more particularly of William Faithorne, who, by the way, had set etching by the side of engraving as an equal art. So, too, we might have had George Vertue and Hogarth; but the collection begins, intelligibly enough, at the one-time Jacobite, Sir Robert Strange, that furious opponent of the Royal Academy, and William Woollett—at the moment when British line-engraving was at the height of its perfection and its reputation. For Strange, complete master as he was of the graver and its capabilities, was acknowledged as second to none in Europe; his plate after Titian's "Venus dissuading Adonis from the Chase" gives us a taste of his quality, while Woollett's two engravings after Wilson and Claude show his power in landscape, at the same time leaving untouched his splendid capacity in figure subjects.

These line-engravers confined themselves to translating the pictures of others, but their own personality always delights the eye of the connoisseur. The important series of the plates displayed—lent from the famous collection of Mr. W. G. Rawlinson—illustrates their masterly strength and delicacy.

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

Their art may be out of fashion now; but examine the plates of Miller, Smith, and Willmore, after Turner, and William Sharp after Reynolds, and you will recognise at once why these men claimed full equality with painters, sculptors, and architects, and fumed with wrath and indignation at the Royal Academy's decision to relegate them to the inferior class of "Associate-Engravers."

Meanwhile, the art of mezzotint had been advancing to the front place, destined to conquer in the race, and soon to capture the world through the splendour of its achievements. The formal, almost scientific, brilliancy of line-engraving had appealed to the intellect of the public; the warm, sensuous richness of the mezzotint, its rich shadows and tender lights, appealed to their sensuous emotion. It was a matter of head versus heart, and of course the heart gained the day. The enormous prices obtained at the sale room for the masterpieces of mezzotint are more than ten times what are fetched by the triumphs of the burin—partly, no doubt, because mezzotint took its real rise just at the moment when the great portraitists were producing their presentments of beautiful women and elegant, handsome men. The proof of the statement is easy: David Lucas's superb series of plates after Constable (lent by Mr. Theobald, K.C.) are scarcely less esteemed for their intrinsic excellence than the plates after Reynolds and Gainsborough, yet the prices they fetch are but a fraction of the others.

Of all of these we have brilliant examples: of Valentine Green, John Raphael Smith, J. McArdell, R. Houston, J. Watson and the rest, after pictures by Reynolds; Earlom, J. Watts, Charles Turner, Lupton, after Turner. In their work we see of what *la manière noire*, or *la manière anglaise*, is capable, for the prints are selected with the utmost care. But we cannot forget that the method is not wholly suitable for large groups and similar scenes, for in spite of its richness and velvety blackness, the mezzotint may still be lacking in force, it may be without those "accents" of vigour which are necessary in many kinds of "subjects," and which Samuel Cousins sought to supply by the introduction of the "mixed method," in which engraved or etched lines,



JOHN DIXON.—The Misses Crewe.





MCARDELL.—Duchess of Ancaster.

judiciously and unobtrusively applied, reinforce the tones of the "rocked" plate of the mezzotint. But the subterfuge, for such in reality it is, is not wholly satisfactory to the sensitive eye and exacting taste—for which reason, no doubt, this popular engraver has not been admitted to the collection. The masters who measured to a nicety the adaptability of their art never required the adventitious aid of the graver or the etching-needle, so that Green's "Ladies Waldegrave," McArdell's "Duchess of Ancaster," Watson's "Mrs. Abington" (his sister Caroline was an engraver well-nigh as talented), and Fisher's "Garriek between Comedy and Tragedy" are masterpieces, flawless and beautiful. Again, Earlom's exquisite rendering of Van

Huysum's flower-piece and his vigorous translation of Wright of Derby's "The Blacksmith's Shop" display pretty accurately the range of the skilful mezzotinter.

Passing to the more modern phase of the engraver's art we find that, just as mezzotint displaced line-engraving, so was mezzotint ousted in turn by etching. (Lithography, popular for a time, never really threatened any of the finer or more aristocratic methods). Now-a-days it has been increasingly recognised that the extreme "facileness," so to say, the perfect pliability and adaptability of the etching-needle are qualities that fit it best of all for "original" work; yet reproduction of a high order has been effected through it. We have examples in Mr. Robert Macbeth's famous plate after "The Summer Moon" by George Mason, and in Mr. William Hole's perfectly miraculous facsimiles of paint and canvas in "The Sawyers," after J. F. Millet, and "He is Coming," after Matthew Maris. In these, however, the play of the needle is restrained by the necessity of copying the picture before the etcher. But it is when the artist needs to think only of his own creation and rejoices in his perfect liberty that we are shown the full capacity of the method. See the poetic significance of Samuel Palmer's "Early Ploughman," the brilliant light and shade and fat clean line of Charles Keene in the "Man in Doublet with Bagpipes," and the fine "Lady Reading a Book," and you see the brilliant effect that is begotten by

the stimulating sense of irresponsibility served by an immediately responsive method. See, too, the exquisite series of plates by Whistler, the perfection of which he never equalled in paint; the more robust if less sensitive beauty in Sir Seymour Haden's etchings, and the rare individuality of Professor Legros and of his followers, Mr. William Strang and Sir Charles Holroyd. Compare with the almost brutal vigour of Mr. Frank Brangwyn's and Mr. Alfred East's zinc-plate etchings, the severely controlled and finely imaginative work of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Frank Short, Mr. Muirhead Bone, and Mr. Oliver Hall, the delicate refinement of Mr. Wyllie's plates, and the richness of Mr. Mortimer Menpes' dry-point, and you appreciate at once the extreme adaptability of the needle's art. But work of this kind necessarily appeals to the more refined taste of the few; the crowd prefers the large effective architectural plates of Mr. Axel Haig, wherein subtlety gives way to forcibleness of statement.



J. WATSON.—Mrs. Abington.

But in due time the etching was driven out by the photogravure, until the public, being glutted with the mechanico-photographic apology for mezzotint, turned again to the genuine article, and to-day we see a revival of the beautiful art of John Raphael Smith and McArdell, and, headed by Mr. Frank Short, we see a group comprising among others Mr. Pratt, Mr. Norman Hirst, Mr. Bridgewater, Mr. Henderson, and their fellow-craftsmen, courageously climbing the heights to the summit of which their fore-runners gloriously attained. The path is steep, and it may perhaps be said that Mr. Short is the only one who has yet arrived at the apex; but plates shown in the exhibition encourage us to hope that others may in due time approach him in the qualities in which he shines, alike in figure and landscape subjects. Among the original mezzotints—founded on no previous picture—are the plates by Turner (one of them for the *Liber Studiorum*) in the past, and Mr. Joseph Knight in the present.

Mezzotint, indeed, far more than water-colour, may be regarded as essentially an English art; and it is an art in which, broadly speaking, the French cannot challenge us, just as our English etchers cannot touch their friends of France in certain qualities, as, for example, in the still-life etchings of Jacquemart.

Aquatint and lithography are represented but sparsely, and in no sense can be regarded as truly reflecting the importance of British work in these methods.





AUBREY BEARDSLEY.—*La Femme Incomprise.*

There is but a single lithograph by Mr. Charles Shannon, who knows so well how to delight us with his tender greys and, as the significant expression has it, how "to make the stone sing." And Mr. Harold Percival is scarcely less sensitive.

Line-engraving is with us practically a dead art. While in France it is still flourishing, thanks mainly to the encouragement of the Government—yet is no longer the line-engraving of a hundred years ago, being far more delicately conceived than heretofore—in Great Britain there cannot now be found a native artist who can engrave a picture in such a manner as would pass muster with even the less discerning. But in one minor section of it we still have a real and undoubted master. This is Mr. C. W. Sherborn, whose book-plates are the admiration and delight of every beholder, revealing as they do the artist in every line, in design, and in decoration. In his best work he affects, mainly, the armorial manner, and his mantlings, inspired apparently by Durer's, are things to rejoice in. Mr. George W. Eve uses the etching process to obtain a similar result, and his book-plates done for the King are very beautifully composed and admirably etched.

All the methods of which I have been speaking are, of course, the reduplicating processes—what the French would call the *procédés de vulgarisation*. The original, or, more properly speaking, the direct work—by which is now meant work that dispenses with the intermediary of plate, stone, or printing-press for obtaining the design upon paper—makes no pretence of presenting a survey of the school; indeed, a good drawing by Prout is the only example of eighteenth century execution here. The aim has manifestly been to show the work of the men of to-day and of the very recent past. There is some very beautiful pencil-work of Burne-Jones, Sir Edward Poynter, and Sir John Tenniel (in the last case, some admirable cartoons for *Punch*); there is chalk-work by Lord Leighton and Sir Edward Poynter; there are wash-drawings by Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Walter Hatherell, and Mr. Frank Craig; all excellent of their kind and handsomely representative of the rest in the section.

But it is to pen and ink that we must turn if we would gather the real trend of the general art feeling of to-day. If we consider the enormous volume of such work that is turned out by this method every day of the week, and immediately floods the land, indeed the whole world, in book and newspaper through the medium of the printing-press, we must realise that for the vast majority it is pen and ink, and not brush and paint, that bring art home to the public nowadays. It

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

is the pen and ink drawing that is filled with the life of the moment and that speaks to the people in a language that all can understand, speaking clearly, rapidly, simply. The work may be weird and mystic, such as Aubrey Beardsley's; poetic, such as Mr. Laurence Housman's; decorative, as Mr. Walter Crane's and Mr. Byam Shaw's; delicately charming and graceful, as Mr. Abbey's and Mr. Parsons'; quaintly and delightfully fanciful, as Mr. Arthur Rackham's: it is



ARTHUR RACKHAM, A.R.W.S.

An Afternoon when the Kensington Gardens were White with Snow.

all welcome, all acclaimed, all extolled. The public may not consciously appreciate the combination of the delicate line and the vigorous "spot" in Beardsley's drawings, or the gossamer pen-point of Mr. Abbey, or the firm reed-pen line of Mr. Crane, and so on; but they respond to the summons of the artist all the same, and that is a test, as it is the reward, of a fine artist. In this education of the man in the street the great group of *Punch* artists have taken a leading share. Here we have the fine sense of style in the cartoons of Mr. Linley Sambourne; the elegant social pictures of George du Maurier, with his tender irony and charming wit; the wonderful firmness of line and impeccable drawing of Phil May, with his rich humour, his captivating insight, and monumental simplicity of technique; the breezy freedom and Keene-like character-drawing of Mr. Raven-Hill; the intense vividness of Mr. Bernard Partridge's portraiture and figures, and the excellence of his more formal political compositions; the quality of Mr. Shepperson's light and shade, and the brilliancy of Mr. Townsend's pen-strokes. These men may be taken as typical leaders of our school. We have no one here to match with Forain, with Léandre, with Willette, even with Sem—our artists think differently, and accordingly seek different modes of expression. But their hands are firm and their voices clear—and they are very close to the heart of the people. It is a long stride from the complicated engraving of old-time Woollett to the comic sketch of Mr. C. E. Brock, but the term "Black-and-White" ropes them together into one fold; and if we deplore the passing of the nobility of workmanship of the days gone by—that nobility of which Sir Robert Strange had so high a sense, and which he spent his life and his energies in proving to be "sublime"—we must realise that whereas he and his compeers spoke to hundreds, the men of to-day address millions—their little message taking but a few hours to deliver, while Strange's would occupy many months. It is the sign of the times, this passion for speed and



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

facility. But art is independent alike of time and space, and the half hour pen-sketch may live when the two-year engraving may be forgotten ; the whole matter lies wrapped up in the question—is the thing done finely inspired or is it merely laboriously elaborated ? It is safe to say that in many a little frame in the “ Black-and-White ” section there is more real genius than is to be found in half the large canvases exhibited in the country during the year ; at the same time, in many a deliberate engraving here, there is genius and conscientious, and long-drawn-out labour as well. We have the right to be proud of this display as far as it goes, as those visitors will confirm who have been able to withstand the superior allurements of the colour of the pictures and the forms of the sculpture, and have withdrawn from them to pass half-an-hour in the patient examination of the section of Black-and-White.

M. H. S.



GEORGE DU MAURIER.—Hardly Consistent.

### HARDLY CONSISTENT.

BROWN (to Smith): “Ugh! There goes Jones, as usual, with a crowd of adoring Duchesses hanging on his lips, and grovelling at his feet, and following him all over the room! How disgusting it is to see a man of genius toadying the aristocracy like that!!!”—*George du Maurier*.

(Reproduced by permission of Meyer A. Spielmann, Esq., and Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Proprietors of *Punch*.)



VIEW OF BRITISH AND FRENCH SCULPTURE HALL—TOWARDS THE NAVE FROM THE TRANSEPT.

## BRITISH SCULPTURE.

As we examine the product of the last few years, shown in the Fine Art Palace, we may well be surprised at the bound which the British school has made. As M. Mercié declared, that school has not only effected extraordinary progress, but through its loyalty to the greater qualities inherent in sculpture—nobility, style, ideal poetry, and dignified treatment—it has successfully avoided so far the pitfalls into which so many of the ablest of the younger French school have unhappily fallen. That there is a certain timidity among our sculptors—with a few notable exceptions—a restraint, almost a shyness of letting themselves go, rather than a control of natural energy, is obvious enough. That signifies that the school as a whole is not yet quite sure of itself, not quite confident of its own attainments and of its power. This confidence will soon come, and in the meantime we must acknowledge the fine taste which has already formed a tradition from which our sculptors seldom depart. Looking at the school individually we find several sculptors against whom no criticism of weakness holds good: they may be judged by the standard by which are measured the most distinguished of their fellows beyond their borders. Let us glance at a few of their works in the order, as far as may be, of their first appearance before the public, as the justest manner of judging of the whole.

G. F. Watts, who makes such a noble show in the painting section, and who felt form in equal degree to colour, is here represented only by his great bust



of "Clytie." It did not need his colossal groups to show us the bigness of his style, for here we have it—classic in feeling, yet intensely human—displaying a mastery that carries the spectator along with it. But Watts was not what is understood by a "professional" sculptor. The first of them within our purview is the late Sir J. E. Boehm, whose head of Carlyle—a study for the seated statue—proves that in spite of the evidence of the cold and correct Wellington

Group at Hyde Park Corner, he could achieve a very noble performance in character modelling. Then appeared Mr. Brock. We have none of his dramatic performances here, and only one great composition, and that a model—the rich, harmonious, and well-balanced Memorial to Queen Victoria, which is slowly and



GEORGE J. FRAMPTON, R.A.—Mother and Son.

own technique—in short, a *tour de force* well within the limits allowable to sculpture. And the ideal female heads in marble, suave and dignified, prove how the sculptor kept abreast of the movement which swept across England, and how he led where he might, had he been less sensitive, flexible, and supple, have been forced to follow, or else be left behind.

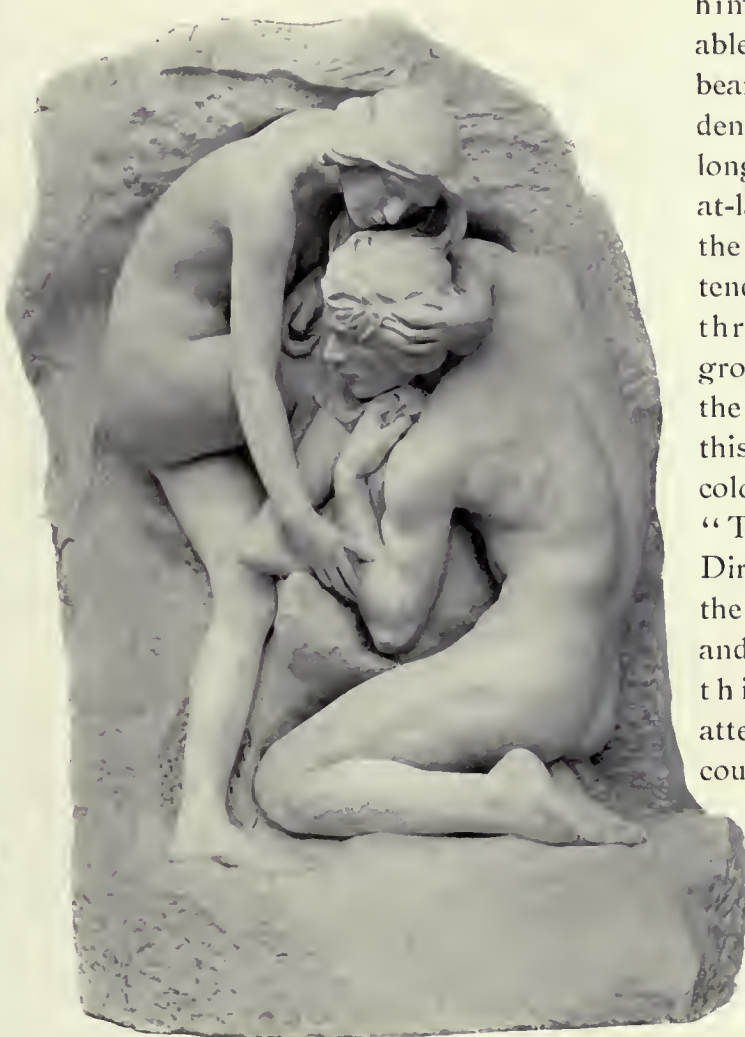
Mr. Hamo Thornycroft began with a strong feeling for the classic, independent enough in himself, but troubled by the lengths to which his youthful contemporaries were disposed to go along the path of revolt. His "Artemis" is his living protest. With the fine invention of the dog crossed over to the further side, and the goddess's triply-caught-up chiton, with her graceful pose and exquisite modelling, the work is a real masterpiece, for there is here no hint

with uncommon deliberation rearing its head above the hoarding by Buckingham Palace. But we have his ideal statue of "Eve," a poignant piece of poetry and pathos; and his statue of "Gainsborough," elegant and melancholy as the painter was, executed in such a manner as to suggest Gainsborough's

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

of cold classicism for all that there may be in it of Greek inspiration. If we look from that to the large "Bishop Creighton"—the plaster model for the bronze in St. Paul's Cathedral—a very human thing, we see how far we have travelled from the sculpture of sixty or seventy years ago, with its nymphs and goddesses, and graces and muses—all dummy sisters from the same dummy mould.

Contemporary with these is the sculptor who has produced the most energetic, vigorous, and powerful work on the British side—Sir Charles Lawes-Witte—wronge—better known to his grateful countrymen as plain "Lawes," who denounced the plainer "Belt" for dishonesty in the employment of "assistants" to do work of which he was



W. R. COLTON, A.R.A.—The Crown of Love.

every detail, and reveals a sculptural erudition and felicitous control of line and complex presentation of form and composition that make of this an epoch-marking group. There is, moreover, an original touch in the presentation of it, inasmuch as, in order to prevent complexity becoming confusion, the sculptor has artificially greyed the body of the bull, and the ground, with excellent effect.

No greater contrast with him could be found than the equally energetic but infinitely poetic and sensitively graceful Albert Gilbert. This is not the place to enlarge on this master-genius and his work; but while his few exhibits—a few statuettes—serve to justify his position as the leading sculptor-goldsmith-artificer

himself incapable, and by bearing the burden of a prolonged action-at-law, cleansed the studios of a tendency which threatened to grow up among the incapable in this country. His colossal group, "The Death of Dirce," is one of the most daring and complicated things ever attempted in this country. It is founded, of course, on the classic group of Dirce, but departs from it in a most



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

of the age, they serve also to remind us that with Dalou, Alfred Gilbert did more to influence the British school and to inflame students with the love and right appreciation of art than any man save, in another and more official way, Professor Lanteri. But it was Gilbert who delighted the public year by year with his richness of invention and creation, his inexhaustible gift of decoration and ever-new conceptions, and so interested the whole world of art in the progress of our sculpture. We have here, among others, the smaller "Icarus," perfect in its lines; the "St. George," which was intended as the "working-model" for the statuette on the tomb of the Duke of Clarence—a figure unsurpassable in its own way for beauty of line and invention of parts and delicate symbolism; and the



THOMAS BROCK, R.A., P.S.B.S.—Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

making his first timid steps in the exhibition rooms of the Royal Academy that Leighton burst in with his earliest work, which achieved an immediate, a tremendous success—"An Athlete struggling with a Python"—a work which was instantly recognised as a masterpiece coming from one who was not known to be even

less impressive, but equally well considered, "Comedy and Tragedy."

A lesser man than he, though a personality of equal charm, was his friend the late Onslow Ford. There was sometimes lacking in Ford's work the virility we want to feel in sculpture, and there was too great a love of decoration—or rather what Ruskin called ornamentation. This fault is hardly visible in the work hereshown—his dainty "Echo," as expressive of the idea as it is refined in treatment. It was while Ford was

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

yet a student in sculpture, except by those who always declared that his pictures proved him a sculptor who by some misapprehension was using brushes and colours instead of the chisel and the clay. It is one of the few reproaches to be levelled against the Sculpture Committee that no work of Leighton's appears

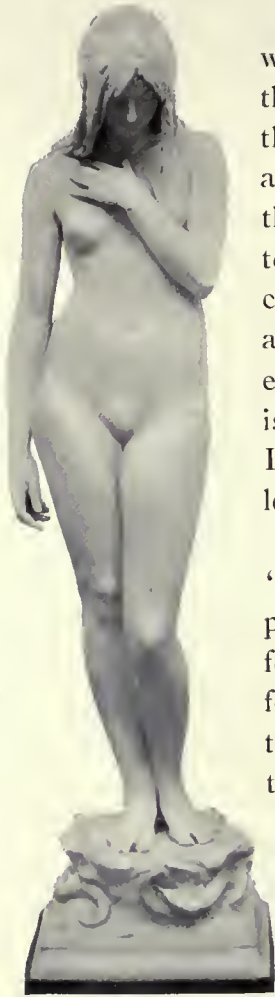


SIR CHARLES LAWES-WITTEVRONGE, BART.—The Death of Dirce.

to testify to his existence as a great plastic artist—as one of the group of noble painters whom we regard as having been also our greatest sculptors: Alfred Stevens, Watts, and Leighton.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



THOMAS BROCK, R.A., P.S.B.S.  
Eve.

Mr. Havard Thomas, meanwhile, and Mr. Stirling Lee were working freely on lines that diverged from Academicism ; the former producing "The Slave Girl"—a statue in which there is an anti-classic disposition to retain some of the ugliness and poverty of the human model—and "Lycidas," in which the same disposition is still evident. One of them was produced towards the beginning and the other towards the end of his career. The archaistic style in the latter is very agreeable although the awkwardness of the whole shut it out from the empyrean into which its admirers would raise it. Mr. Lee is far more correct, and in his relief for the St. George's Hall, Liverpool, "The Childhood of Justice," he touches a very high level of poetic beauty and displays striking individuality.

Along with this relief I would name two others : the "Homer" of the late Harry Bates—"A blind old Man and poor, sweetest he sings,"—and "Science," of Mr. Hodge. The former is a fine design, full of pathos and of life, instinct with feeling derived from the Greeks, yet wholly acclimatised as the work of a British sculptor. The latter is entirely architectonic in character, it ignores beautiful forms as ordinarily understood, and completely subordinates itself to the architecture which it is to decorate ; for this reason its forms appear exaggerated to close inspection in order that they may "tell" properly in the open. The whole technique of this self-sacrificing sort of work is extremely curious, and is of very high interest. The art of the low-relief has often been practised in England ; the science of it

(whereby the work may have the force of a high relief when in its place) has rarely, if ever, been so incisively demonstrated before.

Animal sculpture, which is so brilliantly exemplified in the French section, is less keenly followed in our own. But in Mr. J. M. Swan we have an acknowledged leader, and his famous "Puma and Macaw" of 1901 justifies his position. No one knows better the forms, construction, and habits of the *felidæ*, no one can render better the crawl of the mighty cats or the sinuosity of their bodies and the texture of their fur. Mr. Swan is clearly a follower of Barye, without all his vigour or his love of violence, and also without the occasional exaggeration of the greater man. Mr. Swan is not a *fougueux*, but he is a very brilliant sculptor of animals, dealing in his work as much with science as with art.

Mr. Frampton, one of the most original of our artists, is ill-represented with his bust group "Mother and Son" and a bronze relief. Neither of these reveals adequately his fancy and invention, and his power of handling large masses and important conceptions, and decorating them with the multitude of original

details, which remain sculpture, refined and delicate, and always constructionally correct. Still, in his "Mother and Son"—really representing Mrs. and Master Frampton—there is evident that touch of quaintness and individuality which the sculptor loves to introduce when he has only himself to please. The year 1884, which first introduced Mr. Frampton to the public, brought forward also Mr. A. G. Walker, who is perhaps more completely represented than any other sculptor. "And they were afraid" is a noteworthy and expressive group; but why Adam, contrary to all likelihood, although in accordance with sculptural tradition, should have his beard cropped close is a matter inexplicable to the ordinary spectator, though it may perchance offer material for the ethnographical or Biblical critic. "The Thorn" is full of grace and charm, and is perhaps the most successful of all Mr. Walker's ideal works in its elegance of pose and tenderness of modelling.

This is pure sculpture; we go over the border line when we come to "A Royal Game," by Mr. Reynolds-Stephens. This is an immensely clever group—a plastic and symbolical rendering of Queen Elizabeth and Philip of Spain playing the chess-game of politics with ships for chess-men, elaborated with a number of playful allegorical details. The great Armada episode is thus handled with great felicity; but it is too pictorial, too wholly anecdotal in conception and treatment, to be accepted in the category of quite serious sculpture.

Then comes a group of highly gifted sculptors: Mr. Drury, with his popular little "Age of Innocence" and his big and rather realistic "Circe;" Mr. Pomeroy, with "The Spearman" and "Perseus"—the latter too manifestly founded on Benevenuto Cellini's, yet cleverly modernised; Mr. Albert Toft, whose "Mother and Child" has a bigness of style and composition which raises it above the level of his other contribution; Professor Lanteri, whose "Pax," a nude figure distinguished by elegance and repose, belongs to the higher plane of classic; and Mr. Goscombe John, whose versatility is seen in the ascetic "St. John the Baptist," in the eerie bronze nude called "The Elf," and in the vigorous, colossal "Drummer-Boy," which forms part of the Boer War Memorial at Liverpool.

With these may be grouped Mr. Mackennal and Mr. Colton. The former, who is to be regarded as the strongest of the younger men, and who will assuredly rise in due course to the front rank, if not to the headship, of British sculptors, has not sent in his best work. The colossal winged "Fame" for the Russell memorial has been surpassed by him more than once, and his gigantic bronze bust



ALFRED DRURY, A.R.A.—Circe.



of "War" comes into collision with a similar work on the French side more brilliant still. "Circe" belongs to his earlier triumphs; he has since advanced to greater power and finer sculptural imagination, so we must be content with the little "Madonna and Child Christ," which is excellent alike in feeling and realisation, and pretty in its symbolical pose. Mr. Colton's imagination is well seen in the high relief, "The Crown of Love," a tender but complicated work, and in "The Image Finder," a work of real interest, in which, however, there is a touch of that ugliness which Mr. Colton sometimes cultivates from the point of view of quaintness. Nevertheless, it must be accepted as a fine thing.



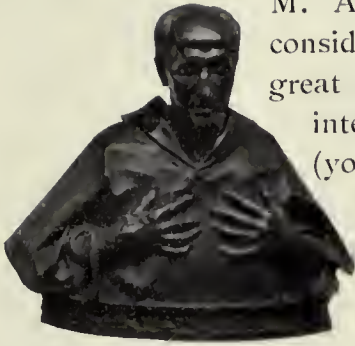
W. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.—Artemis.

"Abundance," a happy combination of vigour and great refinement of type, such as should advance him greatly in the school.

Besides these are four younger men of high promise, whose work adds to the success of the Exhibition and to the honour of the British display. Mr. R. Sheppard's half-length ideal group, "The Music of Death," is a fine conception, well carried out, perhaps with a little too much realism in the female Death who sings into the ear of the drowning man she holds in her embrace; but it proves that much that is admirable is still to come from that quarter. Mr. Garbe, whom the world has known for ten years, displays a more vigorous temperament, with a healthy love of dealing with the grim, even with the ugly. His realisation of "The Egoist"—in the attitude beloved of

It is curious that Mr. C. J. Allen has not assumed higher rank than he appears to occupy—perhaps because he has too closely identified himself with professorial work at Liverpool. His bronze group, "Rescued," is so excellent in treatment, modelling, and sentiment, that it possesses very high merit and deserves wider recognition than it has achieved. Mr. Derwent Wood again exhibits an

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION



BASIL GOTTS.—Brother Ruffino.

M. Agache—brutal and forceful, is a considerable achievement. Mr. Parker's great success this spring lends additional interest to his "Narcissus"—(young Australians are making a great mark in our sculpture school!)—and Mr. Benjamin Clemens's "Andromeda" and "Eurydice" give evidence of a fine taste and an exactly perceptible eye and touch.



CONRAD DRESSLER.—Bacchante.

These, after all, are but a few in a collection which, numerically considered, is the largest and most important ever brought together on these shores, and that under better conditions than sculptors have hitherto enjoyed. This Exhibition, whatever may be the impression it makes on our French friends, will assuredly exercise a powerful effect on the artists themselves. They have seen their own work and their friends' for the first time in satisfactory conditions; that is good. They have been able to measure themselves with the great French school and fix their own standard; that is better. And that they will be encouraged is certain, for there is in them the force of a young movement. The momentum is gathering, and the coming years will see the fulfilment of the impulse in a splendid development.

M. H. S.



GENERAL VIEW IN THE BRITISH SCULPTURE HALL.





HARRY BATES, A.R.A.—Homer.

## BRITISH ARCHITECTURE.

It has been said that the most "original" architect is he who most successfully hides the sources of his borrowings. That is to say, that originality in architecture consists in new combinations, not in new inventions, and that details always remain essentially the same. Whether this be true or not, the fact remains, as is patent to every inhabitant in this isle, that the face of the townscape is being rapidly changed, and that very much for the better. Certain buildings strike us as absolutely new in effect, if not in detail; others proclaim themselves charming adaptations of previous well-known styles—mainly of the Dutch Renaissance; while others, again, are but pure and scholarly revivals, touched with just that spirit of refinement and actuality which saves them from being mere repetitions.

Although there is only one room devoted to architecture, the drawings and photographs hung in it are extraordinarily significant, for we have concentrated there the gist of the movement that has been gathering force since Mr. Norman Shaw (aided by Nesfield) sowed the seed of the great revival and saw it grow to fruition. We see that nothing is too great or too little for the conscientious artist-architect; with equal delight and with almost equal success (on paper) he will plan you a city or design you a door handle, a palace or an electric light stud, and in all of them he will introduce his individual taste and the elegance which is the mark of the present day. We have examples of all in this Section.

A very remarkable instance of town-planning may be seen in the design by Mr. T. E. Colcutt, for the suppression of Charing Cross railway station and the conversion of the bridge into a great thoroughfare with houses on both sides, like a glorified London Bridge of old. This involves the addition of other street bridges (whose rents would pay the cost), and a vast, logical, symmetrical reconstruction of the whole district north and south of the Thames, which would constitute a real, much-needed, and grandiose "improvement." For the rest, this transforming of London into an Imperial City in appearance as it is in

## THE BRITISH ART SECTION

name is at best reserved for the delight (and the taxation) of a future generation ; and the whole is but a dream, affording pleasant proof that our architects can dream nowadays to good purpose.

It is a sign of the age that whereas there are the drawings for a dozen great Town Halls, there is here but a single Cathedral. This is the premiated design by Professor Beresford Pite for the Liverpool Cathedral—the winning design by Mr. Scott is not on exhibition. Impressive, and noble in mass and fine in detail, it makes us almost regret that our cathedral-building days are over except for the spasmodic efforts of Liverpool and Truro. . But with the growth of our municipalities the demand for civic palaces has arisen, and into these minsters of local government our architects are throwing the full force of their talent. Nowadays, the classic style such as we see in the Portsmouth Town Hall—and in other reminiscences of the Washington Capitol—has rather happily fallen into disfavour. There is an exception in Sir Brumwell Thomas's "Belfast City Hall," which in mass, dome, and corner towers seems to be suggested by St. Paul's Cathedral, and which strikingly reveals the weakness usually attendant on the addition of a carriage-porch. In this case the defect is more than commonly obtrusive. On the other hand, one of the few successes in respect to this feature is to be found in Messrs. Lanchester and Rickards's "Cardiff City Hall and Law Courts"—a building that justifies the high reputation for taste of these clever architects—to which, besides, their "Deptford Town Hall" also bears witness, consistently too in its ornament. Beside these, Mr. Knott's "New County Hall of London" looks plain to the point of austerity, almost of ineffectiveness.

Among the public buildings few are so interesting and so entirely refined as Mr. Basil Champneys's "John Rylands Library, Manchester," at once splendid, scholarly, and restrained. The Law Courts in London and the Town Hall in Manchester seem happily to have killed the Gothic style for public utilitarian buildings ; but for so noble a purpose as a library the Order is well adapted, and Mr. Champneys in his remarkable structure has created a work of very great beauty, recalling one or two of the great college libraries.

As the reign of Gothic was cut short by the rise of the Palladian and the Italianate style, and that again by the so-called "Queen Anne" and "Free Classic," public taste has harked back in many special instances to the French Louis styles, the more ornate style of which delights it with the elegant decorative character of its details and the pleasing occasional curvature of line. The extreme refinement to which this type attains in the hands of an artist may be seen in Mr. Reginald Blomfield's "United University Club ;" and, applied to shops, we recognise the felicitous use of it in Mr. Flockhart's "Premises for the Messrs. Duveen" in Bond Street. There are, besides, many instances here of the happy use of modernised Queen Anne and Free Classic, notably in Mr. Horace Field's drawing of the new London offices of the North Eastern Railway. It is a fine building ; but for



imposing design, harmonious and decorative, we may prefer the beautiful pile of buildings at York, erected for the same company.

The classes of building that remain to be illustrated are the two sections of domestic architecture, town and rural. With us these two sections are entirely distinct; in France, especially in the larger and more pretentious buildings, the difference is far less noticeable—at least to English eyes—and apparently, indeed, less acknowledged. It is true that the change that has come over our town architecture has brought into being many novelties and curiosities which the purists cannot stomach. A noteworthy example is “No. 8, Addison Road, Kensington,” by Mr. Halsey Ricardo—designed for Mr. Debenham. Herein Mr. Ricardo has been free to indulge his love of colour for which for years he has been contending—colour and cleanliness; so that here we have a structure covered, with considerable taste and ingenuity of arrangement, with tiles green, white, and blue. The result is peculiar and, we are bound to admit, not without considerable beauty; but those who exact that decorative effect must grow out of the material used in the construction, naturally throw up their hands and ask “Is this Architecture?” Whether it is or not, it is a fresh note in the street, and has advantages obvious enough to justify the experiment.

Equally original and still more unconventional is Mr. C. F. A. Voysey. The character of his country work in its suggestion of primitiveness is too well known to need explanation. A good type of his work is the country house called “Vodin, Pyrford Common, Woking,” in which we have the lean-to or slanting buttresses and the large, deep sloping roof, and the whitened rough-cast walls we expect to find in his work. It is picturesque and very “arts-and-crafty;” but we are bound to inquire of ourselves why so small a building, if properly constructed, needs any buttresses at all; and if they are not needed, why are they there? “Quaintness” is responsible for much. Mr. A. N. Prentice’s “Chapelwood Manor, Sussex,” is far more typical of good English country work—the well-balanced, if rather rambling building, half-timbered, and Elizabethan to the point of there being overhanging storeys in three stages—very charming to look upon and very happily designed.

There are many others, all worthy of study; for it is in this quiet, picturesque work, harmonising beautifully with the landscape, and marked by elegance and comfort in the internal planning and arrangements, that English work is pre-eminent. A few years ago I met here a member of the German Commission which had been travelling in Europe and America to study the present position of architecture. They had left Great Britain to the last, he told me, in the belief that there was little to be learned in this country; what, then, was their surprise when they discovered (in his own words) that “England is miles ahead of any other nation in domestic architecture.”

M. H. S.



J. B. COROT (1796-1875)—L'Étang de Ville d'Avray.

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION.



ÉDOUARD DUBUFE (1819-1883)—Clarisse Harlowe.

IT is an important event in the history of the relations of French and English Art, this meeting of the two on English soil, under the glass roof of a common Exhibition "Palace," at the beginning of the twentieth century, just when the manifold influences of the two schools upon each other have furnished conclusive evidence of the extent to which each is capable of affecting the destinies of the other, and when a profit balance, so to speak, has been struck of their mutual commerce.

Nothing would be more delightful, it seems to me, than to try and define the exact terms of this reciprocal action, which has lasted now for a century and a half, that is to say, since the very origin of the British school. But it would be a task of infinite difficulty, and I shall not attempt it here, although up to a

certain point one must do so if our account of the French and British Art Sections is to be anything more than a mere enumeration from the catalogue or a census of the works exhibited.

English painting dates its birth from Hogarth, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and at once came under French influence through Gravelot,



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

who had settled in London, and incidentally under Flemish as well. On the other hand, a century later, it was Constable and the English landscape painters who enabled the French school of 1830 to enlarge the bounds of their experience and to throw off more quickly the fetters of false classicism and "academism." Later still it was at the feet of Turner that the French impressionists learnt the subtlest secrets of their art. And to-day, finally, do not we in France see the best of our



EUGÈNE DELACROIX (1799-1863).—Mirabeau et le Marquis de Dreux-Brézé.

portrait painters drawing inspiration from the prolific and magnificent sources of the English masters of portraiture, from Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Hoppner and Raeburn to Lawrence?

Through the French impressionists, *per contra*, the art of our country redeems its debt toward the art of England, and many are the painters across the water who have profited by what they have learnt from a Manet, a Sisley, a Monet, and a Renoir. The laws of imitation are inexorable. England, the land of traditions, is also the land of progress, and impressionism (which we are coming to recognise now that its masterpieces have begun to acquire the prestige of age) is a purely traditional art. It has only assumed, or I should say been given, a revolutionary appearance in contrast to the hidebound conventionalism of the official schools, from the very principles of which it revolted at the start.

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

Self evident as these preliminaries may be to the well informed, they are not likely to strike the majority of visitors at the Franco-British Exhibition. It is in fact a difficult matter, among such a mass of contemporary productions, to separate the tares from the wheat, and to escape the seduction of certain artists' names, and certain works forced upon the attention by other qualities than their true value, concerning which posterity will probably express a far less favourable judgment.



FRANÇOIS BONVIN (1817-1887).—La Servante apprêtant la table.

One must recognise at once that the manner in which these Exhibition Art Sections generally are organised in every country practically ensures the omission of many works of the highest merit, on the ground that they represent tendencies which are hostile to academic authority and officialdom. Why, for example—to turn to the French Section at Shepherd's Bush—why are painters like MM. Vuillard, Guérin, Roussel, Vallotton unrepresented? Why do not real masters like Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec figure there? The British Section, by contrast, seems to me to be more complete, both in respect of living artists and of dead ones. In the case of the latter, at least, it is impossible not to admire the splendid collection got together by the zeal of Sir Isidore Spielmann, and pay



FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



JULES DUPRÉ (1811-1889).—Bords de Rivière le soir.



M. ROSA BONHEUR (1822-1899).—Moutons dans les Pyrénées.

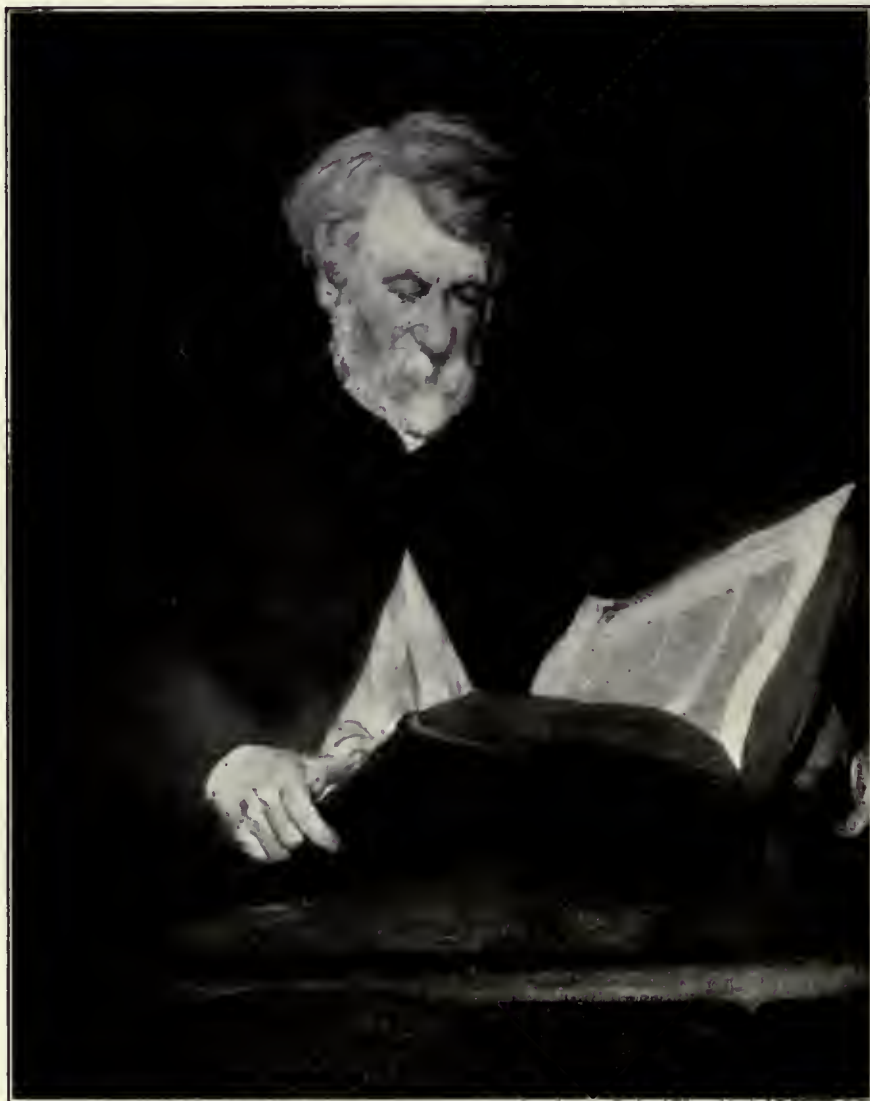


LÉON BONNAT.—Saint Vincent de Paul prend les fers d'un Galerien au Bagne de Marseille.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

tribute to the manner in which he has accomplished his arduous task. In the three galleries dedicated to past art he has succeeded in gathering nothing but masterpieces, and that is more than one can say of the corresponding French Section. To begin with, I consider that MM. Dubufe and Dawant have committed an error in not following Sir Isidore's example, and, instead of grouping



EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883).—Le Liseur.

the dead painters together, in scattering them all over the galleries mixed in with the works of living artists. It hardly affords the curious visitor a chance of forming any concrete impression of the older French school to find Delacroix's "Mirabeau" in juxta-position to M. Gueldry's "Dragoons Watering," or Puvis de Chavanne's "John the Baptist" next to some puerility by a M. Brispot or a M. Etcheverry. Such confusion would be deplorable enough in an exhibition

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

organised within the borders of France, but in a foreign country, where everyone is less informed and consequently less able to discriminate between works of the first, second, or inferior orders, especially among the greater public which mostly attaches no importance except to the subject of a picture, it is inexcusable. Only the lower class works, which have no place by rights in such an exhibition, can benefit by such an arrangement.



THÉODORE CHASSERIAU (1819-1856).—Venus Anadyomène.

Further than this, the proportion of past to present work is inadequate, 82 canvases to 390, whilst the corresponding British Section has 107 to 317, reckoning oil paintings alone. I hope to show presently that it would have been an easy matter to give greater importance to our retrospective section, by the inclusion of great artists whom one is astonished not to find there, without in any way depreciating the real interest of the modern section, where we find artists pluming themselves in the first rank who at home would be sufficiently honoured by a lower grade in an exhibition of such restricted limits.



FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



PUVIS DE CHAVANNES (1824-1898).—La Décollation de Saint Jean Baptiste.



J. J. HENNER (1831-1905).—Biblis.

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

What was the object, for instance, of leaving out Charlet, Chintreuil, Boilly, Géricault, to make room for men like MM. Aublet, Zwiller, Ulmann, Saubès, and Guédy; of omitting Théodore Rousseau, Diaz, Tassaert, Eugène Lami, Fromentin,



CHARLES CHAPLIN (1825-1891).—*Les Bulles de Savon.*

Français, in order that MM. Enders, Gelhay, Bompard, Cauchois, Buland, Jacquier, Lartean, etc., might be invited? Why is Daumier unrepresented as a painter, and by only one single work as a lithographer? Albert Lebourg, and M. Degas, one of the indisputable masters of French art, why are they missing?



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

It is true that we have three Corots, three Manets, and three pictures each by Fantin-Latour and Cazin ; but unfortunately there are also three by Gervex. There is only one Ingres, but there are three Albert Maignans and three Gabriel Ferriers, three Jules Lefébvres and three Roybets, and no less than seven Dubufes (reckoning Claude-Marie, Edouard, and Guillaume). There is only one



JULES ÉLIE DELAUNAY (1828-1891).—La Peste.

Puvis de Chavannes, one Millet, one Daubigny, one Troyon, one Gustave Moreau, and one Courbet ; whilst among living artists of the first rank who deserve better treatment, MM. Aman-Jean, Lucien Simon, Lobre, Cottet, and La Gandara have each only been allowed to exhibit a single picture. Is it not a pity that so valuable an occasion for offering to the British public a complete review of French painting during the last hundred years should be, to a certain extent, frustrated in this way, or at least that more firmness was not shown in limiting the selection of contemporary works, and more freedom in the admission of older ones, so that the exhibit should represent properly the most characteristic, and as far as possible the most famous of our established painters ?

It may be objected, possibly, that it was too much to expect that a private enterprise like the Franco-British Exhibition would receive such favourable notice

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

from the British public, or would prove such a brilliant success as it has done, and that the organisers consequently had difficulty in obtaining the requisite amount of confidence from French and foreign collectors who own the masterpieces of French nineteenth century art. In this connection it may be remarked that the bulk of



JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE (1848-1884).—Les Foins.

the exhibits in the retrospective section come from national and provincial museums, or from dealers' collections, sources sufficiently prolific beyond a doubt, but in such a case insufficiently representative.

\* \* \* \*

In spite of these reservations, it is beyond question that the French Section of the Palace of Fine Arts at Shepherd's Bush does credit to the French school. For the wider public it contains a sufficiency of works of a sensational and popular kind, whilst artists and connoisseurs will find for their appreciation enough works



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

of the first rank to diminish their regret at the deplorable gaps which I have just mentioned, and the inadequacies which I have pointed out. That great painter, Eugène Delacroix, a genius if ever there was one, is well represented by two canvases, the sketch for the ceiling of the Apollo gallery, from the Vitta collection, and his "Mirabeau and the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé," from the Brame collection—



CHARLES COTTET.—Soir au Pays de la Mer.

the latter of which is a pure masterpiece. What sobriety and power it exhibits; what exactness of touch; what nobility, and, at the same time, what an intimate conception of the historic scene. How admirably Delacroix has contrived to express all the tragic beauty of this moment which marks the rupture of two states of society, of two regimes. There is nothing of foolish declamation or emphatic gesture, nobody in the picture is posed; but everything is true to life and so becomes grand, and ennobled, and dramatic, quite simply.

It is a pity that opposite to Delacroix, Ingres should figure in such an inferior posture. His portrait of the sculptor Bartoloni is far from giving any idea of his genius, and one cannot sufficiently regret that M. Bonnat, the President of the Fine Art Committee of the French Section, has not been able to bring himself to part for a time with one of the masterpieces by Ingres that he holds, so as to do

THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION



HENRY FANTIN-LATOURE.—Venus et les Amours.



ALBERT DAWANT.—Dans la Mort Sebastopol, 1854.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

honour to an artist whom he so genuinely and deeply admires. It is true that in the gallery of sketches there are six studies by Ingres, prodigiously fine ones too, of the "Odalisque," belonging to M. Bonnat, and a finished study of miraculous delicacy and precision of the "Apotheosis of Homer," which belongs to the Vitta



LÉON BONNAT.—Portrait de M. Renan.

collection; but only experts visit these galleries. If one picture only by Ingres was to be exhibited, it should have been the portrait of Mme. de Senones, in the museum of Nantes, or the portrait of Mme. Panckoucke in the Panckoucke collection, or the "Jupiter and Thétis" of the Aix-en-Provence museum. Ingres deserves better treatment than this.

The same may be said of the Barbizon school, which everyone knows is regarded with passionate admiration by artists and connoisseurs in England. Granted that the three Corots at Shepherd's Bush, "The Lake at Ville d'Avray" (lent by M. Tempelaere), the portrait of Daumier (belonging to the City of Paris), and "The Goatherd" (from the Revillon collection) are excellent Corots, still one cannot help thinking of those in the Rouart, Gallimard, Ernest May,

# THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION



AUGUSTE RENOIR.—Pêcheuses de Moules.



ERNEST DUEZ (1843-1896).—Ulysse Butin.



GUSTAVE MOREAU (1826-1889).—Saint-Georges.



J. E. BLANCHE.—Auguste Rodin.





ADOLPHE WILLETTÉ.—Parce Domine.



LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER (1815-1891).—L'Officier d'état-Major.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

Sarlin, Albert Cahen, and Dollfus collections, only to name a few. It is not three Corots which ought to be exhibited, but nine or ten, in order to reveal this incomparable master in all the different aspects of his genius.



EDOUARD MANET (1832-1833).—Le Printemps.

It is the same with Millet, who is represented in the section of painting by one picture only, "The Harrow," from the Rueff collection, and elsewhere by two sketches of first-class merit, "The Wood-cutters" and "Phœbus and Boreas," from the Rouart collection, besides a water-colour and a pastel belonging to M. Cremetti. Why could not these, in defiance of custom, be grouped round "The Harrow"? The effect would have been far more striking. Millet's studies are often finer than his finished pictures; and besides, what is the use of classification of this sort? It seems puerile to separate the works of a great artist simply because one is executed in oil, another in water-colour, and others in charcoal, crayon, or silverpoint. As it is divided up, the representation of Millet is poor; grouped differently it would have been more satisfactory and had greater importance.

I have mentioned that Théodore Rousseau is omitted. Why was this? I can scarcely believe that he was not considered worthy to figure in the Franco-British

THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION



LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER (1815-1891).—Le Déjeuner.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

Exhibition. Théodore Rousseau is a master, and I will not wrong his collectors, MM. Vasnier, Peytel, Gallimard, Gillibert, and L. Mante, by supposing that they would have refused to lend to the Committee some of the masterpieces by him



GUSTAVE COURBET.—La Sieste.

which they possess. And what I have said of Théodore Rousseau I repeat in the cases of Diaz and Monticelli, being unable to guess at the reasons why they have been overlooked.

Jules Dupré is decently represented, and no more. As for Gustave Courbet, everyone, I feel sure, would have been glad to see added to his forcible "Siesta," which is owned by the City of Paris, some of those austerer efforts such as the "Forest of the Jura," in the Rouart collection, or the admirable "Wave," in the collection of Albert Cahen. But the "Siesta" is a masterpiece which gives a fairly good idea of the genius of the painter of "A Burial at Ornans."

As for Daubigny, who for reasons which I cannot fathom has fallen off in reputation these last few years, and who deserves to be regarded as one of the most original landscape artists of the nineteenth century, his "Oise et Pontoise" does not represent him worthily enough. I recall to mind the striking "Winter," in the Gillibert collection, the "Marshes of Optevoz" in that of Sarlin, and the

THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION



EMILE ADAN.—Le Fille du Passeur.



JEAN PAUL LAURENS.—Les Hommes du Saint Office.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

sensational examples in the Mesdag gallery at the Hague, and I consider that it would be a bare act of justice to Daubigny to give him a larger space. His vigorous, poetic outlook bears a strong affinity, in any case, to that which certain



LÉON LHERMITTE—La Mort et le Bûcheron.

English landscape painters of to-day—and those by no means the least—bring to their interpretation of nature.

On the other hand, the "Pieta," by Bouguereau, the "Portrait of Mme. Paton" and "Roman Muse," of Cabanel, the "Portrait of Lord Dufferin," by Benjamin-Constant, a work which has improved with age, and in which we detect the beneficial influence of the English nineteenth century portrait-painters, Millais and Watts, upon the superficial and artificial creator of "Theodora" and "The Sherifas;" two pictures by Rosa Bonheur, one by Jules Breton, "Evening;" one Chaplin, "Soap-bubbles;" three Meissoniers, and the admirable "Flock" from the Havre Museum, by Troyon, suffice to do justice to these various leaders of such unequal merit.

There remain the "Pasha's Departure," by Henri Regnault; Alphonse de

THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION



L. EUGÈNE ISABEY.—Monseigneur de Belzunce donnant la Communion aux pestiférés de Marseille.



HENRI LE SIDANER.—La Sérénade.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

Neuville's "Prisoners;" three still-life studies by Vollon; Guillaume Régamey's "Sappers;" "The Samaritan," by Théodule Ribot; two Lépins of excellent quality; three Henners, including the delightful "Biblis," from the Dijon Museum; two Isabey's, of wonderful charm and richness; and three pictures by Fantin-Latour, his "Portrait," "Flowers," and "Venus and the Loves," which



CONSTANT TROYON.—Le Troupeau.

enable one to appreciate him in the three phases of his talent, so penetrating and so select, so nobly and so individually conventional. There remain "The Plague," by Elie Delaunay, whose tantalising portraits of women one regrets not to find represented; three Boudins, all charming, and well chosen from his

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

numerous but, let us admit, rather monotonous performances ; two fine pictures by Bonvin ; three by Bastien-Lepage (and sufficient at that) ; three by Cazin, including "The Evening of the Festival," belonging to the City of Paris, in which are combined to perfection the gifts of a poet, a decorator, and a



J. C. CAZIN.—*Soir de Fête.*

sympathetic student of nature, possessed by this great artist (greater artist than painter) ; and two by J. L. Brown, all of which is as it should be. But it is a pity to see only a single Chasseriau, the "Venus Anadyomène," good as it is, from the Beurdeley collection, and a single Gustave Moreau, the "St. George," from the Baillehache gallery. These are two masters whose works disclose such powerful imagination and fancy, such deep and learned research, that they are particularly calculated to interest the British public. How I should have liked to



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

see at Shepherd's Bush the "Toilette of Desdemona" and "The Two Sisters," from the collection of Arthur Chasseriau, as well as some of those sumptuous mythical subjects by the creator of "Salomé," in which he is most magnificently represented, such as the "Hercules" in the Mante gallery, or a series of miraculous water-colours from the collection of Antony Roux.



HENRI GERVEX.—Les Communiantes.

Finally we come to Manet and Berthe Morisot: "The Reader," "Spring" (Mlle. Marsy), "La Brioche," by the first-named, all belonging to M. Durand-Ruel, examples of fine charm, strong and wholesome, forcibly expressive; "The Embroidery," "Mandoline," and "Chrysanthemums" by the second, belonging to M. and Mme. Rouart, pictures in which the delicacy of insight and tender

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

luminosity, all the qualities, in a word, of this charming artist, are combined. Doubtless if M. Pellerin had consented to loan his famous "Ball at the Folies Bergères" or his not less celebrated "Lunch in the Studio," the representation of Manet would have been more convincing and brilliant. Manet is



HENRY CARO-DELVAILLE.—La Dame à l'Hortensia.

on the way to become a classic, the admission of his "Olympia" to the Louvre, in which it has fitly taken its place, being by general consent a definite canonisation. Two or three more canvases by Manet, in place of some Friant, Debat-Ponsan, or Gustave Courtois, would have been beyond doubt an advantage to everybody, and no one would have missed the others.

Puvis de Chavannes, too! I know that his easel pictures are not numerous, but the "Beheading of John the Baptist" is not one of his best, and one could easily have found in some of the special collections, that of M. Lerolle, for instance,



FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



JOHN LEWIS BROWN.—Le vainqueur de Berny.



LUCIEN SIMON.—Jour d'été.



ALBERT BESNARD.—Portraits de Mme. Mante et de ses enfants. .



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

some canvas more representative of his genius, the "Prodigal Son" amongst others. The Luxembourg, on which contributions have been so often levied, would probably not have refused to lend on this occasion its celebrated and little-understood "Poor Fisherman." In default of this, a good collection of his admirable studies would not have been difficult to procure in order to do honour to one of the most glorious creators of beauty in the nineteenth century.

And Carrière—of whose work I saw nothing at Shepherd's Bush but the portrait of a "Woman and Child," owned by the City of Paris. M. Henri Lerolle or



A. P. ROLL.—En Été.

the sculptor Devillez, who were Carrière's intimate friends, and are fondly attached to his memory, could so easily have produced four or five pictures worthy both of him and of the Exhibition. No one will be able to understand why a painter of such importance does not command a better place here.

\* \* \* \*

So much for the retrospective portion of the French Section. It now remains to deal with the contemporary section, that is to say, with the work of living artists. Here, also, we are obliged to point out regrettable gaps and inadequacies that are perhaps more regrettable still, for it were better in many cases that an artist should be entirely left out than that he should be represented by an insufficient number of works or by works which fail to do him justice.

The high position of M. Albert Besnard, and his forcible originality, would

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

entitle him, one might have thought, to better treatment ; and when three canvases each are allowed to MM. Ferrier, J. Lefebvre, Jean-Paul Laurens, and Albert Maignan, it might seem natural that he should have been placed on a similar footing, if no more. It is true that M. Besnard is not a member of the Institute as the others are, which, officially at least, is sufficient explanation ; but the



HÉBERT.—Portrait de Mme. la Comtesse Pastré.

public require better reasons, and I have heard several people express regret that there were not more examples by Albert Besnard to enable them to form a closer acquaintance with the work, so prolific, so varied, and so rich in every way, of an artist who justly passes for one of the masters of the modern French school.

Some surprise will perhaps be felt at the categorical way in which I have treated the pretensions of certain French painters whose reputation is so solidly



FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



HENRI HARPIGNIES.—Alpes Maritimes.



GEORGE JEANNOT.—Les Vagabonds.



CAROLUS-DURAN.—Portrait de Mme. Feydeau.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

established in the eyes of the public at large, but, frankly, it is impossible to consider them as of more than secondary importance. They stand merely for the aims and methods of the French official school of painting, in their most superficial and artificial aspect. They are the propagandists of that false style, at once factitious and redundant, to which we owe so many historical, allegorical and "anecdotal" canvases, lacking equally in life and in fancy, as devoid of poetry as of truth—mere formulæ of a hybrid species of art based on wrong traditions—formulæ learnt within a few years in the governmental studios and productive always of docile pupils who follow all their life in the footsteps of their teachers without ever asking whether there be anything else for them in the world. Pictures of this kind ought never to be exhibited outside France, for they have their counterpart everywhere, in England no less than in Germany, in Belgium no less than in Italy; to display such productions before the eyes of foreigners is to render a poor service to the fair fame of French art. The artists and the cultured classes of a country like Great Britain look to us for work of a very different character. The pictures by MM. Jules Lefebvre, Gabriel Ferrier, Albert Maignan and their like, which MM. Dubufe et Davant have transported across the channel, are of quite mediocre merit. They offer no index whatever, happily for us, to the artistic movement in the France of to-day. A thousand canvases of this calibre are exhibited every year in Paris, at the Salon of the Société des Artistes Français and at the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts; the artists responsible for them are not yet as famous, have not yet attained to as many commissions or as many decorations, as MM. Lefebvre, Ferrier and Maignan, and they are of less importance therefore in the eyes of the public, but they are just as insignificant in reality, just as lacking in any kind of distinction. It has become the rule, however, to allot all the best places in Art Exhibitions to these gentry—they seem to claim it as their right. Thus it comes about that a charming work by M. Maurice Denis, a rising artist, in whose future one is most justified in placing hope and who has already given us numerous proofs of his talents, has been relegated to a room which is little visited and in which it is bound to remain unnoticed, simply and solely because he has not the ear of the influential people to whom I have referred and because in his writings as in his paintings he has run a-tilt alike at their theory and their practice.

M. Carolus Duran, on the other hand, is admirably represented by three of the best performances he has signed: "The Lady with a Glove," from the Luxembourg; the portrait of Mme. Feydeau, from the Lille Museum; and the equestrian portrait of Mlle. Croizette. All three date from a long way back, and enable us to judge what M. Carolus Duran might have achieved, and the position he could have occupied in French art, if he had persevered in this path instead of turning aside in quest of cheap and meretricious successes. He is not the only one, alas, of whom the same might be said.

THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION



LECOMTE DU NOÛY.—La tristesse de Pharaon.



GASTON LA TOUCHE.—Le Bassin de Bacchus (Versailles).



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



EMILE FRIANT.—Portrait de M. G. Dubufe.

I could mention many other artists who, if only they had had the strength of mind to withstand the fascinations of a sudden and exaggerated success, might now be held in high esteem by the rising generation instead of being disregarded or forgotten.

One of the successes of the exhibition is, as might have been anticipated, the enormous canvas of M. Détaillé, called "Victims of Duty." The British public, like the French public earlier, crowds and jostles in front of it. I should not be surprised to hear the "Marseillaise" played some day before this melodramatic piece of realism, which is to painting what the gramophone is to music. Of course, every one in

England knows that King Edward the Seventh visits M. Détaillé whenever he comes to Paris, which is quite enough to constitute him in the eyes of the British populace the greatest of French painters. "Vive L'Entente Cordiale," and let us pass on.

No, let us pause for a moment and enquire into the reasons alike of the mediocrity and the popularity of M. Edouard Détaillé. They are the same in both cases. M. Détaillé is a pupil of Meissonier. There is no one among the general public who does not regard Meissonier as one of the greatest painters of the nineteenth century, and there is always a crowd in front of the three pictures of his which are hung in the Franco-British Exhibition, just as there is in front of



JULES ADLER.—La Soupe des Pauvres.

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

M. Détaillé's "Victims of Duty." What is happening in London, I must hasten to add, is only what happened earlier in Paris, for photography is what really appeals everywhere to the crowd and even to many people who flatter themselves that they know something about art. The art of Meissonier and M. Détaillé is photographic art. Accuracy, precision, attention to detail, these are the things that always convey the illusion of truth to the

majority of people. To be able in one of Meissonier's minute canvases to count one by one the leaves upon the head or on the lip of all the ten individuals



HENRI ROYER.—Le Départ des barques.

therein included, to be able to note that every single object represented in it is in its right place, well and truly executed; these are the things that matter to them.

M. Détaillé has had higher aims or, at least, has seemed to have them simply because he has painted bigger pictures, pictures much too big. Meissonier's pictures have the merit at least of being extremely small; M. Détaillé's become a veritable encumbrance. But although on such different scales, their processes are identical. M. Détaillé, indeed, would seem to have some imagination, and there seems a suggestion of composition in his pictures. He affects



JULES DUPRÉ.—Coin de Forêt.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



JOSEPH GRANÉ.—Paysanne.

indeed, is said of M. Georges Ohnet who, in the eyes of millions of English, German and Italian readers, passes for the greatest literary genius of France. M. Détaillé is to some extent the Georges Ohnet of pictorial art.

The attention of experts will be expended on works of deeper and more delicate qualities, more sincerely and genuinely felt, as is but just, for it is expert opinion alone which counts. It is not likely to bow down to officialism, or to those who treat art merely as a brilliant and lucrative profession, but to those who see for themselves and seek to create the means of personal expression.

The French School numbers many of these conscientious painters who devote thought and study to their work and who attain to originality as the result of serious observation of life and nature and of profound knowledge of their art. In spite of marked

the heroic, the warlike ; there is a certain military swagger about his style from which the public gets the kind of sensation they experience when they see a regiment of soldiers go tramping by to martial music. He is melodramatic ; his "Victims of Duty" is ample evidence of that. In a word he possesses all the qualities, or rather the defects, that a painter should be free from in order to be an artist. That is why, to the world at large, M. Détaillé seems to stand at the head of his profession—why crowned heads on their way through Paris esteem it an honour to pay him a visit. He is said to be a man of charm and distinction, of courteous and gallant bearing. That may well be, it does not prevent him from being a very bad painter. As much,



EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE.—Maternité.

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

differences in temperaments and in tendencies—for the French School of to-day has its foundations in individualism—there is a family resemblance between them which is unmistakable to the practical eye. In them all may be observed a passionate love of truth, a scrupulous attention to technique, and an acute sensibility to the poetry of things. The realism, or rather the naturalism of the Bastien-Lepage order of painter, for instance, has fallen into disuse and has had no influence upon these artists, most of whom have passed their fortieth year. They attach less importance to mere accuracy, their chief aim is to display the freshness of their vision and of their sensations. They are all more subjective than objective. What they seek in life and in nature is a *motif*, a theme, in harmony with their temperament, something that will enable them to express their own individuality. In this way they map out certain special provinces for themselves, each of them endeavouring to invent a language of his own, a style peculiar to himself. Some of them achieve this more or less speedily, and attain to more or less complete success, for they become affected inevitably by the influences of their environment.



A. DE LA GANDARA.  
Portrait de Mme. Ricciardi.



E. AMAN-JEAN.—Portrait de Miss Ella Carmichael.

Many of them are quite well known to British lovers of art, thanks to the Exhibitions of the International Society, presided over formerly by Whistler, now by our own Rodin. These are the men who stand for what is best in French art. It is to them that artists all over the world look for guidance, it is to their works that students turn their eyes when seeking to learn how art stands in France. In the midst of the confusion which characterises the movement that has its centre in the Salon des Indépendants (a purely anarchical movement it is), and in the midst of the decadence of the official instruction given in the École des Beaux Arts, which has entirely lost its prestige in the eyes of all artists worthy of the



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

name, they form a powerful cohort for the support and maintenance of all the best traditions of that school of French art in the nineteenth century to which they owe their origin.

Among these, M. Sidaner, with his two "Memories of Venice," which have so engaging a charm, so intoxicating an atmosphere; Charles Cottet with, alas, but only one of his dramatic Breton landscapes; Lucien Simon, whose "Summer Day" unfortunately enables us to appreciate him in only one of the aspects of his vibrating talent; Jacque-Emile Blanche, well represented by his portrait of Rodin and one of the portraits of the Thaulow family; Henry Martin, always brilliant and original; Maurice Lobré, a faultless master in whom the feeling for perfection is allied with a most acute and living sensibility; Ernest Laurent, one of the most delicate delineators of women at the present day, as well as one of the most tender and comprehensive; Gaston La Touche, with that voluptuous imagination which adorns everything that he touches with the prestige of a poetic fancy; Auguste Lepère, an incomparable engraver both on copper and wood, and a painter of taste and originality; Georges Desvallières, in whom a passionate love of modernism is combined with an obsession for the classic; Maurice Denis, possessed of all the graces and all the naïveté of a primitive without forfeiting his claim to be a man of to-day (why is his delightful and expressive "Adoration of the Magi" relegated to a corner of the exhibition?); Etienne Dinet, who has revived the feeling for the East by his truthful accuracy as much as by his poetic insight; Mlle. Clementine Dufau, inadequately represented; René Prinet, a conscientious observer, possessed of subtle intimacy and the most skilful technique; Henri Duhem and Mme. Marie Duhem, emotional interpreters of the silent poetry of ancient cities, of secluded gardens, and peaceful interiors; Raffaelli, seen to advantage in his charming portrait of "My Daughter," and the "Commemoration of Victor Hugo;" Aman-Jean, of whose great decorative canvases or those female fancies in which he excels I regret to find here no example; Quost, a radiant painter of flowers; Granié, iconographer, precise and perfect; Willette, all of whose gifts, so precious and so free, are expressed in his "Parce Domine;" Jeanniot; La Gandara, represented by his fine portrait of "Mme. Ricciardi;" and Alfred Agache.

Others, too, on different grounds, but less irresistibly I imagine, will attract the notice of artistic British circles: MM. André Dauchez, Caro-Delville, Auburtin, Adler, Lomont, Morisset, Saint-Germier, H. Zo, W. Laparra, Devambez, Duvent, Meslé, Jean-Pierre and Paul-Albert Laurens, Hoffbauer, Hanicotte, Griveau, Fougerat, Eliot, Chigot, Billotte, Bellerey-Desfontaines, as examples; whilst the wider public, more susceptible to the power of names and to showier manifestations of art, in which the subject is all important, will throng before the works of MM. Joseph Bail, Dagnan-Bouveret, Jean Paul Laurens, F. Humbert, Gervex, Dawant, Roybet, Maignan, Baschet, Béraud, etc., etc., and will not fail to make a stand of conscious recognition before the



EDOUARD DETAILLE.—Les Victimes du Devoir.

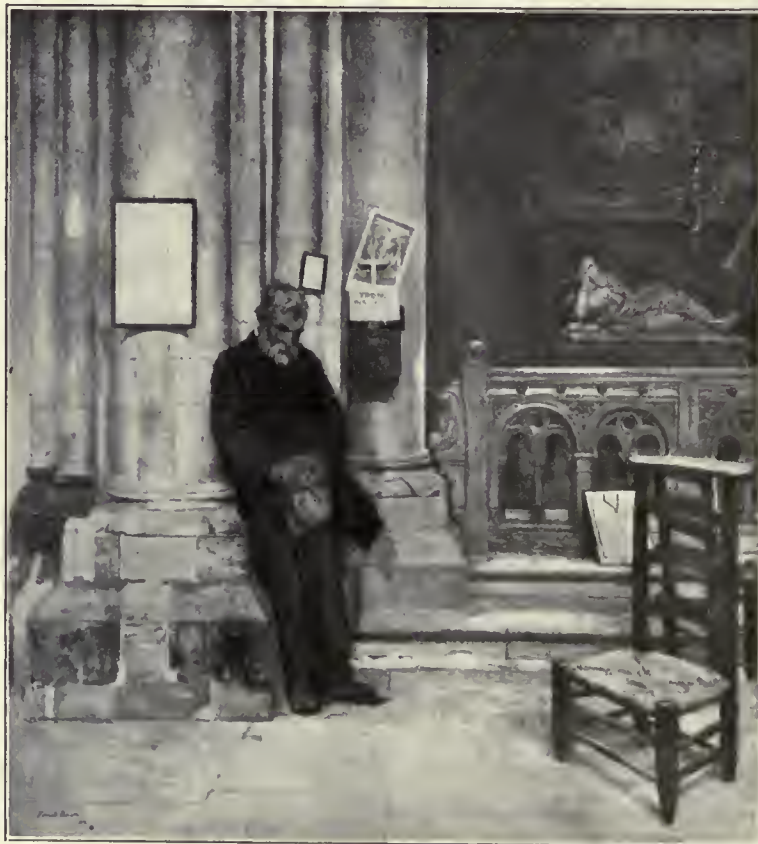


## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

works of two older masters, Harpignies and Hébert, still fighting bravely and conscientiously in the breach, with zeal unimpaired by age.

\* \* \* \*

The impressionist school, including Manet and Bertha Morisot, Sisley and Pissarro, among the dead, only account, alas, for 17 pictures, an insignificant allowance when one considers the sum total exhibited, some 472 in all, as well as the historical and artistic importance of the movement both in France and outside its frontiers. At least these 17 might have been grouped together,



FERNAND SABATTÉ.—Le Pauvre.

for what effect can two Pissarros, three Monets, three Sisleys, three Renoirs make when dispersed throughout the eleven galleries of the exhibition. The initiated will seek them out and know how to find them, greedy to study them

and taste their novel beauty; the rest will pass them by without notice, and, unless they knew to the contrary, would believe and say that the impressionist school plays but an insignificant part in the French school, judging from the small place allotted to it here. Personally I am far from professing blind admiration for the productions of impressionism taken as a whole, but I recognise that painters like Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, and Claude Monet are artists of the first rank, who have had their weaknesses. But there, what does it matter if they have produced admirable works which French art must always respect?

MM. Dawant and Dubufe ought to have regarded it as a duty on their part, whatever their personal predilections, to reserve one gallery for these undoubted masters. They should have shown them on a big scale, be they what they may. It is infinitely to be regretted that this has not been done.

For the role adopted and the influence exerted by the impressionist school are of the greatest importance in the history of modern art, and not only in France

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

itself but abroad. Rightly or wrongly, wrongly in many cases, rightly in many others, the theories in accordance with which the leaders of this movement executed their works are held to have lent new force to the painter's art, which had begun to suffer from undue obedience to the formulæ of the methods of instruction supplied by the State. Manet, in his later works, Pissarro, Sisley, and, above all, Renoir (who is the most classical of them all, and in whom the soul of our eighteenth century lives again, refreshing the vision of our painters of to-day), have rendered the most signal services to art. It would be difficult to name a single living painter of real worth who has not derived some profit from their example.



F. ZIEM.—Grand Canal, Venice.

It will be objected, and not without reason, that the principles of impressionism have been responsible for much of the scamped, scrappy, freakish work of which our modern exhibitions are full, and that the kind of records of momentary effects to which too many artists confine themselves cannot be regarded, even when the result is pleasing and effective, as real pictures, real works of art; from their very nature they exclude composition and allow no time for thought and study. This shortcoming, this weakness, is discernible in the great works even of the masters of impressionism themselves. It must be admitted, moreover, that with the exception of Renoir, who has done some charming pictures of women, nude studies that are at once exquisite and full of feeling, delicate, yet strong, our impressionists have been too apt to neglect the human form, and that they are primarily landscapists. But that is beside the question and furnishes no excuse for allotting, in an exhibition of such great importance, so meagre a place to a school of painting whose standing is fully recognised, as it deserves, throughout the whole of Europe.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



J. F. MILLET (1814-1875).—*Les Muletiers*.

architectural designs, "objets d'art," and finally sculpture, to follow the incoherent order adopted in the official catalogue, which thus relegates to the end what is perhaps the noblest and completest of all the arts, the art in any case which is least trammelled by compromises and conventions.

In the drawing section, a place apart must be given of course to the seven drawings by Ingres—six of them belonging to M. Léon Bonnat and the seventh to Baron Vitta—which are its chief glory. It is impossible to imagine anything more perfect in their way, they are at once so firm, so precise, yet so full of life. Perfection is apt to mean a mere cold, dry, laboured faultlessness, and these defects have often been placed to the charge of Ingres by critics who could not see that there has never been a draughtsman so free from mere formulæ and conventional restrictions as he, that on the contrary all his endeavours have been directed towards the expression of truth, and that he has not allowed mere questions of correctness of drawing to hamper him in his efforts to seize the characteristics of a personality, to bring out the individuality of a face or of a hand. Ingres is, in truth, incomparable in this. It is impossible to conceive any stronger combination of boldness and assurance of touch together with accurate observation and attention to detail than may be found in his work. Nothing is missed, everything is taken in and expressed with amazing skill, yet after a fashion that has nothing trivial about it, nothing fussy or finicking.

What a lesson he provides for the artists of to-day and for the art-loving public also! They have but to study him to learn what the art of drawing really is, to distinguish the true from the false, the artificial

In order that this review of the French section of the Gallery of Fine Arts in the Franco-British Exhibition may be as nearly complete as possible — fortunately the numerous illustrations which accompany the text will fill up any involuntary omissions on my part — it remains for me now to deal with the various sub-sections devoted to drawings, water-colours, pastels, miniatures, engravings,



J. F. MILLET (1814-1875).—*Les Bûcherons*.

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

from the sincere. These seven small frames should have been given a place unique and apart in the Exhibition. Alas! they have to be sought out, but when you have found them, all else pales and fades into nothingness.



J. A. D. INGRES (1780-1867).—La famille Stamaty.

The architectural section, if one excludes works by members of the Institute and restorations, is not less insignificant. That of the applied arts is richer, and the best habitual exhibitors at the two salons are represented. But the method of display is pitiable. They are piled up inside glass cases or on the tables, and the dust gives them a generally neglected appearance which does not tend to enhance their value. Here also some most regrettable absences are to be noted. M. René Lalique, for instance, is not represented in it. Why not? Doubtless



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

because he is regarded as a manufacturer, and debarred for this reason from ranking as an artist; but M. Lalique sends his jewels every year to the Salon de la Société des Artistes Français, which is proud to number him among its



J. A. D. INGRES (1780-1867).—Mme. Leblanc.

members. Or is it that, owing to lack of space, those responsible for the section could not reserve a case for his sole use? However it may be, I am convinced that outside France M. Lalique is the most conspicuous figure in our applied arts movement, and it is the greatest pity that he should find no place in this Exhibition.

There remains finally the section of sculpture, which appeared to me of great interest. Amongst those who are dead, Carpeaux, Rude, Dalou, Paul Dubois,

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION

Barrias, Auguste Cain, Chapu, and Carriès ; amongst the living, Bartholomé, Alexandre Charpentier, Rodin, Alfred Boucher, Frémiet, Desbois, Nercié, C. Lefèvre, Peter, Lenoir, and Gardet, are well represented, and give, in the



J. A. D. INGRES (1780-1867).—M. Leblanc.

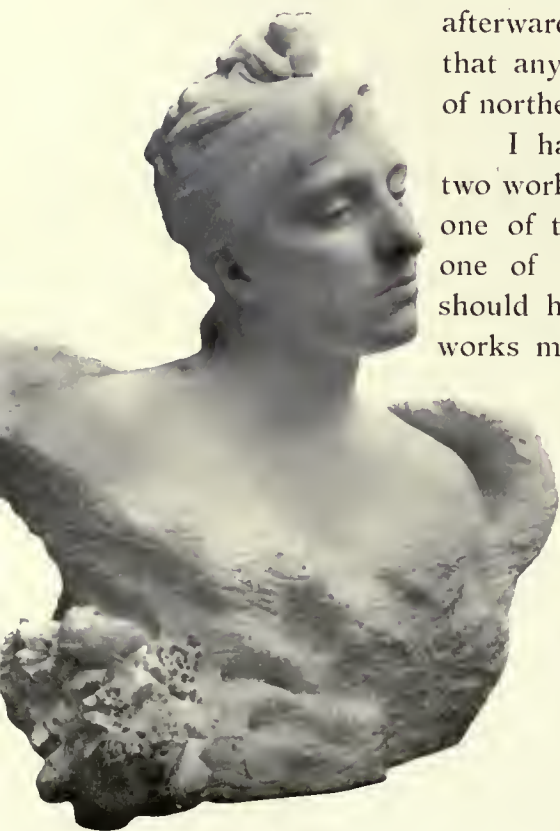
expression of their different temperaments, a fair general impression of French statuary. But here, too, the selection could and ought to have been more severe, and there are many names, as well as many works, which I will not enumerate, that it would have been preferable in my opinion to include. In spite of this, the prestige of French sculpture comes out of the ordeal undiminished. A school that has produced within a hundred years modellers such as David d'Angers, Rude, Barye, Carpeaux, Dalou and Rodin, can claim to be marvellously vital and





DENYS PUECH.—La Seine (haut relief).

vigorous; that is beyond dispute. The best proof of it may be found in the influence it has exercised and is still exercising everywhere, thanks to one of the greatest modern masters of the art, M. Auguste Rodin. The superiority of French over English sculpture is particularly manifest. England has produced great painters, but she has brought forth no sculptor who can be placed in the front rank alongside those whom I have named; the genius of sculpture, I would make bold to assert, is indigenous to the shores of the Mediterranean; it was by these shores that the feeling for plastic beauty first flowered and bore fruit, afterwards to spread throughout the world. I do not believe that anyone can point to a single great creator of plastic beauty of northern birth.



AUGUSTE RODIN.—Mme. Eliseieff.

I have referred to Rodin; he is represented here by only two works. True, these are of wonderful beauty and feeling, one of them especially, the famous bust from the Luxembourg, one of his innumerable masterpieces; but an entire room should have been offered to Rodin, so that at least fifty of his works might have been shown to the English public. We have a strange way in France of doing honour to our great men. Rodin, if I am rightly informed, asked the organisers of the French Section to reserve a room for him, and, I believe, he was prepared to assume all responsibility for its arrangement, including the transport and setting in place of his works. But the sacro-sanct principle of equality on which we are by way of taking our stand made this impossible. The other sculptors, indeed, would not have tolerated it. What right has Rodin to an entire room, they would have exclaimed, while we are allowed to exhibit only two works each? That is how things are done.

## THE FRENCH FINE ART SECTION



J. LUCIEN TISNE.—*Tout en fleurs.*

Five works in bronze by Barye, among them the famous "Theseus and the Minotaur," represent the admirable sculptor who has had so great and so beneficial an influence upon contemporary art. What powers of characterisation are to be seen in his work! We must go back to antiquity to find the counterpart of this sovereign simplicity, this restrained strength.

Carpeaux is there also, represented by a terracotta, "Ugolin and his son," one of his most powerful works, and two of his most exquisite achievements, the bas-relief, "Flora" and "La Jeune Fille à la coquille."

Dalou, too, who exercised so good an influence upon English sculpture; his monument to Delacroix and his Bacchante, together with a series of his statuettes, so lissom, so full of life, so tenderly wrought, show the two aspects of his talent, susceptible at once to tradition and to the contemporary feeling for truth.

The "Misère" of Jules Desbois, hewn out of a single block of wood, is another really fine piece of work, daring and vigorous, reminiscent of the old French carvers. Desbois is a pupil of Dalou and Rodin; he is a craftsman of the very first order, and has a profound knowledge of all the resources of his art.

Here, too, is Bartholomé, the sculptor who created that moving "Monument aux Morts" at Père-Lachaise, and whose "Jeune fille se coiffant" is so delicate and expressive a piece of work.

Elsewhere we find Camille Lefèvre, Alexandre Charpentier, Halou, Louis Dejean, Fix-Masseau, Eugène Lagare, Pierre Roche, Victor Peter, Jean Dampé—all bearing testimony to the vitality of French sculpture, and all, while remaining faithful to the purest traditions of their art, yet seeking expression in ways personal to themselves, searching for inspiration in the forms of life surrounding them, each in his own style; one trusting to direct observation,



J. B. CARPEAUX (1827-1875).  
*Jeune fille à la coquille.*



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



MATHURIN MOREAU.—Le Sommeil.

another bringing gifts of fancy and imagination into play, one observed by the desire to recapture the lost charms and graces of the past, another under the sway of feeling for decorative effect. In one fashion or another, they all combine to display the dominant characteristics of an amazingly flourishing school, with a certain unity in all its diversity. There is discernible in them, in fact, that family resemblance due, according to Taine, to those three primordial elements of a work of art, the artist's racial origin, the time he lives in, and his surroundings, to say nothing of the influences of temperaments, heredity and individual gifts.

\* \* \* \*

Such then is the French Section of the Palace of Fine Arts at the Franco-British Exhibition as taken as a whole, and as studied in some of its details. The criticisms that I have passed upon it would doubtless be applicable to any exhibition of this kind organised in accordance with the same principles.

In reality the same facts will always repeat themselves given the same circumstances. To be otherwise, it would be necessary for the organisers of these



ANTONIN MERCIÉ.  
Le Départ du Village.



HENRI ALLOUARD.  
Richelieu à La Rochelle.



F. HEXAMER.—Gazouillis.



GUSTAVE MICHEL.—La Pensée.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

art exhibitions to be not only men of sound taste and a clear critical judgment, but heroes, endowed with the courage of their opinions, and capable of assuming entire responsibility for the selection of works. So long as this is left to committees, the same instinctive preferences, the same class interests, will come into play to the detriment of the higher interests of art. But let us beware of captiousness. The task laid upon MM. Dawant and Dubufe was not an easy one by any means. They were not wholly masters of the situation. Taking it all round, whatever its shortcomings may be, the French section in the Palace of Fine Arts is a perfectly respectable one, and cannot fail to increase the sympathy of artists and of the British public for French art. Is one, after all, justified in expecting more than this?

GABRIEL MOUREY.



J. B. CARPEAUX (1827-1875).—Flore (Bas relief).



PORCH AND PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE PAVILION.

## MODERN DECORATIVE ARTS.

### LA COLLECTIVITÉ ANDRÉ DÉLIEUX.



AMONGST the monotonous blinding surfaces of the white palaces in the heart of the Franco-British Exhibition, the Pavilion "De la Collectivité André Délieux" with its flowered frieze, the rich colours of its porch, its smart and generally attractive appearance, strikes an original note of pretty fantastic freedom, a note of elegance, of characteristic *modernity*. I have purposely italicised this word, for, strange as it may seem, modernity in respect of architecture, decorative art, and applied art is sadly to seek at Shepherd's Bush. The general aspect of the Franco-

British Exhibition produces a deceptive feeling of things one has seen before, and is chiefly remarkable in this respect for an almost total absence of novelty. The explanation of this would take too long to discuss; the fact is incontestable. There is a distinct absence of English architectural and decorative



work of modern tendencies, and but for the generous initiative of M. André Délieux one would be forced to admit the same fact concerning the French architects and decorative artists who have been struggling so hard and so courageously for 20 years past to revive what Ruskin justly called the Arts of Life. That they have not yet succeeded in a definite sense, if anything can be termed definite in this order of things, is no proof that they will not succeed in time. On the contrary, the only fruitful efforts are those which are sincere and conscientious, and the true joy of every artist worthy of the name should be the sense, surely, that he is working for the future. One is too apt to forget nowadays that the function of a creator is—



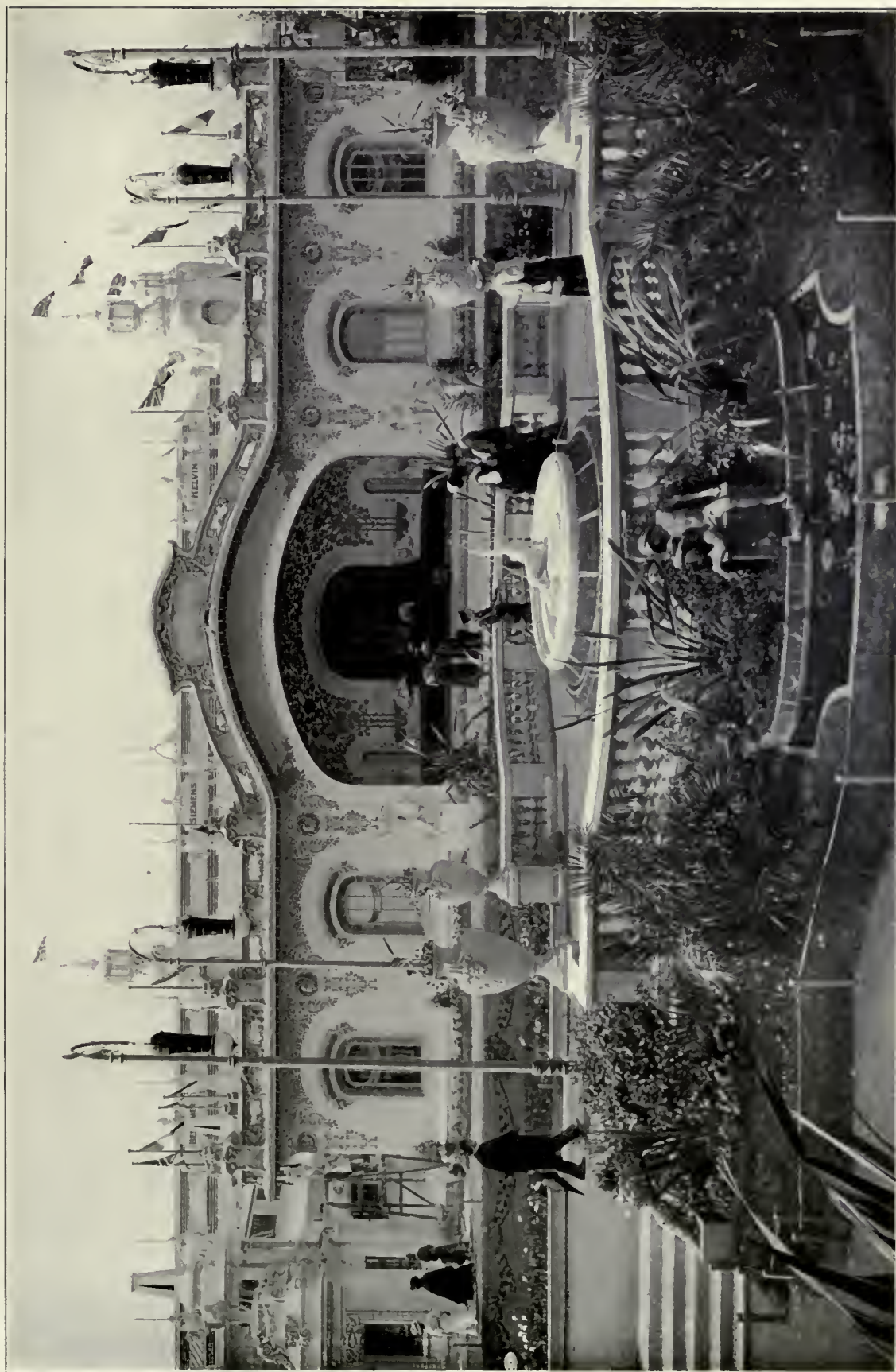
PORTRAIT OF M. ANDRÉ DÉLIEUX, BY FÉLIX CAMBON.

not to succeed, that is merely secondary, but to produce, to have the means of showing to the world the work of his brain and his hands.

That is why, without any risk of being accused of flattery, one may praise highly—the more highly on account of their rarity—the men who by their zeal and courage, their disinterestedness and their generosity, labour to hasten the victory of an ideal. M. André Délieux is of this number.

He is one of those who believe with sufficient reason that words, however eloquent, do not carry us far enough in these days, when the exigencies of life are so pressing, when in every field, economic, social, artistic, scientific, literary, the struggle becomes continually more and more severe; but that it is deeds alone which count. By furnishing to the decorative artists of France the opportunity to prove their existence in circumstances so favourable as those of the first Franco-British Exhibition (for if this succeeds it is bound to be followed by others), M. André Délieux has done a valuable service to art, and to French art in particular.

It was at the commencement of 1907 that, feeling the importance of a worthy representation of French decorative art at the London exhibition, M. Délieux conceived his idea of grouping the artists and craftsmen best qualified to give



THE ANDRÉ DÉLIEUX PAVILION. PRINCIPAL FAÇADE.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

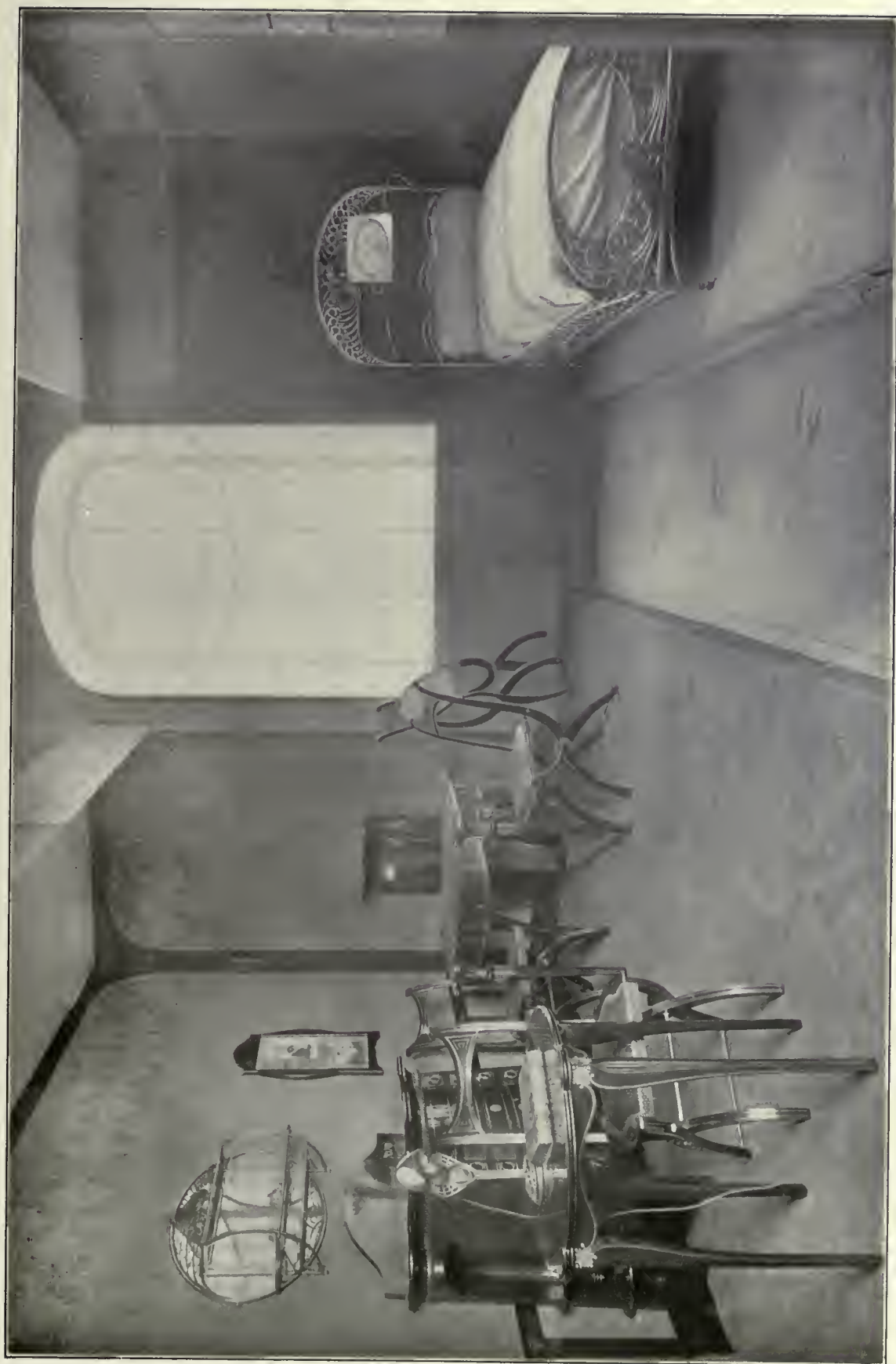


CENTRAL GALLERY OF THE PAVILION.

effect to this high mission. All, unfortunately, did not respond to his appeal, and many doubtless are regretting their abstention in face of the welcome which the public and critics on this side of the Channel have given to those who bravely and whole-heartedly ranged themselves under his banner.

"We are going, sirs," said M. Délieux, "to gather together a series of convincing proofs, I hope, of your creative power of beauty. It will be an endeavour to affirm that movement for the renovation of the applied arts, which tends to harmonise the forms of things with the aspirations and the needs of our time, bringing into play new materials placed by industry at the disposal of the artist. I believe, sirs, that one does wrong to think, as is the case in certain conventional circles, that science and art have said their last word, and that the proper course for us is to copy the works of our predecessors. Everywhere the rule of life is progress, evolution ; and ought you, like impotent beings, to reduce yourselves to the level of copyists ? Certainly not, sirs ; that would be to falsify history, to give the lie to the very laws which govern the schemes of humanity.

"A proverb which we all know says that each age has its tastes. It is no less true to affirm that every age ought to possess the art which expresses its life.



SMALL SALON OF POLISHED MAHOGANY INLAID WITH BRASS. BRASS BEDSTEAD WITH READING DESK, BY TH. LAMBERT.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

Therefore, study, labour, and produce. The immediate future is to the bold and hardy innovators."

M. Délieux concluded his discourse by pledging himself that all the responsibility, the trouble, and the expenses incident upon carrying out his project would be cheerfully borne by himself. The "Col-



PORCELAIN VASE, MODELLED IN POLYCHROME APPLIQUÉ, BY TAXILE DOAT.

the delicate difficulties of his mission, in the negotiations which it called for, and in the thousand and one details of an undertaking so complex as a decorative art exhibit comprising no fewer than 500 exhibitors and 700 works.

The construction of the Pavillon was entrusted to M. Marius Toudoire, chief architect to the Compagnie des Chemins de Fer de Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée; its decoration to MM. Barberis Frères, whose vivid imagination and live fancy were to find so happy an outlet; whilst for the four statues intended to adorn the two principal façades, models were commissioned from MM. André, Armand, Bloch, Legastelois, and Laurent.

A commission and a jury were constituted from amongst prominent personalities of the movement itself: MM. Taxile Doat (ceramic artist), Frantz-Jourdain, Charles Plumet, Pierre Selmersheim, Gaillard, Bigaux, Picard,

lective Exhibit" was formed. It only remained to prepare the ways and means calculated to ensure a successful launching upon the world.

The administration of the Collective Exhibit fell, by good fortune, to the lot of M. Paul Lafage, whose clear intelligence and fine culture did not fail to find pleasure in



WALNUT LIBRARY TABLE, BY SAUVAGE AND SARAZIN, ARCHITECTS.

The Furniture by Messrs. Damon & Colin (formerly Krieger). Wrought Iron and Copper Work by Régius & Ruffin.

Constant-Bernard, Guimard, Sauvage (architects), André, Bloch, Grandignaux, Legastelois, René Rozet (sculptors or modellers), Cesbron and Edme Couty (painters), all members or delegates of artistic societies, representing the most important sections of French decorative art.

So, they set to work. To-day we can appreciate the outcome of the great ideas which presided at the birth of this collective grouping, this corporation rather—the term is attractive because of the traditions which it recalls, traditions of which, I feel sure, all those artists and craftsmen who know by experience their value, are proud. We can judge the result of this method of working, this close collaboration of diverse talents and different temperaments, all equally



animated by a lively faith in the triumph of their ideal, despite occasional conflict more apparent than real between their methods of expression. It merits unstinted praise. It discloses as a whole so much true worth as to disarm criticism and render flattery superfluous.

\* \*

From an architectural point of view, first of all, it



DECORATIVE OVER-MANTEL PANEL IN THE SALON OF ART, BY EDMÉ COUTY.

must be admitted that if some architect more sincerely attached to the new ideas had been approached (I name no one, but two or three names are on the point of my pen), an effect could have been obtained more spontaneous, more expressive of the leading features of modern French architecture; and seeing that there was the

intention of decorating and furnishing the interior with entire suites in the current taste, it might well be thought that the interest of the Délieux collection would have been enhanced if the exterior, like the interior, had borne the aspect of an inhabited dwelling, not of an exhibition building. It would, I feel, have given a more complete demonstration of the branches actually covered by French decorative art; more complete, and more striking, as object lessons are wont to be. Furthermore, one cannot help regretting the absence of a modern "salon," to show how the decoration and furnishing



BRASS VASE, "SEAWEED,"  
BY LUCIEN BONVALET.



COMB, BY HENRI MIAULT.



MODERN SALON BY LOUIS BIGAUX; PORTRAIT OF MME. ANDRÉ DÉLIEUX BY FELIX CAMBON; "THE BATHER," ORIGINAL TERRA-COTTA BY A. J. HALOU;  
LEADED GLASS BY GEORGES BOURGEOIS; ELECTROLIER BY LEGASTELLOIS.





"YOUTH," PLASTER GROUP BY AARY-MAX.

of an apartment so essentially French are understood by the decorative artists of to-day, and by the limited public, too limited, alas! which has courage enough to make original experiments in decoration suited to their own tastes and actual requirements, instead of leaving the matter in the hands of the professional upholsterer who has no idea of worth beyond his servile copies of antique styles.

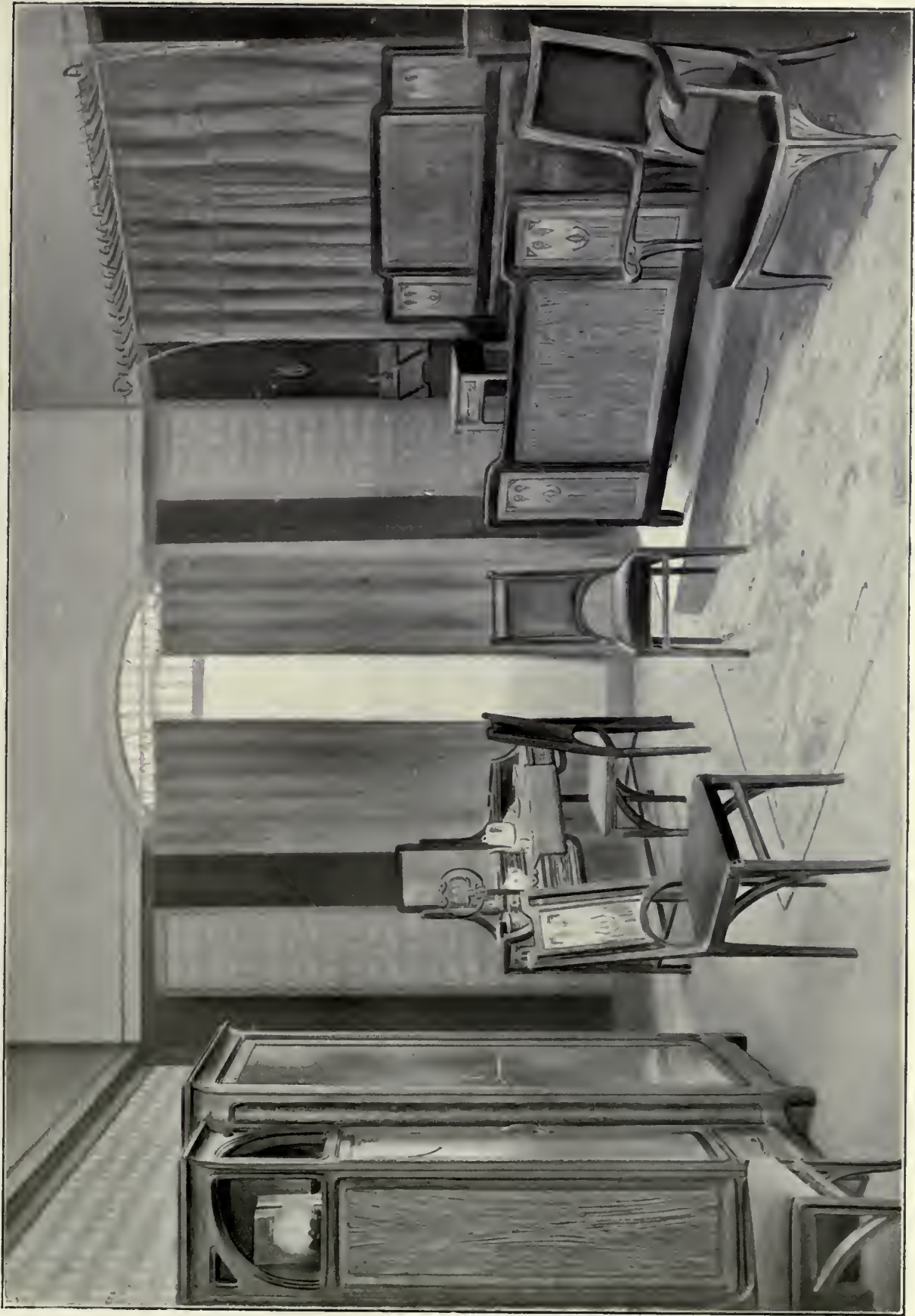
No matter; let us cross the threshold of the Délieux pavilion. Around a long central gallery, terminating at one end in a second gallery occupying the breadth of the building, are ranged seven apartments—three dining rooms, one

"art salon," a "bureau of art" (hateful word!), a bedroom, and a little salon which really is no more than a showroom because there is a bed in it.

Of the three dining rooms, one is by M. Mathieu Galleray, another by M. Louis Bigaux, and the third by M. Croix-Marie. Certainly the first has my preference. M. Galleray's furniture is logically and sanely constructed, without mannerisms or superfluities. When one considers that the total cost of his buffet, sideboard, table, and eight chairs does not exceed Fr. 1400, it is easy to realise that he has solved successfully a very thorny problem. Such efforts merit our warmest encouragement.

M. Croix-Marie is equally a student of simplicity, but his efforts lack elegance and practical form—two grave faults. His furniture, I must confess, is heavy in appearance, and yet on examination one feels that the artist who has conceived it is capable, with certain modifications, and after a serious study of the uses to which it is destined, of bringing the same to a happier effect. M. Croix-Marie, in fact, is not far off the proper path.

The third dining room, as well as the decoration and furniture of the "salon d'art," is by M. Louis Bigaux, who has displayed in both the resources of his



BEDROOM IN WALNUT, WITH DECORATIVE MARQUETRY PANELS BY MAURICE DUFRENE.





CLOISONNÉ ENAMELS ON GOLD, BY E. TOURRETTE.

versatile and supple talent. He exhibits full mastery of the materials which go to make up a decorative scheme, and a prolific ingenuity in devising pleasant details and unexpected effects.

I can award my praise no less, without reserve, to the bedroom designed by M. Maurice Dufrène, and question whether any person of taste sufficient to appreciate the charm of correct proportion and harmony, however wedded by custom, fashion, etc., to

the traditional styles, could refuse to inhabit an apartment furnished and decorated as this one is. It has nothing pretentious, or clashing, or excessive about it. It is precise, without being stilted; simple and severe without looking bare; and above all it is comfortable. M. Maurice Dufrène is one of those very rare decorators, at the present day, who possess a sense of homeliness. His furniture is not meant for show or for formal parade, but is such as one can live with and use, the primary objects of furniture, without being anything but pleasing to the eye; and what more than that can one ask for?

I shall not stint my praise either in the case of MM. Sauvage and Sarazin's study furniture. The writing table, original in design and severely practical; the bookcase, a real one, not one of those hybrid pieces of furniture which usurp the name, but are intended for something totally different; the armchair, the sofa, the electric light fitting, and the table lights of gilt bronze, all are large and fine in their forms, refined and precious in detail. Here we have luxury worthy of a man of taste. I am not in any way surprised at the result obtained by MM. Sauvage and Sarazin, who are reckoned amongst the architects and decorators held in highest esteem by competent judges.



SMALL WROUGHT IRON GRILL, BY E. ROBERT.



DINING-ROOM IN NATURAL OAK, BY MATHIEU GALLERIE; PICTURES BY A. MORISSET.





PEDESTAL,  
BY HECTOR GUIMARD.  
MARBLE AND IVORY  
STATUETTE,  
BY ZEIBIG.

The furniture in the little salon exhibited by M. Theodore Lambert, mahogany inlaid with copper, is certainly some of the best produced in recent years. M. Lambert is a minute and scrupulous artist who leaves nothing to chance. Every point is studied and combined with knowledge, and M. Lambert is not contented with the "very near." He has good reason, too! How much harm has been done to French decorative art by those hasty and ignorant producers who lack as much of general culture as of skill in their own vocation? I have known M. Lambert's work for a long time; I know that at times he has made mistakes, like so many others, but I know also that it has never been from ignorance or want of depth in his subject. And when he succeeds, as often happens, his success is complete. Take for example his brass bedstead, so harmonious in proportion, so ingenious, and so precious in respect of its ornamental details; I mean to say in which the construction and the ornament are so intimately blended that it is impossible to say which controls and which subserves the other.

\* \* \* \*

From the point of view of a collective exhibit, the Délieux collection is, as we have seen, a distinct success, and shows in the best and most peremptory fashion the diversity of imagination and talent possessed by the French decorative school. But it would have been regrettably incomplete if there had been missing from it those representative "objets d'art" in the production of which our decorative artists and craftsmen are unrivalled, or if these had been selected with less care and taste.

One may deplore, when examining these pleasantly furnished rooms, these wall decorations and glass cases, the absence of certain artists whose names and works are widely recognised. But whose fault is this? Certainly not that of the organisers of the exhibition, who would have been only too glad to gather them in. It is the fault, I imagine, of circumstances independent possibly of the will of the artists themselves—some wounded feelings perhaps, or, who knows, some distrust of an enterprise, the success of which, now that it has surpassed the most sanguine



MAHOGANY CABINET WITH MARQUETRY  
PANEL, BY MAURICE ALET.



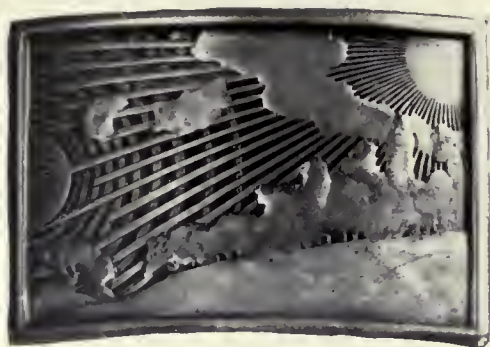
DINING-ROOM IN OAK, BY LOUIS BIGAUX ; LEADED GLASS, BY GEORGES BOURGEOT.

expectations, will prove to them their error. But let us pass on, after premising that the absent do not always suffer injury, because we think of them.

Amongst those who are represented, M. Bonvallet and M. Taxile Doat deserve our most enthusiastic recognition. The metal work of M. Lucien Bonvalet, from the point of view of composition as well as execution, consists of pieces of the very first rank, such as, I believe, could not be equalled in Germany, England or Holland. They are perfect. These vases and bottles, of hammered and chased brass, appear to me simply exquisite, of rare refinement, and great power. Their forms are extremely simple and harmonious, and the ornament is so logical and so reserved that it seems to spring naturally out of them. The



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



NECK-BUCKLE, "CLOUDS," BY TH. LAMBERT.

bottle called "Discordia," another called "Trefoils," the vases with shell-work, seaweed, and eucalyptus, possess a sober richness and yet sim-



PENDANT OF GOLD, ENAMEL, AND PEARLS, BY TH. LAMBERT.

plicity which ought to appeal to all people of taste. Nor will the latter derive less pleasure from the delicate little marvels in pottery of M. Taxile Doat, who knows so well how to unite in his creations the finest comprehension of ancient art with a lively sense of the modern. At the centre of a tray or basin, on the body of a vase, on the handles of a porcelain urn, or on some precious serpentine glass dish, he applies a cameo. The fine head of a goddess, a frowning or smiling mask, the proud profile of a hero, set in that field of simple enamel, variegated perhaps with the colour-play of the material, resembles a rare flower in its effect. Why have I not space to describe some of these pieces; the tall porcelain vase decorated with an appliqué of polychrome glass, a veritable poem of nature; the "Meadows," the "Grotto," "Echo," the "Sower," the "Woods," and that bowl of marbled porcelain with sky blue and brown crystalline effects, on which we



PEAR-WOOD CLOCK, CARVED WITH GRAPES, BY NOWAK.

see "Love sporting with the mask of Thalia"; those vases, tall and egg-shaped, square or flat, which show such grace of form and charm of colour. They are all so prettily, so finely French; they spring, we feel at once, from the soil of our best traditions. These precious works, so pure in taste, yield as it were the imperishable fragrance of the Greek and Roman flowers which scent the garden of our French Renaissance.

The stoneware (*grès*) of M. Bigot, close by, has a captivating rustic savour. I feel that it is soft to touch like ripe fruits, or rough like bark. The material he uses is strong and beautiful.

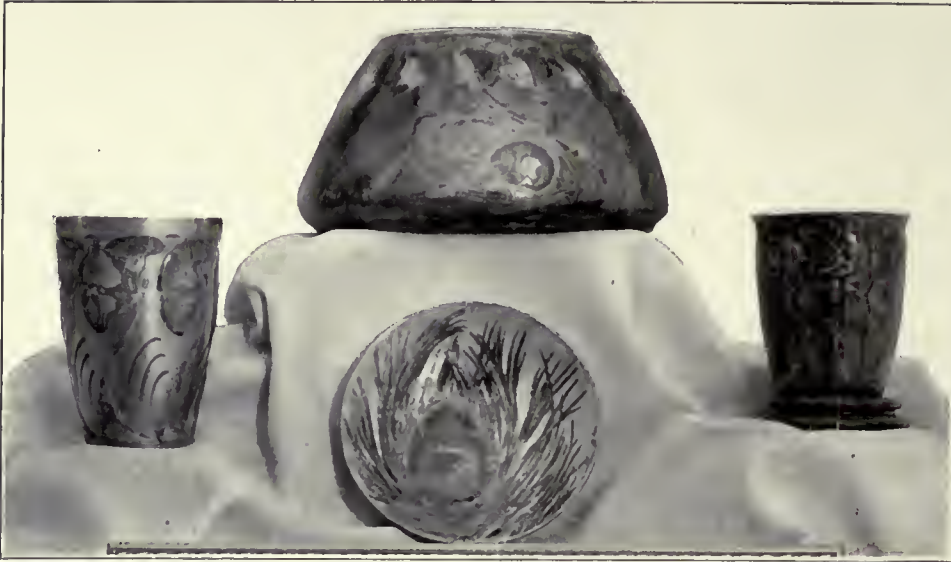
Next, too, is a charming case containing wood-carvings by M. E. Becker; two exquisite clocks, one carved with chrysanthemums, the other with roses;



DINING-ROOM SUITE OF CARVED OAK, BY CROIX MARIE.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



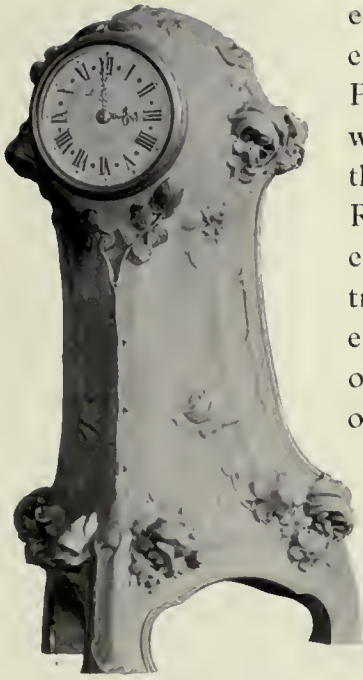
ENAMELS, BY LUCIEN HIRTZ.

boxes inlaid with mother-o'-pearl or ivory, of perfect workmanship, and a case of eighteen medals, each of which is a precious jewel.

M. G. Bastard exhibits objects of pierced mother-o'-pearl, combs and fans, one of which, composed of peacock feathers in which the eyes are replaced by tiny female figures, is truly one of the most exquisite things I know. The appropriateness of the ornament to the material is perfect. This rare quality, the fundamental principle on which all decorative art should be based, I find also with pleasure in the leather work of Mlle. Germain. I doubt whether pieces of such delicate colour and workmanship would appeal to those who love strong and ornate effects, but all the same I am sure that they are true works of art for every day use. One cannot describe them, they must be seen. There are plain leather purses, card cases, girdles, and a trinket box which cannot fail to enchant a delicate taste by the manner in which the leather is handled.

To turn to work of another order we must admire the fender of wrought iron by M. E. Robert, one of the French iron-workers who combines most closely the feeling of modernism with a sense of the glories and traditions of his art; nor can we fail to take pleasure in the works of MM. Regius and Ruffin—the electric heater, a luminous screen, in copper; and the large iron and copper grill, pieces of the finest execution.

I cannot, I regret, study in detail each of the thousand delicate or powerful objects which fill the Pavilion of the Délieux collection. I would like to speak at length of the really remarkable embroideries of Mme. Pauline Rivière; the decorative fabrics of fine design and rich execution of Mlle. Gabrielle Rault; the trays, dishes, and baskets in metal work of M. Scheidecker; the incomparable enamels of M. Feuillatre, who understands so well how to combine sound knowledge of his vocation with the finest gifts of fancy. Nor must I forget the



MINIATURE CLOCK, "ROSES,"  
BY E. BECKER.

enamels of M. Hirtz, one of the most widely appreciated enamellers of the day, or those of M. Tourrette, Mlle. Ponsard, Mlle. Puizoye, and M. Henry Cazalis. I could wish to say all the good that was possible about the decorative compositions in embroidery of Mme. Ory-Robin, which can never be sufficiently esteemed; the exquisite pieces of white china with "reserves" of translucent enamel, so novel and so spontaneous in effect, exhibited by M. C. Naudot; the small furniture of M. Nowack; the models for trays, crumb-scoops, etc., of M. Moreau-Sauve; the small inlaid furniture of MM. Maurice and Edmond Alet; the exquisite lace of M. Paul Mezzara. There is also a cotton tapestry by Mme. Fernande Mailland, which is one of the prettiest and most pleasing things I know; the subject is strongly treated, the colours decorative, in all, a jewel of workmanship. Mlle. Marc Mangin exhibits seven embroidered silk and velvet caps for children, a child's costume comprising an em-

broidered velvet frock, a hat of repoussé leather, braces and shoes of the same, before which not only mothers but artists will lose their hearts. Here also are exhibits of jewelwork by M. Théodore Lambert, of whom I have already spoken, rings, necklets, pendants, waist-buckles and brooches, of sincere originality; *gré*-ware by M. Lachenal in collaboration with Mme. de Frumerie, which it would be out of place to praise, so widely is it appreciated; interesting silversmith's work by M. Giot; some charming medals, liqueur glasses in silver and crystal, a sumptuous cup, entitled "Gallia," of gold, chased silver and stones, by M. Henri Rapin; point lace designed and executed by Mme. Andrée d'Heureux, excellent of its kind; charming articles in silver and enamel by M. A. Jacquin, in wood



CUSPED DISH OF PLATED COPPER, PIERCED AND HAMMERED,  
BY FRANK SCHEIDECKER



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

and leather by Melle. de Felice; furnishing stuffs and curtains by M. Coudyser; bindings of original composition and fine execution by that most original artist, M. Paul Follot; bronze inkstands, coffer, cane handles, and glass ware, by M. Hector Guimard, which prove that M. Guimard has little left to learn, and the remarkable stuffs exhibited by Mme. Louise Grenaut.

Of stained and painted glass there is but little, and that of the finest quality. M. Labouret has a fragment of a skylight showing a flight of wild ducks, and a panel called "The Torrent," of which one is in doubt whether to admire most the composition or the ingenuity. M. Bourgeot has a large panel, sober and restrained, filling the window of the "Salon d'Art," through which a pleasant broken light filters into the dining-room of M. Bigaux.

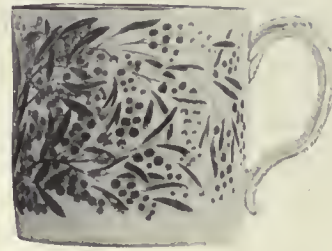
M. Mette exhibits landscapes in American glass, of an original

effect; M. Laumonerie, one of the most accomplished masters of the art, a decorative panel "Le Champagne," and three landscapes of admirable handling.

M. Abel Landry is represented in all the aspects of his versatile talent; his fire-irons, Limoges china tea-service, tray in *pâte-de-verre*, waist-buckles, etc., show his mastery over a wide range of materials and original handling of different subjects.

\* \* \* \*

The Délieux Collection would have been incomplete if it had not opened its doors to a few specimens of painting and sculpture. A young artist, Mme. Aary Max, is represented by a group entitled "Youth," a statue of "Grief," and a bust of M. Délieux characterised by valuable gifts of expression and truthfulness. The bronze statuettes of M. H. Bouchard illustrative of Roman peasants are charming in themselves, and offer a pleasing contrast to the delicate little ivory figures of M. A. Caron, which carry minuteness of execution to its furthest legitimate



"MIMOSA" CUP AND SAUCER, OF  
PIERCED PORCELAIN WITH TRANSLUCENT ENAMELS,  
BY CAMILLE NAUDOT.



LEADED GLASS FIRE SCREEN,  
BY GEORGES BOURGEOT.



CHILD'S FROCK OF VELVET APPLIQUÉ AND EMBROIDERY,  
BY Mlle. MARC MANGIN.

limits. The statuettes in M. Bigot's *gré flammé* by M. Halou, his "Breton Women," his "Bather," "The Gleaner," "The Old Woman Washing a Vessel," will be as much appreciated, I feel sure, in London as they are with us. They possess a vigour, a sincerity, and a picturesque charm which are much enhanced by the nature of the material in which they are wrought. Some Breton dancers in pottery by Quimper, "The Reader" by Fouesnant, "The Mask," in *gré flammé*, by M. Quillivic, are similar in style to the work of M. Halou, and are excellent. There yet remains a Reaper and an Italian Peasant, in bronze, by the *cire perdue* process, belonging to M. Terroire,

and a statue by M. Guénot, representing the Modern Inventor, which deserve special mention by themselves.

Decorative painting is represented by M. Hubert de la Rochefoucauld, who exhibits a large panel, "Autumn," of very pleasant colour; by M. Edme Couty, who is the author of the panel adorning the overmantel in M. Bigaux's "salon d'art," and by M. Rapin, who exhibits a sketch for the decoration of a cathedral. I must also mention the portraits of the Délieux family, executed by M. Felix Cambon, a young painter of promise, and the *claire toile* of Mme. Chauchet-Guilleré entitled "Afternoon in a garden."

Such are the particulars of this Exhibition which reflects the greatest honour on those who have so courageously borne the burden of it and the expense. Even if it had offered fewer objects of real value to the gaze of the crowds which throng to Shepherd's Bush, it would still have deserved a quite exceptional mention. It shows, in effect, victoriously, what can be accomplished by individual initiative when supported by sincere and disinterested belief in an ideal.

The united efforts of a small band of volunteers,



GALLIA CUP IN SILVER, GOLD, AND  
JEWELS, BY HENRI RAPIN.



however brave and talented, has not proved sufficient to bring about the triumph of this particular ideal which we are discussing, the one whose vitality is shown by the present exhibition.

A painter or sculptor can work all his life in solitude, heroically, without troubling about the approbation of the public so long as his means of subsistence are assured apart from his productions; but an architect, a decorator, a maker of furniture or articles of common use, what is he to do if the public refuse to come to him? He cannot even work by himself, but must have collaborators. The artistic problem is complicated by the economic. The scheme of a bed, of an electric light fitting, of table ware, of a carpet, does not properly exist until it is realised in the form of definite materials. Then, for a style to become formed and established, to prosper and to enforce itself, it is necessary that it should spread through the masses, or at any rate through a sufficiently large section of the upper classes. Familiarity with the lines and forms and styles of ornament which belong to it is thus created little by little. I say little by little because public taste cannot be rushed nowadays in these matters, when everyone more or less pretends to know something about them.

Another point is that the revival of industrial art to which so many excellent architects and decorative artists have devoted



COTTON TAPESTRY, "THE GOOD HOUND," BY FERNANDE MAILLAND.



CUSHION OF LACE AND EMBROIDERED BATISTE, BY PAUL MEZZARA.



VELVET PORTIÈRE,  
BY GABRIELLE RAULT.

themselves coincides exactly with a sort of craze for the styles of the eighteenth century on the part of the very class which is most necessary to its existence. The leading manufacturers of ornamental bronzes, plate, pottery, and furnishing stuffs have hastened to flatter and pander to this craze, so that designers in quest of new forms and colours, instead of finding the welcome they had a right to expect, are regarded by these very manufacturers as enemies.

In spite of all this we can banish fears for the future. Fashions ever change, and this one will go out like the rest. Possibly the time is not so far off as one might imagine when people will tire of living amongst these no doubt seductive but anachronistic styles. Those who will but have courage to resist the enchantment; architects, artists, and craftsmen who will have the force and patience to pursue their work of regeneration, will end by getting the better of those who only copy the styles and ornament of bygone days, or, what is worse still, who debase them in order to bring them within reach of slender purses.

What the faithful few need, in order to establish themselves definitely and to triumph, above all in France, is to concentrate themselves, to unite, to form a solid body. Their education is complete; they possess, most of them at least, a personality and a means of expression; they know what they mean. Let them organise and assist each other, as has been done here; instead of being rivals let them become collaborators. Singly, I repeat, they can effect next to nothing against the power of the great industrial purveyors of decorative art; united, they can do everything. For the fashion for antique styles let them substitute a fashion for modern ones, then the public which is against them will soon be for them.

This is the moral which radiates, in my view, from the André Délieux collection. It would be regrettable if the artists who are not represented there did not profit from it equally with those who are. But an example has been set, and both the former and the latter have only to follow it. It is time that a great



"1830" MINIATURE  
IVORY BUST,  
BY A. CARON.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

collective effort was set on foot amongst us, with daring, and, above all, with method, so that the public should be made aware of the results of a movement which, despite the obstacles and shortcomings that have given many people an impression that so much good effort had come to naught, will not fail in the end to succeed.

The Jury has unanimously awarded a Grand Prize to M. André Délieux for the brilliant conception of this artistic union.

GABRIEL MOUREY.



RETICULE OF STAMPED LEATHER,  
BY M<sup>LE</sup>. L. D. GERMAIN.



CENTRAL HALL OF FRENCH DECORATIVE ART.

## FRENCH DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITS.



THE Central Hall to the left and right of you as you enter the Palace of Decorative Art is devoted to the display of the choicest modern specimens of French cabinet work and its attendant industries. With that dexterous skill which characterises our neighbours across the Channel, a systematic scheme of arrangement has been designed which brings the whole within one neatly ordered plan. Instead of a haphazard grouping of exhibits left to individual taste, such as we find in the British section close by, there is here a series of uniform stands constructed with an airy architectural effect, and arranged on a uniform pattern as regards their naming and exterior decoration. This uniformity, so dear to our neighbours' well-ordered minds, is carried out to its fullest extent by the exhibitors themselves to whom these stands are allotted. There is an American story of a Texan innkeeper who, when a stranger, misled by the gorgeousness of the menu, asked for plovers' eggs and asparagus, whipped a pistol to his head and remarked: "*You'll take hash!*" One wonders what would have happened if one of the exhibitors here had desired to show, say, walnut furniture inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, or a suite in satinwood, or something that was not furniture at all. Would he have been compelled to forego his desire? Fortunately, as we must believe, there happened to be a round dozen or so of eminent French firms all willing and able to put forward a representative collection of classical furniture of the same style and, to casual observation, of the same high order



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

of execution, so that apart from minor differences there seems little to choose between them. And there is a camaraderie, an interchange of services, between the holders of these stalls which suggests community of effort, as if all were members of a fraternity governed by mutual interest. It is not so, probably, in reality, but the illusion is a pleasant one in these days of fierce commercial competition, and I shall humour it so far as to treat the exhibit as a united whole in generalising on its mission.

If the British section conveys an impression that British furniture-making is dead, what is the effect on our minds of the French one? Here we have cabinet work and upholstery of such lavish magnificence (you can spend from £1,000 to £3,000 on a single piece in some of these stands) that it must be very much alive indeed. The French craftsmen of to-day are the equals in technical skill of the very finest artists who worked under Louis XV. and his great predecessor. Not a secret, not a touch, has been lost. But—and this is the sad part of it—not a touch has been added or altered either. If we in England are intent on buying up old things instead of commissioning new ones, the best workers in France are making copies of old things instead of designing new ones. Possibly art could go no further in one direction than it did in those sumptuous days of Versailles, which enriched the world with priceless specimens of marquetry overlaid with splendid metal work. But Versailles is a museum now, like the Louvre. Its glories are ticketed or dispersed, partly into the Wallace collection. All over the civilised world we have simplified our lives together with our dress; and it is affectation to pretend that modern tailoring and millinery equip us any longer for comparison with such splendid backgrounds. Why then do the French go on making these costly replicas and variants? What becomes of them? Do the newly enriched swell out their starched shirt fronts and indulge their vulgar cackle amongst them? It is hard to believe that they can have any part in the genuine life of the people, and if they have—well, what is there then to choose between English and French taste at the present day? In both it is to some extent a sham, unrelated to the common needs of life.

I am aware that this exhibit represents but a part of the decorative activity of France; that elsewhere, in the *Délieux Collectivité* for instance, there are specimens of modern design and workmanship. But there is something about the “new art” which does not suit our national atmosphere. It is probably quite right that modern tendencies on the two sides of the Channel should take different directions suited to different temperaments; but in common honesty I am bound to confess that, of the two, I am more inclined to admire the splendid workmanship exhibited by these copies of the antique than the striving after original effects exhibited by the new school.

\* \* \* \*

On the right hand as you enter the hall, in the first stand, is a little *collectivité* of furniture by different hands. M. Georges Rey exhibits carved and gilt furniture



FURNITURE OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE, REPRODUCED BY EDOUARD POTEAU.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

of semi-classical design, together with a highly ornate writing-table in carved walnut, the decoration of which rises up at one end and along the back in a naturalistic profusion of mountainous forms with waves and icicles, whilst beautifully carved nude figures fly off at a tangent from the legs. The firm of Soubrier exhibits gilt upholstered furniture; A. Darras some chairs of plain, almost English design, upholstered in embossed and figured leather, together with a high carved episcopal throne; MM. Mioland and Lelogeais an archaic leather chair with heavy studding.

Next is the handsome stand of P. H. Rémon, one of the leading Parisian decorators, who exhibits part of a boudoir of the Louis XV. period, illustrated on the next page. The decoration of this room consists of wood panelling painted in a delicate green colour, with applied ornamentation in grey touched with gold. The furniture, naturally arranged, includes some excellent specimens of the period, mostly reproductions of antique pieces selected by M. Rémon from his own and other collections. The original of the chimney-piece is in the Louvre. The carved and gilded furniture is upholstered with hand embroidery of fine workmanship. Two old pictures on the wall are signed and dated, "Roslin, 1764." M. Rémon showed the writer photographs of some elaborate work carried out in France, America and in Germany. In the Machinery Section are some views and reproductions of the panelling done by his firm for the Ritz-Carlton Restaurant and Winter-Garden on board the liners "Amerika" and "Kaiserin Augusta Victoria." M. Rémon has been elected Chairman of the Jury for the French Decorative Art Section.

The firm of R. & L. Hamot, next door, are manufacturers of Aubusson tapestry of the type that is fashionable in connection with the classic styles. This tapestry weaving is done on the low-warp, or copyists' looms, and is a mechanical matter nearer akin to carpet-making than to the work of the Gobelin or high-warp looms. It seems to be in great demand judging from the many factories that are at work turning out flowered patterns and figure subjects for chair and sofa seats, portières, wall decorations, and the like. The better to show off Messrs. Hamot's productions, a suite of gilt furniture is exhibited, which, together with a handsome ormolu-mounted table, is the work of Messrs. L'Hoste & Bernel.

A remarkably handsome exhibit which follows is that of E. Poteau, containing a reproduction of the great state-bed of Marie Antoinette in the Victoria and Albert Museum (now on loan at Bethnal Green). A blue silk canopy is gathered up above it, covered with embroidery of contemporary design from the documents of Philippe de Lassalle, such as the Queen herself had worked in the factory she established at Trianon. The more important pieces of furniture in the room are copies of masterpieces in the Wallace Collection, as for instance the gorgeous commode, designed by Dubois to hold the Queen's laces; the little secrétaire made by Carlin; a toilet table and writing table combined, after the original by Oeben



Paris, Champs Elysées,

LOUIS XV. BOUDOIR, EXHIBITED BY P. H. RÉMON.

18, Rue d'Artois.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

and Riesener; and a marquetry commode, also after Riesener. A large and comfortable armchair is an attempt to combine eighteenth-century style with present day notions of luxury; the other chairs are counterparts of originals to be found in the Louvre. Carefully toned wall decorations and candle-brackets



COMMODE AFTER RIESENER; WHITE AND GOLD PEDESTAL BY E. POTEAU.

supported by ribbons, together with pastel copies of Mme. Vigée Lebrun's portraits of the unfortunate Queen and her two children, go to make up an ensemble which closely recalls what a bedroom must have looked like in the most luxurious court of Europe at that period.

The stand of M. Nelson is also decorated in the style of Louis XVI., with painted panels and delicate carved mouldings and ornaments. In it is a sort of "what-not" of elaborate design, which recalls a similar piece at Hertford House, an armchair covered with a rich brocade, and a writing table of Louis XVI. period, of the kind which was fitted with a little bookcase or nest of drawers standing up at one end.

Messrs. A. Tardif & Cie exhibit a small decorated corner room, with a section in plain wood finely and richly carved. The style of the mantelpiece and a marble-top table with exquisite quartered veneering is Louis XV. in style, or

## FRENCH DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITS

more probably suggests the Régence which preceded it. The same might be said of the gilt furniture upholstered in cut velvet which completes the room.

Coming down on the left-hand side of the hall, the first exhibit is that of M. Victor Boudet, which includes an exquisite bureau of marquetry and ormolu, not unlike the one used by Marie Antoinette, but said to be original. Here also is an elaborate copy of Caffieri's well-known mantelpiece at Fontainebleau, and the great standard ormolu clock at Versailles by the same artist. This and a large pedestal clock of inlaid purple wood, covered with very massive chased ornament of the Louis XVI. period, of which the original is at the Louvre, are exhibition pieces of no mean order. The same may be said of a vast glass-fronted cabinet with gilt ornament which stands at the back of the room. Quieter and more lovable is the little writing table, copied from that of Marie Antoinette, with its surface inlaid with figures representing astronomy, and the wonderful mechanical devices of drawers and hinged flaps in which the artists of her court excelled.

Messrs. Jémont, next, exhibit a room decorated in the style of the same period, with a rich carved and gilt cornice, a painted lunette over a doorway, and delicate architrave moulding of wreathed bay leaves. A square-legged mahogany table, and large cabinet and wall-piece also in mahogany, with ormolu mountings to match the room, are the principal features of the furniture.

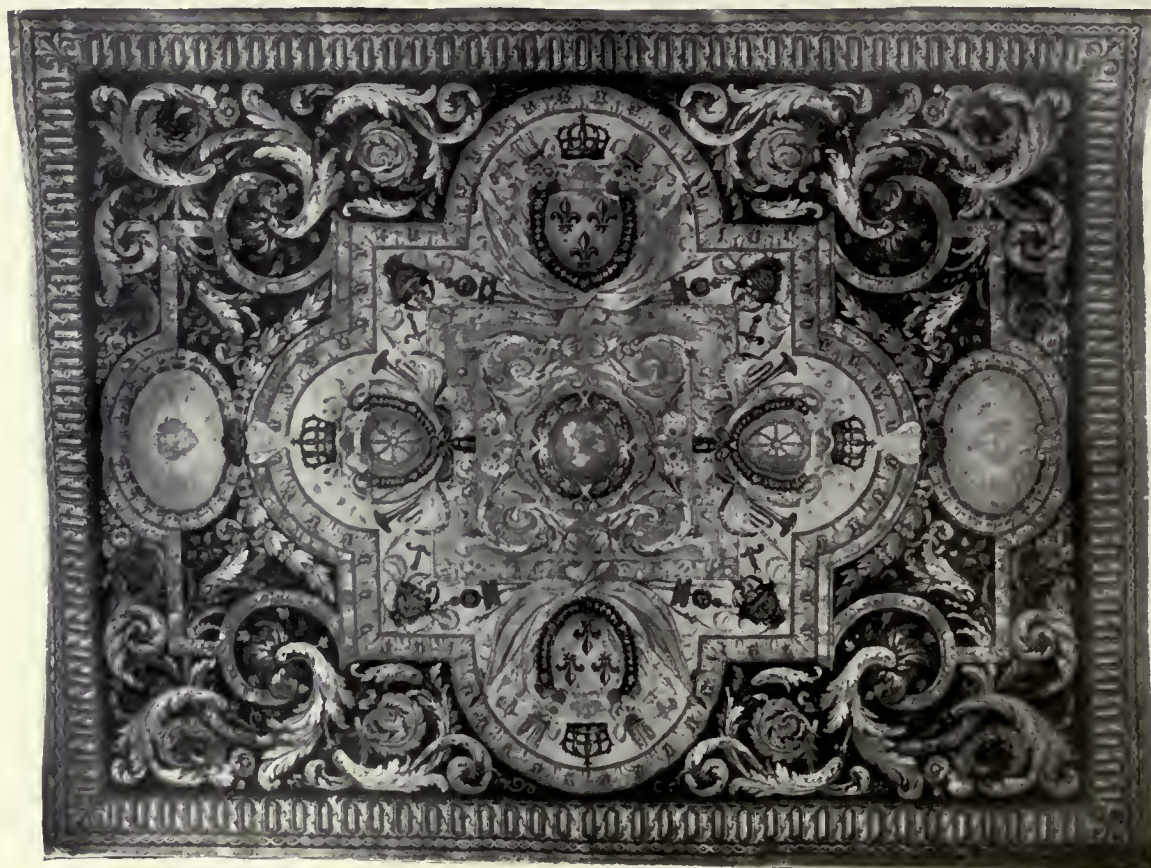
Their neighbours, Messrs. Bracquenié & Cie, are makers of Aubusson tapestry, plentifully displayed in a rose pink suite of striking character. On the walls are large tapestry panels after Wagrez and Boucher, in bright and rather florid colouring. A tapestry copy of the portrait of Rubens is an ingenious example of the length to which tapestry can be carried in the imitation of pictures. One needs to touch the surface to be sure that it is not painting. A copy of a lady by Fragonard is scarcely less deceptive. The carpet is a handsome example of the firm's work in the same rather gaudy classical style.

Of the cabinet work exhibited there is none to excel, and little to equal, that displayed by the firm of Linke, which seems to have put into its two or three exhibition pieces all the fine craftsmanship and ingenuity of which French hands are capable. Using as a basis the two woods which seem most in vogue throughout the French exhibits, satiné, which resembles a pale species of mahogany, and the strong grained kingwood as a foil to it, this firm has devoted untold expense to the reproduction on an exact scale and in all its details of the wonderful bureau of Louis XV. now at the Louvre, designed by Riesener, with its marquetry roll top (the prototype of all modern office furniture), its double-hinged desk flap, secret drawers and mechanical devices of the subtlest kind—a desk wherewith a lightly-minded monarch might amuse himself for hours. Finely chased bronze nymphs reclining at the two sides hold candles for his Majesty; and over, round, and under all runs a profusion of gilt bronze wreath work and conventional ornament of the most sumptuous kind. It is said that this bureau



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

represents the quintessence of all that stands for the style of Louis XV.—and it may be acquired for a paltry £1,600. Its neighbour, a tall cabinet representing the course of a mountain torrent from its source to the ocean, carried out in ormolu on a finely marquetryed frame, is costlier still. It has a wonderful interior of secret drawers and cupboards, and was the design of M. Messenger, one of the firm's



SAVONNERIE CARPET AFTER A FAMOUS EXAMPLE IN THE LOUVRE. DESIGNED BY E. POTEAU,  
EXECUTED BY J. SCHENCK.

artists. One hardly has space to do more than mention the tall clock, with a figure of Time in bronze surmounting the great blue enamel globe which is the dial, so complex and so elaborate is its construction. An apple tree, golden throughout, and not merely bearing golden apples like that of the Hespérides, climbs from the base upwards, bearing on its branches a Gallic cock, the herald of the dawn. Such is the sort of fanciful conceit on which French art is lavished, regardless of expense. This clock, some may remember, was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. A tall mounted and inlaid music stand of ovoid form, a bow-fronted cupboard decorated with "coquillage" ornament, and a glass cabinet for china in the same costly style as the rest, with some smaller pieces and gilt upholstered furniture, complete this exhibit.

## FRENCH DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITS

Last in the row is the stand of Messrs. Mercier, one of the largest firms in Paris for this expensive class of work. The main feature of their exhibit is a set of three pieces, a large bookcase with inlaid panels; a secrétaire with exquisitely designed interior on the miniature temple principle; and a mahogany writing table. All of these are handsomely mounted with chased gilt bronze work, the two first being characterised by a large central ornament representing a lion's head and skin. A suite of stuffed furniture consisting of a settee and four chairs, in late Louis XV. style, is covered in delicate Aubusson tapestry of the firm's own manufacture, a reproduction of antique work in the Boucher manner representing the Triumph of Amphitrite.

In the centre of the hall are two exhibits, one by A. Delmas, the most noted chair maker to the trade in Paris, who exhibits some fine examples of carving and furniture in the Louis XV. style. Along with this is a piano by Pleyel, which is worth noting for the high finish and delicacy of its inlaid case, covered with an effective diapered pattern in stained sycamore, tulip wood, and mahogany. The other exhibit contains some choice pieces of furniture and cabinet-making by Poteau, which could not be included in their Marie Antoinette room.

Near the door is a marvellous exhibit of marquetry designs by M. Chevre, on trays, panels, and the like; some of which, notably a design of a stag pursued by wolves, and a wild-duck with its brood, carry the art to its extreme limits in the direction of naturalistic effect by means of stains and skilful disposition of strong figured grain.

Leaving the central hall by the furthest aisle on the right, we come upon a small exhibit of "camp" furniture, in ash and other plain woods, combining with their simple hygienic qualities a touch of new art design. This is the exhibit of L. Rigaut, whose work is especially patronised by the Touring Club of Paris. Beyond, in the aisle proper, are two exhibits backing on to each other of French textile manufactures. That of Messrs. Legrand consists of printed fabrics, velvets, silks, serges, etc., the effect being that of woven designs. The other is that of Messrs. Cornille Fr., makers of cut velvets, brocades, and *soierie* of every sort. The designs exhibited do not aim at any special artistic merit. Close by M. J. Schenk is showing a large and handsome pile carpet, designed by M. Poteau on the lines of the great Louis XIV. carpet in the Louvre, woven by the Gobelins.

M. Pruneau, an Aubusson tapestry weaver, exhibits a moderate-sized religious panel, representing "The Resurrection," and in somewhat incongruous proximity a suite of classical furniture covers concerning which there is nothing special to be said.

The central aisle contains a further series of room exhibits on a less grandiose scale than those in the Central Hall. There is a small *collectivité* of Artiste-Decorateurs, many of whom figure also in the Délieux *collectivité*. M. Bigaux exhibits here an *art nouveau* cabinet and a decidedly insipid design for tapestry called "Le Lac." M. Tarrit exhibits modelled cats; M. Vernon, bronzes;



M. Bigot, *grés* ware; MM. Vallombreux and Lachenal other forms of pottery. A glass case contains bronzes, needlework, and clever modelled figures of ballet dancers. Two cases in the centre of the room supplement this exhibit with specimens of M. Becker's and M. Jallot's wood-carving, M. Lachenal's pottery, M. Bonvallet's fine hammered and modelled brass vases, and painted relief glass work by M. Dammouse. Here also are specimens of enamel by members of the Salon des Artistes Français, little metal and ivory statuettes by M. Levasseur, some pieces of *pâte de verre* by M. Decorchemont, a beautiful necklet of beaten gold leaves by M. Ch. Rigaud, enamelled jewelry by M. Ch. Boutet de Monvel, and a gold pendant with emeralds and pearls by M. Jacquin. M. Bourgeot and M. Emile Decoeur show specimens of *grés flammé*, a kind of stoneware with touches of colour or stain.

In a room panelled with carved woodwork, MM. Turck show a dining table and chairs of light oak, carved with "coquillage" ornament, collateral descendants, probably, of our Queen Anne style, and a large side cupboard with Louis XV. carving filtered through some Belgian influence.

MM. Mansard and Houry show lacquered furniture of the period of Louis XV., together with some clever reproductions of Worcester and similar ware. Next to them is a small Louis XV. salon by the omnipresent M. Bigaux, furnished with a suite of chairs covered in Aubusson tapestry with very pink female figures after Boucher and animals after Aubry. A special feature of the room is a beautiful piece of wrought iron work, with ormolu appliqué, in the form of a console table surmounted by a mirror. This is by M. G. Vinant.

On a screen near by are some remarkable reproductions of antique work—painted ceilings, wood carving, etc., by a clever artist in such work, M. L. Chauvet. Specially



noteworthy is a copy of one of the great ceilings in the Louvre reproduced for a Devonshire house, and a panel from the "Singe" salon at the Château de Chantilly, after the original designs by Huet.

H. C. M.

SECRÉTAIRE-TOILET TABLE, BY ED. POTEAU.

After the original by Oeben and Riesener in the Wallace Collection.



ORIGINAL DESIGN BY JOHN BELCHER, ESQ., A.R.A., FOR THE DECORATIVE ART PAVILION.

## BRITISH DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITS.

I FEAR that one's first and most obvious reflection after going round the space allotted to British Decorative Art would be : "Nay, but to spy out the nakedness of the land are ye come." Of two broad aisles which remain over from the Loan Collection, one and a half are devoted to such useful, but on the whole undecorative, objects as cooking ranges, safes, patent furniture, garden seats, and plate glass, from amidst which there is nothing to catch the artistic eye but some well-finished steel grates by the Carron Iron Company. In the remaining half, with a small piece at the end of the centre aisle, are easily concentrated all the exhibits of decorative art which have been thought fit to be represented. Four of these are by wall paper firms, the only class exhibiting as a body, and of these we are compelled to add that in two cases at least the attractions claimed are in the nature of "latest novelties" rather than art. Messrs. Arthur Sanderson & Sons exhibit papers for treating panelled rooms decorated in the artificial Georgian and Adam styles, which are fashionable just now—papers with a striped or powdered filling and narrow borders of floral or wreath designs. Some of these are printed on Japanese grass cloth. In the same category may be classed a more costly silk flock paper on a velvety ground, which reproduces in tones of dull blue an antique lace design. Of new papers the showiest at least that they are offering is a large pattern of peacocks and chrysanthemums in bold chintz colours on a white ground. Canvas-like patterns in various self colours are a speciality of this firm.

Messrs. Knowles are mainly interested in papers of the panel order, light ribbon or festoon designs arranged as crown and border on a plain or striped ground. Of new papers they show a large vine pattern with clusters of grapes, and an imitation tapestry, of which I can honestly say nothing except that it shows a return to the worst traditions of the craft, a return which is fully encouraged by the so-called decorators of to-day.

Messrs. John Lines & Co. have made what is at least an interesting innovation in taking up the study of painted mural decoration, for which purpose they have engaged the services of a clever artist, who has already done work in this direction



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

for various restaurants and public rooms, Mr. W. J. Neatby. Their well-designed exhibit contains two large landscape panels, two figure subjects: "My Love is like a red red rose," and "My Love is like a melody," painted in oil on canvas with raised gold ornament, and a lunette over the fireplace in the same style. The colour of these is pleasant, if a little bright, and the faces are pretty, with a soft Florentine feeling about the costumes and decoration. In their note to the public on this subject, Messrs. Line deplore the wrong done by wall papers to generations of Gozzolis and Carpaccios, who might have painted glorious frescoes if cheapness had not been forced by custom upon their patrons. Mr. Neatby is not exactly a Gozzoli or a Carpaccio, but he is a well meaning and a deserving artist, with a better sense of decoration than most of the men in his line of business, and, given proper conditions, could produce some interesting work. The wall papers chosen for exhibition by Messrs. Line are not particularly remarkable. They also have a "filling and border" pattern for panels, with the not unknown motive of daisy sprays powdered on a white ground, a paper called "Elizabeth's garden," of dull greens and large red flowers on a blue ground; a large Indian tile pattern in blues, called Delhi; and a fifteenth century cut velvet design in flock, which I consider their most successful effort.

The firm of Jeffrey & Co. is one held in special repute amongst paper stainers for their long association with the best artists who design for this class of work, and their refusal to join in the "wall paper ring" which infests this country. The "Macaw and Peach Tree" design, which occupies the centre of their exhibit, is one done specially for the purposes of this Exhibition by Mr. Walter Crane, who has designed for them since 1876. It is a fine example of hand block printing, in which 18 blocks are employed. To the right of this is an original damask design by Mr. Frederick Vigers, which is an example of printing silk flock upon a wool flock ground. In the recess is an example of colour printing enriched with gilding, the motif of which is a Portuguese embroidery. The pilaster, or return of the recess, is covered with an embossed leather paper which has all the quality of a Spanish leather. The frieze shown is in the same material, but is of higher relief. It is from a design by Mr. F. S. Murray. These are but a few of Messrs. Jeffrey's papers, which include some of the best and most artistic designs that are at present being produced.

On the opposite side to Messrs. Jeffrey is a glass case exhibit of silk brocades, damasks, and stamped velvet, by Messrs. Warner & Sons. The designs are mostly of a French or Adam style, without particular distinction, and except in regard to their weaving hardly do credit to this well-known firm. Fortunately the French weavers also are not showing anything good. In the centre of Messrs. Warner's case is a remarkable tapestry specially designed by Mr. Walter Crane to celebrate the Entente Cordiale, a "Peaceful Conflict," represented by tilting knights, trumpeters, and angels of peace, on a blue ground varied with a scroll design in green, amidst which are seen the red roses of England and the lilies of

## BRITISH DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITS

France. Cocks, lions, and flying doves with olive branches complete the symbolism of this wonderful conception, which would make a bold if somewhat "voyant" medium for decoration.

The Royal Worcester Porcelain Works exhibit reproductions of old "scale blue" Worcester ware and Chamberlain green, together with perforated ware rather like pierced ivory in effect, and a sort of milky-coloured pottery called "Sabrina."

The Pilkington Company's exhibit of tiles, pottery and lustre ware is one of the completest and most decorative in the building, and is described elsewhere at length.

A large exhibit of cut glass by Thomas Webb & Sons, of Stourbridge, shows the extent to which such work can be carried in a fine material, but hardly comes under the head of art.

At the far end of the centre aisle, beyond the Loan Collection of Furniture, are three or four exhibits that call for mention. Messrs. Godfrey, Giles & Co., a firm of decorators, are showing a little room simply and inexpensively fitted up, with white painted walls and fitments, and touches of coloured ornament on the frieze and panels. This firm makes a speciality of ingenious furniture, amongst which may be noted a settee which comes apart in the middle and forms two corner chairs of comfortable dimensions, a little writing bureau fitted with bookshelves below the flap and with a shelf and paper rack behind, and armchairs embodying various luxurious arrangements, including the "Mollis" form of cushion, which is a revival of an old idea cleverly carried out.

The Bromsgrove Guild take advantage of a recent hobby to exhibit specimens of lead figures and lead cisterns for the garden. The wide range of their undertakings is further illustrated by several finely modelled bronzes which have figured as decorations on the *Lusitania*, the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, the gates of Buckingham Palace, and elsewhere. Also a well-carved mirror in Italian walnut. The Guild has supplied modelled plaster ceilings to certain of the buildings in the grounds.

On the opposite side Messrs. Hampton are showing a pair of small rooms, one fitted up in the Georgian style for the reception of a "Chippendale" suite of furniture; and the other in Adam style for a suite in satinwood. More important as an effort of artistic workmanship is the Elizabethan hall, copied on a two-thirds scale from the end of the hall at Hatfield, which serves as a receptacle for the old oak specimens of the Loan Collection.

H. C. MARILLIER.







GENERAL VIEW OF THE BRITISH AND FRENCH APPLIED AND DECORATIVE ARTS PAVILIONS.

## BRITISH APPLIED ARTS.

I HAVE always held strongly that the taste of the man in the street is a slandered thing; and nothing has borne out my case more clearly and forcibly than the astounding advance in the general taste displayed in the English home of late years. Give me, said I fifteen years ago, eleven flats tricked out in the appalling hideousness of the ordinary house-furnisher, and let me furnish the twelfth as I wish (and I undertake that it shall cost as little as the others), and I will stake my soul that the much-abused ordinary man and ordinary woman will prefer my more artistic flat. It was this earnest conviction of the artistic sense of the man in the street being superior to that of the tradesman who caters for him, and who for ever excuses his own vulgarity by setting up his own vulgar standard as the standard of taste of the community (and to a somewhat lesser degree the pandering of the manufacturer to the tradesman), that first led me to take up the pen of criticism. And I founded it upon this fact—that in the old days the ordinary man had beautiful things about him, and that he had them *because he could get them*.

To their eternal credit, certain merchant-houses, such as Hampton, Gill and Reigate, Waring, Mallett of Bath, and Gillow, in furniture, and the houses of Sanderson, Jeffrey, Knowles, Line and the like in wall decorations, have fought the vulgarities through evil days, until to-day they can pride themselves on having transformed the English home into a beautiful place. There is nowadays no slightest excuse for a man, even with a scant purse, having an ugly home.

The committee seem to have failed to attract the modern craftsmen; and their absence is remarkable. The very small effort in one sad little room cannot be said to represent the fine craftsmen of our day, and is best left severely alone.

It was therefore a happy thought that inspired the loan of a collection of famous pieces of old furniture in the Large Hall of the Decorative Arts at

Shepherd's Bush. But perhaps the greatest success has been won by an original Tudor House set up in the grounds hard by, and most appropriately furnished, by Messrs. Gill and Reigate—an artistic effort that must have had most satisfactory results for this firm, as it certainly has been an excellent lesson to thousands who have visited the exhibition as to the beauties of a house decorated and furnished with taste. It is a thousand pities that Messrs. Hampton's cottage near it had not been built and furnished earlier in the period during which the show has been open; for it is also a remarkable proof of the charming home that may be built and furnished at fairly moderate cost.

The requests for famous pieces of old English furniture were generously met. Here are pedigree-pieces such as the famous Council-table from Blenheim—an Elizabethan oaken draw-table such as Shakespeare saw about him in the houses of the great. Here is Lord de L'Isle's oak gaming table. Here may be seen the historic Jacobean upholstered rose-coloured chair in which James I. sat for his portrait when being painted by Mytens. Here are two very handsome specimens of the very rare chair known as the William and Mary cabriole—that tall-backed walnut dining-chair with carved splat used by the very rich, having the early form of the cabriole leg with the hoof that was to create the form of the chair of Queen Anne and Georgian years for half a century afterwards. No collection of antique furniture would be complete without one or two examples from the set of the celebrated collector of clocks, Mr. Wetherfield—those clocks that we now call by the name of “grandfather.” Here we may discuss the ovolo frieze that topped the cabinet in Charles II.'s day, or the hooded top that marked the fashions in the cabinets when 1700 struck its first hour. Here also are many evidences of the great change that the Frenchwoman Louise de Quéroualle brought into the English home in 1675—the marquetry, the flat stretcher, lacquer, the brass drop-handle and key-plate, and such like. Here we see examples of the smooth serpentine stretcher, the Spanish foot, the Spanish back, and other influences that Dutch William brought into England. And so through Queen Anne's years with their introduction of the smooth cabriole leg to the walnut chairs, that developed the Chippendale mahogany chair famed throughout the world. On the walls of another room hang the Gobelin tapestries wrought when Audran was director of the looms, made for the High Admiral of France, Alexandre de Bourbon, uncle to Louis Quatorze, as proved by the initials in their corners, the royal arms of France, and the anchor beneath them. Here, too, are Mr. Cyril Butler's historical set of loop-backed chairs and settee made by Chippendale in 1735, and afterwards owned by Marie Antoinette. Adam is represented by the loan of Sir Henry Hoare's painted drawing-room settee, amongst other pieces—Sheraton also, and Hepplewhite. Rarely have we seen so many celebrated pieces as were gathered together in the Hall of Decorative Arts at the Franco-British Exhibition of 1908.

HALDANE MACFALL.





MM. BOUCHERON'S EXHIBIT OF OBJECTS OF ART.

## FRENCH APPLIED ARTS.



DIAMOND AND PLATINUM LACE BROOCH.

THE French Section of the Applied Arts at Shepherd's Bush is conspicuous for the technical excellence to be noted in the construction of the exhibits.

In the show of jewellery the work of the Maison Boucheron is the most interesting and important. Nor is there any cause for surprise in this. The history of this famous establishment may be found in

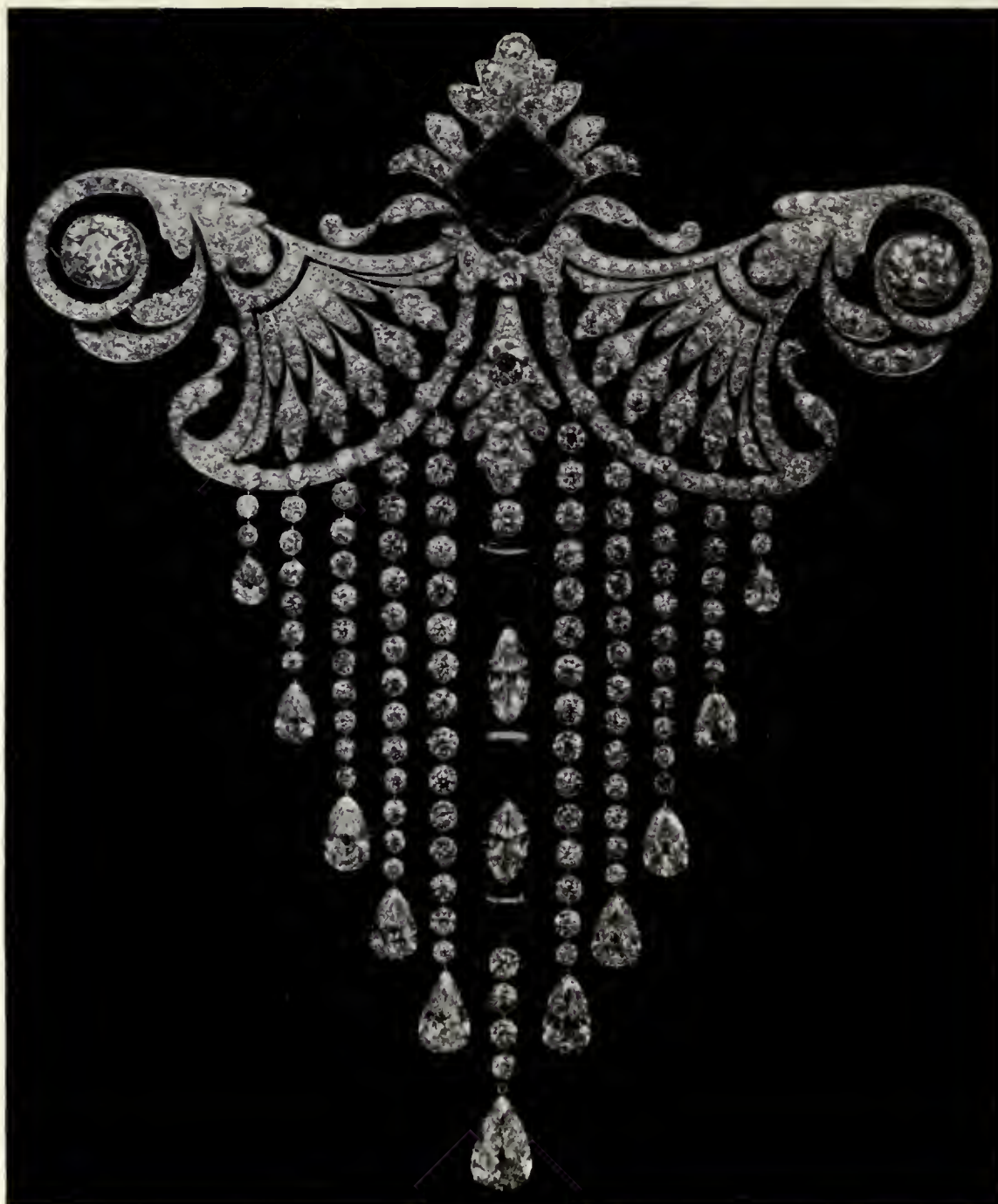
M. Henri Vever's book on French Jewellery in the Nineteenth Century. He depicts for us Frédéric Boucheron, the founder of the firm, beginning life as a boy apprentice to Jules Chaise, then as an *employé* at the shop of Tixier-Deschamps at the Palais Royal, the locality in which he set up on his own account somewhat later. He began business on a very small scale in the arcade, but his skill and energy soon brought him a measure of success which first became manifest in the Exhibition of 1867. Fortune favoured him in many ways, and his premises were repeatedly enlarged, and by the time the Palais Royal had fallen into decay he was in a position to inaugurate the present well-known building in the Place Vendôme.



DIAMOND NECKLACE WITH LARGE PEAR-SHAPED DIAMOND PENDANT.

At the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1875, and at the Paris Exhibitions of 1878, 1889 and 1900, the Maison Boucheron carried off the highest awards. Frédéric Boucheron, who from all accounts was a man of most sympathetic personality, had contrived to secure the co-operation of all the cleverest and most original workers in his trade: Jules Debut, Basset, Chalvet, Cronzet, Tissot, Rault, Menu, Paul Legrand and the great Peureux; whilst among his more recent collaborators have been MM. Alexandre Caron, Edmond Becker, Hirtz and Bugniot; and it may be safely asserted that almost all the methods and processes that have come into use in the jewellery trade—in particular, the employment of translucent enamels—were first resorted to by the Maison Boucheron. “For thirty-six years,” M. Vever tells us, “he was a member of the Jewellers’ Trades Committee, and for seventeen years he acted as its Vice-President or President.” In this capacity, also, his rare personal qualities, his frank and kindly character, won him the sympathies of all. Seeking out every opportunity of doing good and of promoting the welfare and union of his fellow-workers, Boucheron strove unceasingly for the promotion of all the benevolent projects of the corporation.





FINE EMERALD AND DIAMOND STOMACHER WITH PEAR-SHAPED DROPS.

Among the most elaborate pieces of jewellery, notable at once for perfection of workmanship and for the richness of the materials employed, by which the Maison Boucheron is represented in the Exhibition may be mentioned a large "devant de corsage," composed of two cornucopias, issuing from which is a flood of brilliants, the horns being bound together by an enormous tallow-topped



DIAMOND AND PLATINUM LACE BROOCH, WITH CENTRE BRILLIANT RING.

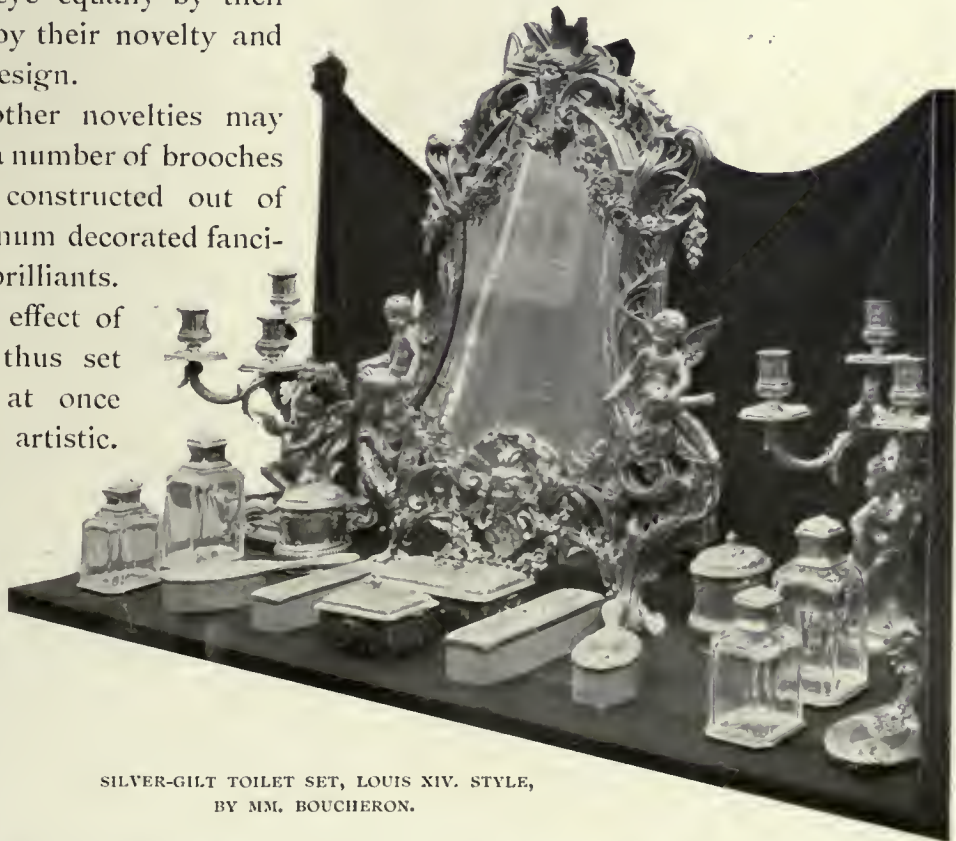
emerald of great beauty ; and another in which five large pear-shaped pearls depend from a very ingeniously contrived setting of pearls and brilliants.

A large diadem composed of seven huge pear-shaped diamonds supported by a volutes of brilliants presented a good example of the classic style, while a frontlet, made out of large flowers cut out of platinum and sprinkled with precious stones, produced an astonishing effect of charm and beauty.

As regards the necklaces exhibited by the Maison Boucheron, suppleness seemed to be the dominating note.

Among the most remarkable were a closely-fitting one composed entirely of brilliants, and one made of brilliants and rubies ; these, and several others, attracted the eye equally by their richness and by their novelty and ingenuity of design.

Among other novelties may be mentioned a number of brooches and diadems constructed out of oxydised platinum decorated fancifully with brilliants. The sparkling effect of the brilliants thus set in black is at once striking and artistic. A charming frontlet, entirely in brilliants, representing a flight of three swallows, should also be included among the



SILVER-GILT TOILET SET, LOUIS XIV. STYLE, BY MM. BOUCHERON.

novelties, as well as one in which mulberry-leaves were represented by brilliants and the fruit by little tallow-topped rubies.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



EXHIBIT OF MM. BOIN-TABURET (Henry frères, successors, 3, Rue Pasquier, Paris) AT THE PALACE OF APPLIED ARTS.

In the matter of goldsmiths' work the Maison Boucheron was not less well represented. A magnificent Louis XIV. toilet service in silver-gilt attracted all eyes by reason alike of its richness, the purity of its style of composition, and its boldness of execution. Several large vegetable dishes in silver, wrought in classic style, were also conspicuous for their artistic workmanship.

To sum up, the exhibits of the Maison Boucheron may be said to have been notable in almost equal degrees for their originality and good taste combined with perfect workmanship and the generous use of rich material. They stand for all that is best and most artistic in the field of French jewellery.

Another exhibit worthy of special mention is that of Messrs. Vever. It is indicative of contemporary taste—and very good taste, I hasten to add, for we all know to what extremes the propagators of the “modern style” are carried alike in France and abroad. Messrs. Vever have shown due restraint, and have contrived to make their jewel-work modern without excess, without extravagance, without incoherence, and without absurdity.

An immense success has been obtained at the Palace of Applied Arts by the French goldsmiths' work section, and the British public, not without reason, are lost in admiration in face of such a brilliant manifestation of French taste. Connoisseurs and professional people too are able here once more to note the wealth of invention possessed by our artists, artisans, designers, modellers, and chasers, as well as the ease with which they as it were weld together again the chain of broken traditions and recreate a style and handiwork of former times in the work of the present day.

The exhibition of Messrs. Boin-Taburet is from this point of view one of the most attractive in the whole display. It is because the items here shown have an incomparable grace and splendour, and are in very truth the

## FRENCH APPLIED ARTS



TABLE CENTRE, STYLE RÉGENCE, SILVER GILT, MOSS GREEN MARBLE.  
Presented by the Greek Colony in Paris to Prince George of Greece on his marriage to Princess Marie Bonaparte.

perfect expression of all that the French genius can conceive, that it is at once attractive and sumptuous. Needless to add that these articles are executed with a care and conscientiousness without which such works of art were well-nigh impossible.

Here, for example, is a large table-centre, in three pieces, of Régence style, when the architectural forms of Louis XIV. were flourishing, emphasised by a freer and more voluptuous ornamentation. The mouldings, garlands, the fine balustrades, and the groups of cupids that crown the end pieces, as well as the central piece, in silver-gilt, show up to perfection the fine tones of the mossy-green marble of which the major portion of the work is composed.

A pair of large Louis XVI. decorative vases, after Duplessis, with laurel garlands, horns of plenty, and rams' heads, are of the same quality. They are rich without being too elaborate, powerful in their simple grace.

What a contrast do the above present with this Louis XIV. soup tureen with its flamboyant shields, and daring masks of men's heads placed on a



TABLE SIDE ORNAMENT, RÉGENCE.

broad plateau with sumptuous ornamental border—a pompous and commanding style in which natural shapes play only a subsidiary and half-effaced rôle. In the gold-work vase, on the other hand, which is taken from the original of the Germains, and belongs to the Portuguese Royal family, branches and



TABLE SIDE ORNAMENT, RÉGENCE.

leaves of celery are shown in combination, and developed with so harmonious a sense of the character of the plant that it forms a piece of decorative work of broad and supple character which one may say is entirely modern. The



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

table centre in old Capo-di-Monte, mounted by the house of Boin-Taburet, is not less admirable than the above. On the steps and around the columns of the little temple, surrounding the deity that resides therein, there riots a perfect floral luxuriance; flowers twist round, light leaves bend or spread out, and delicate ornaments are developed—the whole forming a delightful piece of mannerism, the graceful mannerism of the eighteenth century which has made so many exquisite things of this kind.

MM. Christofle et Cie., Cardeilhac, and Rissler et Carré are also accomplished goldsmiths, and we may feel quite sure that from the point of view of technical workmanship none of the objects bearing their names are open to criticism.

The great French founders are represented by the Maisons Barbedienne, Fumière and Susse: their wares are perfect in their way, but lack variety—they seem to have undergone no change for years and years. New models are few and far between, and such as there are do not point to very careful or judicious methods of selection.

Of the clocks and watches, imitation jewellery, and minor goldsmiths' work in general, there is little or nothing to be said. In this field fashion reigns supreme, especially in regard to the imitation jewellery and goldsmiths' work.

The only thing that it seems necessary to record is the undeniable superiority of our craftsmen over the English in this field of industry, in the manufacture, that is, of *articles de luxe*. What took place in the eighteenth century is taking place again, both in regard to furniture, cabinet-making and goldsmiths' work, and work in bronze. The English excel in the manufacture of objects of every day use, while we take the first place in the matter of delicate and tasteful work.

GABRIEL MOUREY.



TABLE CENTRE IN OLD CAPO-DI-MONTE PÂTE TENDRE, SILVER GILT, BY BOIN-TABURET.



DECORATED INTERIOR AND FURNITURE EXHIBITED BY MORRIS & COMPANY.

## MORRIS & COMPANY.



THE Exhibit of Morris & Company, in the Decorative Arts Building, forms part of the Loan Collection of British furniture and decoration. It consists of an open room 25 ft. wide by 16 ft. deep, decorated in a simple manner, but with great attention to the general colour effect, always a leading feature in the work of the firm founded by William Morris, who was before everything else a master of colour and harmony. The principal object in the room is an Arras Tapestry, 12 ft. 6 in. wide by 8 ft. 6 in. high, representing the well-known "Primavera" picture by Botticelli. The weaving of Arras Tapestry is one of the arts which William Morris revived. Formerly the noblest of all the arts, and certainly one of the oldest, it rose to its zenith in France, Belgium, and the Netherlands during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the finest tapestries in the world were made. It was introduced into England by Charles I., and thrived for a time at Mortlake, but became extinct again during the reign of James II. Under the taste and guidance of Morris and Burne-Jones, it has recovered much of its lost brilliance, and the tapestries woven since 1880 at Merton Abbey leave little, if anything, to be desired, even in comparison with the best productions of



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

Flanders. They are, in fact, virtually the only living representatives of the art, for at the Gobelins and elsewhere, where the high-warp loom survives, the work itself is but a lifeless imitation of the older style. This "Botticelli" tapestry is the only instance in which the Merton Abbey workers have copied



INLAID CABINET OF ITALIAN WALNUT IN THE QUEEN ANNE STYLE.  
DESIGNED BY M. E. MACARTNEY, ESQ. ; MADE BY MORRIS & COMPANY.

a picture, all the other examples of their work being done from cartoon, specially designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Morris, and other artists.

On the floor, and much admired for the beauty and richness of its colour, is shown a hand-made "Hammersmith" carpet, woven somewhat in the same way and on a somewhat similar loom as the tapestry. The rapid degeneration of Persian and Turkish carpet weaving under Western influence turned Morris to the subject many years ago, and after long experiments in dyeing and weaving, he succeeded in producing heavy pile carpets which preserved all the beauty, without copying the spirit, of the Oriental work. These magnificent specimens of English

craftsmanship have no rivals now in the world for durability of colour and texture, and although they are costly in the first instance, they will remain as heirlooms for many generations to come, possibly when the factory which produced them is forgotten.

The walls are hung with one of the best known, and one of the oldest, of Morris's designs for wall paper, the "Fruit" (commonly called "The Pomegranate"), on a dull blue ground. Professor Mackail, in his "Life of William Morris," refers to this design as a culmination, beyond which the art of decorat-

ing a surface by this method could not go. A triumphant proof of the success attained by Morris as a designer of wall papers and other forms of wall hangings may be found in the fact that his designs never seem to grow stale or out of date. To this day the most widely popular of all his papers is the one which he produced first, about 40 years ago, and which, together with certain early chintzes, has been finding favour year after year as if no such things as competition or "season's tastes" existed. It is of interest to know that the particular colouring here exhibited was completely lost for many years, and was lately recovered in all its virgin freshness from a wall at Eton College, where it had stood exposed to light for over 35 years. The white embossed frieze of Acanthus design, above the wall paper, is one of a series which Messrs. Morris & Company have introduced.

The cabinet-work and upholstered furniture, which form the more solid portion of the Morris exhibit, are worthy of special mention as being, at all events in the decorative section, the only specimens shown of living British creative art. All the other furniture in the section is antique, or frankly copied from the antique. Messrs. Morris & Company have been fortunate in having at their



SECRETAIRE CABINET OF ITALIAN WALNUT INLAID WITH VARIOUS WOODS.  
DESIGNED BY W. A. S. BENSON, ESQ. ; MADE BY MORRIS & COMPANY.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

service from earliest times the designs of two or three architects who were real masters of style, notably Mr. Philip Webb and his pupil, Mr. George Jack. A large mahogany china cabinet with ornate satinwood inlay shows the characteristic touch introduced by them. Opposite to it is a severer but not less fine example



MAHOGANY INLAID COMMODE, WITH BRASS MOUNTINGS, AND RICH SLABS OF VERDE ANTIQUE.  
DESIGNED BY W. A. S. BENSON, ESQ.; MADE BY MORRIS & COMPANY.

of style designed by Mr. Mervyn Macartney, a well-known purist and the author of an "Exemplar" of architectural details which is in great request. This cabinet is in Italian walnut of picked grain, very richly used, and in its general form is based upon the Queen Anne period. The mountings are of solid silver, taken from an ancient casket of Dutch East Indian workmanship. The remaining three wall-pieces are examples of design by Mr. W. A. S. Benson, in two of which an original and striking effect is obtained by means of metal enrichments, whilst the third, a square-shaped escritoire, depends for its ornament on rich inlay and quarter veneering of burr walnut. The standard of workmanship in these cabinets is as perfect as anything turned out by Sheraton or Chippendale. The other furniture in the room consists of a solid round carved rosewood table, a carved settee, an example of the well-known Morris "adjustable-back" chair, which has



"PRIMAVERA." ARRAS TAPESTRY BY MORRIS & COMPANY, AFTER BOTTICELLI.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

given its name to a whole class of armchairs in America, and two little rush-seated Sussex chairs called after their sponsor, D. G. Rossetti, who, with Morris, Burne-Jones, and Ford Madox-Brown, was one of the first founders of the firm.



INLAID MAHOGANY CHINA CABINET, BY MORRIS & COMPANY.

These are painted in red and green, after a fashion that the Oxford group delighted in. The exhibit is completed by portières of a well-known embossed velvet of rich Italian design that William Morris discovered, and by front curtains of one of the hand-woven tapestries made at Merton Abbey, the colours being two shades of indigo blue, and the design one taken from a beautiful specimen of early sixteenth century work preserved in South Kensington Museum.



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF PILKINGTON'S TILE AND POTTERY CO.'S EXHIBIT.

## PILKINGTON'S TILES & POTTERY.



THE Stand of the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company, of Clifton Junction, near Manchester, has been designed by Messrs. Edgar Wood and J. H. Sellars, two Manchester architects, who have planned it in such a manner as to display to the best advantage the variety of products made by the firm. The exterior is treated with a special range of tiles designed for outside use in buildings.

This application of glazed ceramic material is one that has been before English architects for many years, but as most of the schemes hitherto carried out have been based on the outlines of stone construction executed in clay, the results, even from the architectural point of view, have not been generally satisfactory. Many of the older materials also rapidly deteriorated under the influence of weather or the atmosphere of our large towns. Messrs. Pilkington have during the last few years put on the



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



VIEW OF INTERIOR OF EXHIBIT.

market what they call Parian faïence, which they guarantee to stand exposure to the weather in our country, and which is so highly vitrified as to be unattackable by the sulphuric acid vapours in the air, and impermeable to soot or dust. The problem confronting the architects was to produce an artistic elevation representing how a brick or ferro-concrete structure could be coated with fired slabs of pottery made in this material, and yet rid as far as possible of mouldings or other architectural details proper to stone which offer difficulties in manufacture or afford lodgment to dust and dirt. The exterior in question is treated with a chevron pattern in white and sage green, while bands of blue and white and black unglazed pottery are used for relief.

The most striking feature of the interior is a flattened Byzantine dome over the central part of the stand, which is incrustated with a mosaic of turquoise blue tiles relieved by narrow bands of silver lustre. The walls of the compartments on either side are decorated with painted tiles designed by Lewis F. Day, and inspired by the beautiful tile decoration of Persia. The patterns are English enough in detail, but the colour schemes, of rich cobalt blue, sage green, bright turquoise, and Rhodian red are similar to those employed in the best Oriental work of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The fireplace, constructed in



VIEW OF FRONT AND INTERIOR.

specially selected marbles inlaid with lustre tiles, was also designed by Mr. Edgar Wood, as was the black and white ceramic mosaic floor. In addition to the richly painted or lustre tiles, the lower part of the interior walls is lined with a dado of cool mottled green tiles without pattern.





DESIGNED BY L. F. DAY. PAINTED BY W. S. MYCOCK.

"Lancastrian Lustre," upon which Mr. William Burton, their technical and artistic director, by far the most learned potter in England since William De Morgan, has been engaged for some years. The importance of this lustre-ware, which has varied and added to the gorgeous effects of Hispano-Moresque and Italian work in the same field, was revealed to the world in a paper read before the Society of Arts last year by Mr. Burton, and illustrated with every kind of lustre-ware from earliest to the latest times.

If we compare the exhibits in Messrs. Pilkington's cases with any of the old English lustres, commonly so called (with those, for instance, from the collection of Mr. William Ward, in the Loan Collection close by), we shall see at once that they are of a wholly different character. In the latter a heavy smooth metallic deposit has been got, which makes the earthenware utensils on which it is employed glisten, as they were intended to do, like copper or silver ware. Metallic quality of surface is, however, only one feature of real lustres, and neither the most important nor the most beautiful one. If we examine specimens of the lustre work of old Persian or Italian or Spanish potters, we shall find that the decoration, however strong and metallic it may be in certain lights, is softened and

Messrs. Pilkington are makers of two well-known kinds of pottery, which are plentifully exhibited in the showcases at the front and back of their stand. Their Lancastrian pottery consists of bold, simply-designed pieces in plain colour—good greens, reds, blues, or yellows, including a new and very interesting orange-vermilion, varied by some very handsome mottled and opalescent effects, and a rich bronze-dust glaze which is known as "fiery crystalline." Their latest and most notable achievement has been the production of a highly perfected ware called

FLORAL DESIGN BY L. F. DAY.  
PAINTED BY T. F. EVANS.

## PILKINGTON'S TILES AND POTTERY

beautified by a wonderful play of iridescent colours, similar to those of a soap-bubble or the inside of a pearl shell. These "interference" colours, as they are called scientifically, are caused by the presence of very thin metallic films, much thinner than those in the old English coarse lustre-ware, and are due to the use of easily oxydisable metals instead of gold or platinum. Silver and potter has to encounter. That is probably why, after the great days of Spanish and Italian masterpieces, the art dropped out and became absolutely extinct and forgotten. It was re-discovered about 1860.

Mr. Burton has added much to the range of effects obtained by the older potters and by his more immediate predecessors, but the greatest advance of all which he has made has been in relation to the firing and the construction of furnaces suitable for the production of lustreware. Hitherto a kiln full of lustre-painted vases has been rather a

Mr. Burton, however, by the introduction of more scientific methods, has been able to eliminate the element of chance from his furnaces almost entirely, and



VASE DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY R. JOYCE.



"BOX ACCORD" VASE. DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE.  
PAINTED BY R. JOYCE.

copper are those commonly used, and when applied to a vase or bowl in the form of one of their compounds, mixed with some oily or resinous medium, and fired in the presence of reducing gases, the metals regain their metallic state and spread over the surface in the thin film required. Simple as this method sounds, in practice it is one of the most difficult and uncertain that the lottery. By drawing out trial pieces from time to time and examining them, the course of events inside the furnace can be roughly watched and timed; but almost every batch might be reckoned to have its failures, only redeemed by the occasional appearance of a superb and perfect piece. In this respect the chances of lustre-firing might be said to resemble those of a pearl fishery.



is able now to produce batch after batch of practically uniform perfection even without the use of trial pieces at all. Mr. Burton, since he first started this industry, has collected a school of artists under him who are endeavouring to bring to their work the artistic value called for by such perfection of technical skill as he has obtained.

The chief of these is undoubtedly Mr. Gordon M. Forsyth, formerly a pupil of Mr. Gerald Moira at South Kensington, who excels in heraldic designs, combined with figure work and bands of lettering. Others worthy of individual mention are Mr. Richard Joyce, whose specialty is the painting of lustre designs of birds, animals, and fishes; W. S. Mycock, conventional floral designs; C. E. Cundall, Miss D. Dacre, Miss G. Rogers, and Miss J. Jones.

Mr. Walter Crane has designed some characteristic pieces for the firm, which are also among their best.

Of the specimens exhibited under glass, one must call special attention to four or five large pieces decorated by Mr. Forsyth, which, in perfection of colour and execution, are among the masterpieces of the firm. The finest is a tall vase of rich cobalt blue, flawless in surface, and painted with a bold design in silver lustre of the Ride of the Valkyries. The adaptation of the design to the form of the vase, the masterly drawing, and the peculiar transparency of the lustre, which experience can never absolutely guarantee to come out right, make this piece a remarkable specimen worthier of a national museum than a private collection. Scarcely less fine is another large blue vase painted with a scene of Orpheus and the beasts, next to which is a very dark green one decorated with an early ship and a motto across the back. The effect of the lustre against this sombre ground is very fine, and is repeated in another large specimen divided into panels by vertical ribs of lustre, and decorated with floral scrolls.



PLATE AND BOWL DESIGNED AND PAINTED  
BY GORDON M. FORSYTH.

# PILKINGTON'S TILES AND POTTERY



LANCASTRIAN POTTERY.



VASE DESIGNED AND PAINTED  
BY W. S. MYCOCK.



LANCASTRIAN POTTERY.



BOWL DESIGNED BY WALTER CRANE.  
PAINTED BY R. JOYCE.



VASE DESIGNED AND  
PAINTED BY  
R. JOYCE.



VASE DESIGNED AND  
PAINTED BY  
W. S. MYCOCK.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

The largest vase in the collection is one of a splendid scarlet red, rather a trying colour perhaps in a decorative scheme, which is magnificently painted with an Æschylean scene of the three Eumenides, in golden lustre perfectly adapted to the rounded curves of the ground. This competes for mastery with a no less imposing specimen, 24 inches high, of pale blue body decorated with a raised and modelled representation of St. George and the Dragon. By a happy accident of the firing the golden lustre on the armour of the Saint, and incidentally his face as well, glow like burnished brass, whilst the Dragon's wings reflect a myriad iridescent rays.

Other pieces calling for special mention out of the wide assortment of well-designed and well-painted vases, bowls, bottles, and lidded boxes of every size, are a tall Chinese oval vase with cap, in golden lustre on a yellow ground, representing boys stealing grapes, the vines running round the body in two broad bands; a squat Greek vase of mottled grey-blue (a colour much fancied by Mr. Burton and never previously obtained) covered with Signs of the Zodiac arranged in a silver scroll-work; another St. George and the Dragon in strong red on a grey-blue mottled ground; one of silver ships and trees in a conventional band form upon a light cobalt body, and two pieces in gold lustre upon yellow bearing the easily recognised designs of Mr. Walter Crane.

The Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company was founded in 1892, and has progressed into the front rank of potteries since. Under the influence of Mr. Burton, who is an expert authority upon health-saving devices in the dangerous trades, their workshops have an enviable reputation as being amongst the most perfectly constructed in the world, both from the point of view of manufacture and of safeguarding the lives and health of the workers.

H. C. MARILLIER.



CUP DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY GORDON M. FORSYTH.

## FASHION EXHIBITS.



ONE of the most popular sections of the Exhibition is that in which model gowns on full size figures are exhibited. The union of the most important dressmakers in Paris has always been a very great attraction wherever they have exhibited, as at the Paris Exhibition in 1900, and since then at Liège and Milan. Even greater was the effect produced at the Franco-British Exhibition by the half-hundred beautiful gowns shown by these firms, which may be assumed to represent the highest skill in the world of chiffons.

In their salons they were lit up morning, afternoon, and evening alike by electricity, and the crowds that waited round the door for the moment of lighting were sufficient proof of the enormous attraction of this exhibit.

The models included every variety of gown, from full evening dress to shooting costumes.



BEER.—Pink satin Evening Dress embroidered in silver.

In addition to a pretty pink satin evening gown by Beer there was a lace dress that won many suffrages, and also an embroidered tulle gown over a yellow underdress. Very charming were those by other firms; for instance, a very handsome silk muslin embroidered in silver flowers on one side of the skirt, and another silk muslin in a summer-night tone of

blue, a dreamy and delightful colour; also a poetic gown, pastel blue veiled with transparent grey and embroidered in tones of sepia, brown and softest mauve. In the same salon was a very attractive black dress embroidered in shaded blue, and made with one of the pointed trains that have come up again this season. For some reason the cloudy blues and soft greys showed up better in the electric light than more pronounced colours, such as salmon, old rose, etc. A gown in grey filet was always singled out for praise. So were a pale blue crêpe-de-chine and a magnificent Court gown in flesh-coloured silk, another lovely Court gown in violet velvet, together with a charming white dress and blue velvet sash. A



AINE-MONTAILLÉ.—Graceful Gown in old-blue satin soie, trimmed with a handsome embroidery in relief in the same colour as the cloth.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

straw-coloured evening dress by Reverdot was always much admired, also a gold-coloured satin over a white skirt.

To illustrate this article we have selected from the twenty-four exhibitors in the collectivité those gowns we considered most tasteful. These are signed Aine-Montailié, Reverdot, Perdoux & Cie., Ney Sœurs, Detrois, Dœuillet, Caroline, Beer, and Paul Poiret.

It would not be surprising if applications were received from all parts of the world for this admirable Collectivité Exhibition, now that the Press has spread its fame far and wide. The beauty and novelty of the wax figures alone made a great sensation among all who saw them. Never before in any exhibition held in England had such a variety of postures been seen in figures made of wax. These are calculated to show to the best advantage the rich and beautiful dresses, coats, furs, lingerie, corsets, displayed. Then, again, the idea of disposing these figures in groups in salons furnished like rooms, had its share in the phenomenal success of the



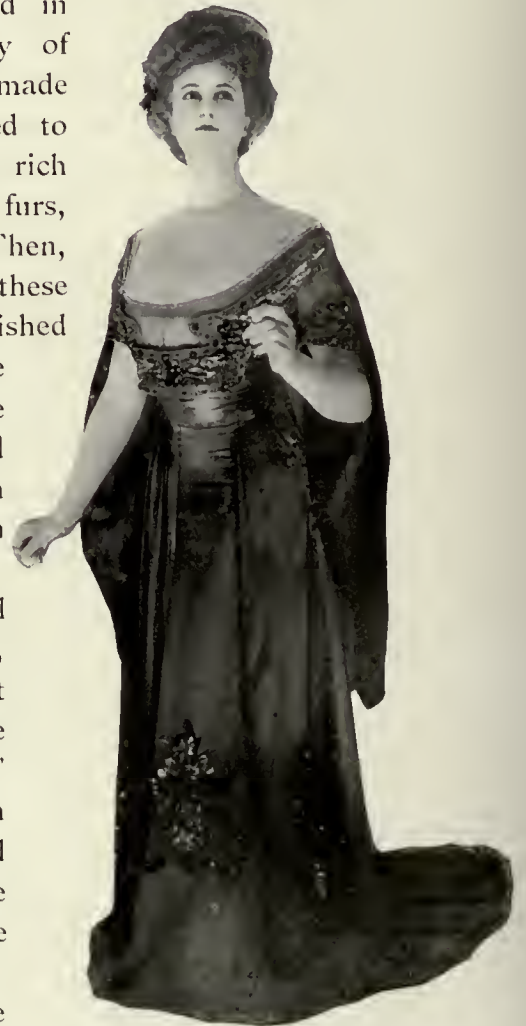
CAROLINE.—Evening Gown in marquisette embroidered with silver.

exhibition. The natural poses, the cleverly constructed shapes so different from those usually associated with wax-work, and the skilful lighting, combined to form a very fascinating ensemble.

What an immense sensation the collectivité would make on tour through the United States, for instance, among the American ladies, who have such excellent taste in dress and usually sufficient money to indulge it. Then there is Australia, the "coming country" in the matter of millionaires; and furthermore South Africa, with its wakening wishes for all the luxury and refinement of wealth and highest civilisation. Here would be a list of triumphant successes initially due to the Franco-British Exhibition.

In addition to the collectivité were many private exhibits, all of them interesting.

Purely sensational were some of the exaggerated Directoire and Incroyable gowns, with their eel-tight clinging to the figure, their skin-tight sleeves and long, narrow pointed trains. For the crowd these



H. DETROIS.—Evening Dress in peacock-blue météor with moonlight embroidery.

## FASHION EXHIBITS

had a *succès de rire*, so curious was the silhouette of the figures and so tightly strained over these were the gowns. Yet there was great beauty of material and colour in some of these, for instance a dull Egyptian blue and a Nile green very subtly combined. But a terrible specimen was a yellow and black gown in horizontal stripes, suggestive of a wasp, and *outré* in form as well as colour.

On the other hand, the majority of the dresses shown were in excellent taste, as might be expected, one in embroidered tulle, another in red *crêpe-de-chine* with palest gold stitchery.

With every desire to find good in the exhibits of English firms, one has to acknowledge the superior

beauty of French exhibits, both in colour and in draping. One's memory reverts to the lovely yellow satin, by Beer, veiled in grey chiffon, a graceful pelisse caught together in front and handsomely embroidered in grey pearls in a design of poppies; or to a most exquisite gown in diaphanous silk muslin in two tones of Egyptian blue, with a long scarf in similar tints arranged very deftly over one shoulder and falling low on the skirt in ends embroidered in peacock tints, the real eyes of the plumage introduced with greatest skill in the embroidered fringe.

Taking into consideration all these lovely things it was not difficult to account for the popularity of this part of the Exhibition.

Then there were the furs, among which Grunwaldt's show was supreme, the contents eliciting cries of admiration from the mass of gazers who filed past. There was also Jungmann's attractive exhibit, and Revillon's, etc. Revillon's diorama of furs was remarkably interesting, showing the whole of the processes con-

nected with peltry. First there were the trappers at work in the snows of the Hudson, the little furry animals still in possession of their skins. Then



NEY SEURS.—Decolletée Toilette in straw-coloured tulle, head embroidered in the same colour.



DEUILLET.—Pretty Ball Dress in cherry-coloured tulle embroidered with silver and draped à la Grecque.



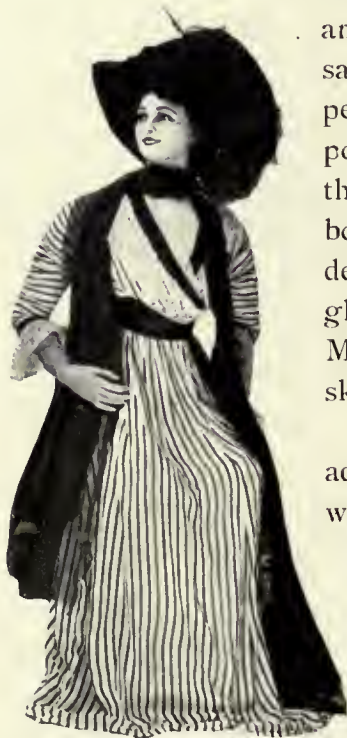
## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

came the cleaning and preparing, and at the other end of the diorama was an opera box occupied by ladies wearing beautiful furs, the illuminated opera house beyond them. This exhibit fascinated the spectators beyond measure. Among the lovely furs shown by the collectivité it would be difficult to say which were most admired, the long coats of Russian sable and sealskin, an equally long mantle of emerald satin with a dark sable collar, an entire gown in royal ermine opening over a front of gracefully draped lace; a long chinchilla coat arranged in stripes of dark and pale, or a coat and skirt completely made of broadtail.

Nor did the French perfumery fail in any way to find admirers. In fact it was with difficulty that one found room for a good look at some of the cases, especially that of L. T. Piver, so admirably disposed and lighted, and so very conveniently placed in full view of those who passed outside the salon, and who enjoyed the delicious perfumes emanating from such exhibits as Trèfle Incarnat, the Coryopsis of Japan, etc.

The beauty of the boxes was another cause of admiration, to say nothing of their exquisitely perfumed contents, whether soap, powder or other preparation for the toilette. The cut-glass bottles in which the various delicious perfumes were enclosed glittered like diamonds in the rays of the electric light. Much of the excellent effect was due to the tasteful and skilful arrangement of this much-admired exhibit.

French gloves are too well appreciated in England to admit of anyone passing with indifference the cases in which they were shown, and the same holds true of the specimens of fine and beautifully shaped underwear for which Paris is so justly famous.



PAUL POIRET.—Outdoor Gown in striped red and white linon with dark blue scarf.



PERDOUX & CIE.—Toilette in red cloth trimmed with raised embroidery, same shade; bodice filled in with smoke-grey embroidered muslin; points of the double skirt end in large tassels.

The corsets, for a similar reason, received the flattery of much attention, especially those of Léoty, with the accompanying profusion of luxurious underwear. The figures in this exhibit were so lifelike and so pleasing as to add to the attraction of the corsets and the garments shown. The former were very beautifully shaped, as might have been expected, and finished in a manner that might be a lesson to some of the other

## FASHION EXHIBITS

corsetières in the world. Amidst the profusion of tempting articles were blouses, lace-trimmed petticoats, caleçons, cache-corsets, and a very graceful dressing gown shown on one of the figures. And what can one say of the beauty of the



L. T. PIVER'S PERFUMERY EXHIBIT.

lace exhibited? This exquisite material—if a word so hardy may be applied to it—always appeals to feminine humanity. The specimens shown in the Pavilion were of great beauty and were not confined to lace of French make, though including lovely examples of Alençon, Malines, Chantilly, etc. The taste with which these were displayed added to their effect, and was, indeed, conspicuous



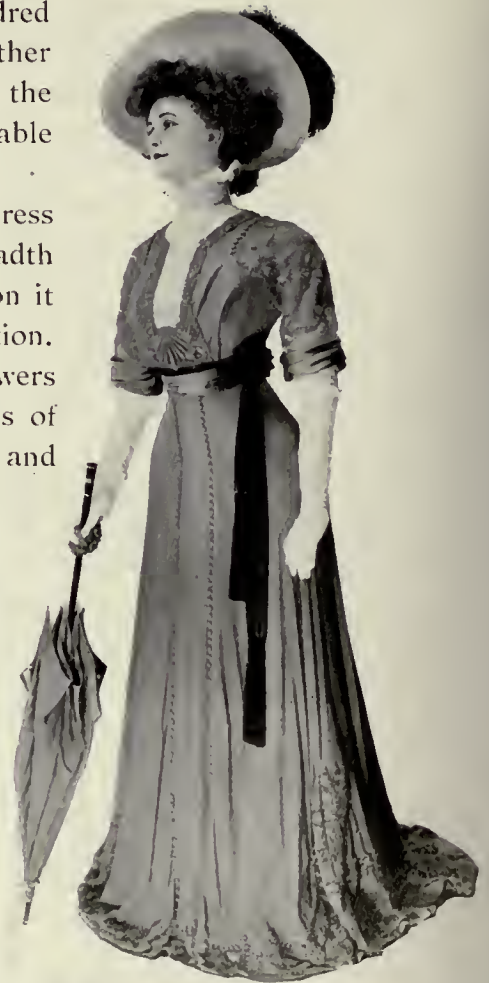
## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

throughout the whole of the section. Embroidery, a kindred art to lace-making, maintained the high level of other exhibits, and was immensely admired for the beauty of the designs and the fineness of the stitchery; also for the admirable adaptation of the various patterns to articles of dress.

Those who had not the good fortune to see this Dress Exhibition can scarcely imagine its completeness, its breadth of plan; nor can they conceive of the tremendous attraction it constituted for the enormous crowds who visited the Exhibition.

I must not forget to mention the dioramas of flowers and feathers exhibited by the Collectivité of the Industries of the Artificial Flowers of Paris. Most ingeniously and effectively arranged was the beautiful scene in Tokyo, with its profusion of chrysanthemums. The Syndicate Chamber of Manufacturers of Hats for Ladies had another picturesque exhibit of flowers showing the celebrated garden of Marie Antoinette at the Petit Trianon at Versailles. Then again, a further attraction was supplied by the Principal Importers of Birds, whose exhibit showed a scene in Upper Egypt with ruins and the sacred bird, the rose ibis; also a scene in the mountains with birds of prey.

The cleverness with which these pictorial scenes were arranged was well appreciated by enthusiastic spectators. French art, taste and ingenuity have always been acknowledged and admired in England, and these opportunities of observing their results have enhanced the already brilliant superiority of our neighbours.



REVERDOT.—A red cloth Toilette with black sash, the ends falling at the side.

Mrs. HUMPHRY.



THE CASCADE AND ELECTRIC LAUNCH.



P. M. GRUNWALDT RECEIVING H.M. THE KING AND PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES AT HIS STAND.

## BEAUTY AND FURS.



OME people say that a handsome woman never looks so well as in a riding habit. Others think she looks her best in evening dress. There are those who prefer her in the light garb of summer with its diaphanous draperies, its semi-transparent linens and batistes. But the poet and the artist—and who can better estimate the degrees of beauty?—find something beyond all these in the contrast afforded by furs to the delicacy of complexion, the slimness of figure, the gentle femininity of a pretty woman.

Then, too, there is a certain distinction imparted by rich furs to even the most elegant of women. A little lady, who might otherwise pass as insignificant, attracts admiring gaze in a set of sables, ermine, chinchilla, or a close-fitting coat of breitschwanz. What a sensation is created when someone sails into the stalls of a theatre in an ample coat of some beautiful fur, fine laces trimming the collar; or in a cape of, say, chinchilla or ermine, composed with alternate bands of lace.

Again, at a smart wedding in autumn, winter or early spring, whom do the women-journalists single out for special mention in their various papers? Of course it is the guests who are most sumptuously garbed in richest furs. There



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

is nothing more telling—not even jewels—in a toilette than fine, well-designed furs.

Queen Alexandra looks lovely in furs. One winter Her Majesty wore a sable stole which enhanced to a marvel her clear pallor and the sunny brightness of her hair. Last year she wore ermine, and it is difficult indeed to say which suited her best. Her Majesty accompanied King Edward on the occasion of the visit of President Fallières to the Franco Exhibition and was so much struck by the beauty of the furs shown by Monsieur Grunwaldt that he congratulated him. The Queen commanded a selection to be sent to her at Buckingham Palace. Every woman would like to know which were chosen by our Queen; whether one of ~~the long~~ coats in sable or seal that give such elegance of tournure to the wearer, together with such perfect protection against the cold; or one or two of the admirably designed stoles which nestle so closely in their wonderful silky suppleness to the figure as not to conceal its grace. Some of these stole-capes are beyond praise for the manner in which they protect the lungs, reaching to the waist at the back and covering the shoulders back and front. Very new is a four-yard stole, some fifteen inches wide, which folds round the figure as softly as silk or velvet, crossing at the back and hanging in graceful ends in front. Others, in alternate rows of lace and ermine, are caught in by folds of silk to the point at which the short waist of the Empire gowns finishes at the back. Thence they cross the shoulders, falling over the gown. Small wonder that this exhibit of Grunwaldt's at the Franco-British Exhibition is always surrounded by admiring crowds—Admiring? Perhaps envious as well? How could it be otherwise?

The suppleness of the furs is brought to a fine art. The closely-fitting coats in broadtail fit like gloves and show off a pretty figure to perfection. Ermine, too, is equally sumptuous in its softness, and the daintiest possible of short coats are made of it. Then there are the little ties, with their supplementary ruffles of lace, of net, of ribbon, and their fastenings at the back or the side, epitomes of coquetry. One of these is a sable, ruffled with brown tulle in a delicious golden shade and tied with a knot of golden-brown satin ribbon to match. Another is in chinchilla and about the neck rises a ruffle of silver-grey satin and beneath it an inner one of white tulle. The whole is fastened by a knot of silver-grey ribbon with two short coquettish ends of unequal length. Could anything be more becoming? More coquettish? Another lovely little tie is in ermine with a deft commingling of white satin ribbon and snowy tulle ruche about the neck, rising high in the ears.

The fur toque seen on a pretty head has a charm all its own. Beautiful hair never seen to better advantage than nowadays, when so much skill and care are devoted to it, is enhanced in brilliancy of gloss and excellence of colour by the proximity of the rich note of dark Russian sable, the deep, sombre darkness of sealskin, or the golden-brown of mink. The additions that Grunwaldt knows so



LADIES VISITING P. M. GRUNWALDT'S EXHIBIT.



perfectly how to make add to the effect, whether they consist of a spray of metallised leaves or blossoms, a bunch of violets or camellias, or an arrangement of lace that looks as though fairy fingers had achieved it. One of these toques, in darkest sable, has a rather high crown, and the only trimming is a bunch of wax white blössoms with a few glossy green leaves. This is an instance of what Ruskin always advocated, the moderation of any effort at decoration conducing to its success.

One of the smartest furs of the season is the pointed silver fox. The real silver fox is very costly, but a new mode of pointing—otherwise silvering—black fox has been invented, which makes it so like the real fur as scarcely to be detected except by a real expert. There is something incomparably rich about this fur. It adds dignity and distinction to the simplest of tailor-made winter costumes, and to a toilette of ceremony it gives the last touch of grace and elegance, equal if not superior to that lent by sable. With a gown in one of the new wine-coloured velvets, for instance, it is a matter of choice which looks better, a set of silver fox or one of dark sable. Both are hard to beat.

Chinchilla is still very modish, and some fine examples of coat, stole and tie are to be seen among the Grunwaldt exhibits. The prevalent fancy for greys and other neutral tints is all in favour of chinchilla. A long chinchilla coat with its thousand tints of grey is a most becoming garment, especially when lined with a brocade, of which the ground is grey, scattered over with flowers in jewel-like tints, such as turquoise, lapis-lazuli, sapphire, and other shades seen in sea and sky, in river and lake, in distant mist, or even in a not too insistent London fog!

For Grunwaldt is a artist in linings as in all else. Some are silks in the softest tones of grey-blue, grey-green, heliotrope, sulphur colour. Others are brocades which change in tint as the light falls here upon them, now there; again, there are striped silks and satins, and, for many years the preferred of all, plain, rich, white satin, so well adapted for the protection of the light evening gown over which fur coats are so often worn. Much of the character of a garment is expressed by its lining, as no one knows better than the artist in question.

Mr. P. M. Grunwaldt has justly obtained a Grand Prix, the highest award obtainable, for his exhibit in the Fur Section.

MRS. HUMPHRY  
(of *Truth*).





GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBIT.

## THE SAINT-ETIENNE COLLECTIVITÉ. THE RIBBON WEAVERS' EXHIBIT.



*"Nous avons des rubans pour enlacer les belles."*

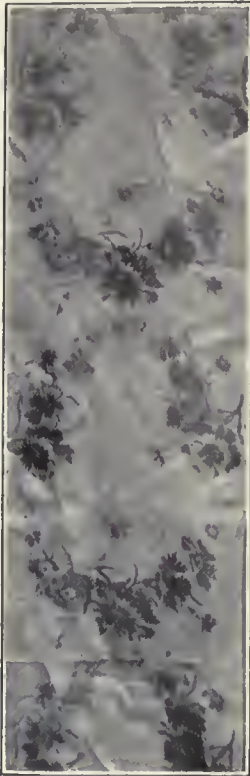
THIS line of a local poet is the motto which suits best the town of Saint-Etienne, celebrated throughout the whole world for the beauty and variety of its pretty trifles. The coquetry of women, cleverly aroused by the makers of the modes, employs a working population of almost 100,000 souls in the Saint-Etienne region. In the face of such happy results, let no one deny the utility of whims!

In the fifteenth century appeared the first ribbon makers in Paris, Rouen and Lyons. It was not until the last years of the sixteenth century that the ribbon trade began to spread in the region of



Saint-Etienne and Saint-Chamond. As soon as these dainty frivolities began to garland the shop windows they became an enormous success. Lords and ladies





adopted enthusiastically these pretty additions to their sumptuous toilettes. Under Henri III. the Mignons, under Louis XIII. the Musqueteers, under Louis XIV. the Courtiers, and even Alceste, "the man with the green ribbons," decked themselves with bows, rosettes, loops and shoulder knots, ornaments that were effeminate but certainly graceful, though disdained by our morose age, at least so far as masculine dress is concerned. In our days men wear ribbon only on the hat, and even this is often dark and plain in colour. But there remains to the ribbon-makers of Saint-Etienne, who are not to be pitied, the vast field of fashionable women, day and evening mantles, and above all underwear, on which ribbon is associated with lace, a chef-d'œuvre of ornament. We are no longer of the age when such costly fashions attracted the thunders of the authorities; our ribbon-weavers have not now to fear that a Mazarin should launch an edict against the "gallants" or wearers of ribbons, against "fatal and ruinous passementerie."

The Chamber of Commerce at Saint - Etienne, created in 1855, furnishes exact statistics which prove the increasing prosperity of the Saint-Etienne ribbon trade. From an inquiry confided to the justices of the peace of the two cantons of Saint-Etienne under the Second Republic it is established that in the bad year, 1848, 47 million francs' worth of ribbon, velvet and embroidery were sold in the department.

What an advance in forty years!

To-day the figures have risen to 111 millions of sales, of which 42½ millions





1825



1826



1824



1810



1822



1826



1832



1829

Hats 1790 to 1830.





1822.

are exports! International Exhibitions have contributed largely to this, in extending the fame of the well-known Saint-Etienne works. Since the first of these international manifestations in Paris in 1855 the ribbon-makers of Saint-Etienne are pro-



1832.

nounced unrivalled. At that time there were 123 establishments at work (350 manufacturers), and in the arrondissement alone 30,000 workmen were employed at 15,000 looms (3,000 velvet looms and 9,000 ribbon looms at Saint-Etienne, 3,000 in the country). The total number of ribbon-workers was 50,000; production oscillated between 90 and 100 millions.

The ascending scale of production has been continued since then, notwithstanding the caprice of fashion, with some decrease during wars or other troubles.

It is to be hoped for the development of these industries that the barriers which at present prevent the entrance of the Saint-Etienne productions into many countries will be reduced to a lower level.



1908.

The Franco-British Exhibition, at which the Saint-Etienne Works obtained from the French Committee the creation of a special class, proves triumphantly — it may be said without exaggeration — the importance and the beauty of its products.

Mrs. HUMPHRY.

## PALACE OF WOMEN'S WORK.



Is it not only right that the Palace of Women's Work should occupy one of the most prominent positions in the White City? And having that honoured place, is it not therefore much more a thing for regret that the countless varied exhibits, considered in the light of a representation of the work of women, leave so thin an impression on the mind?

Look you—in one case in this building I will show you a mixing that is womanly weird. The case shelters sample bottles of a patent paste for falling hair, the latest instantaneous remedy; metal repoussé combs; blouse trimmings; belts and buckles; and near by the pictures are hung behind jars of jam and tomato pulp and gooseberry jelly. Should you, to show the world what we women can do, hail with praise a jar of jam?

What shall we step out for to see, having seen the jelly and the jam. The Brussels lace Empire dress that Marie Louise wore at her wedding, or the "Maisette Eye Shade, used by Royalty, a beauty preserver for all outdoor functions," sent by a Bond Street firm, or the silk-embroidered picture of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, or the "Robi" cycle muff? Truly, of all the White City Buildings, this is the one that shelters the greatest contrasts beneath its roof.

It is as though every out-of-the-ordinary thing that any woman ever did is commemorated here. My gloom does not lift as I continue my tour, and note that the plaster statuettes stuck about the archives are distressingly amateur. Amateur—that's the note of this Palace. Somewhere here is displayed work of the students of various art schools—their lack of inspiration, their confession of the unskilled and the immature, is real matter for wonder that they were judged worthy of display at all.

I do not see the real woman worker represented in any way. Here is the work, maybe, for the evening hour, here is the frippery (all said and done) of the woman of leisure. Pretty-pretty, ornamental, lace work, embroidery, enamels, the binding of books . . . why, if you can imagine a man who was an utter stranger to British thought entering this place, he would go away thinking that the women of to-day were as cloistered as the women of the Turk, and did nothing but sweet little things all day long and all year through. Palace of Women's Work . . . nay, it is rather the housing of women's filling up of time.

The work of the hospitals is represented well. The London Hospital shows a modern ward, attended by nurses who are most willing to tell the inquirer how the work of a great hospital is carried on. One week the wax patient may be suffering from tuberculosis, the next from a fractured spine; while the exhibition has lasted he has been an astonishingly unfortunate sick man, that patient in wax. Visitors watch how he is treated and bandaged. Visitors, too, in an X-ray treatment room, see what the X-rays have done for modern surgery.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

More things that belonged to, or were worked by, famous women—and then you may step from these old dry things into the bright and joyous domain of the baby. Baby's nursery—as it—should—be is a big attraction. Children gaze, and wish they might live there with the City of Wonder at their doors. It was designed by the Misses Frith, the daughters of the artist. All white and green is this model nursery, white and green and flowers, with chairs named specially for their proud owners, Henry, and Baby, and John.

Toys are there for playtime, among them such a boat. A boat for huge journeys—a boat that ploughs the angry deep of the nursery floor, rocking-horse wise, on safe dry land. A clock ticks merrily, and green trees make the landscape of the walls.

Near is an exhibit just as enchanting, the model of a crèche. It is shown by the Society of Day Nurseries. The Rules of the place hang upon the walls, and all the rooms of the crèche are shown. A fine doll game, the children onlookers think—this toy would make them happy for the rest of their child-time. The exhibit represents the science of "crêchery"; here are special rooms for every needed purpose: Bathroom, the room where doubtful clothes are disinfected, reception-room for waiting mothers, dining-room, play-room and all. The only thing untrue to life in this model is, I suppose, that the children are so quiet, being made of wax. The device of the crescent-shaped table, with the plates fixed in depressions so that they cannot be spilt, is the invention of Miss Blow, a young lady at the Fulham day nurseries. The lady in charge of the model, sympathetic and friendly to inquirers, has made many firm friends to the Day Nurseries, friends who doubtless will help practically the admirable work of the Society.

Of the women painters represented by pictures the best are Miss Lucy Kemp Welch, Lady Butler with the famous "Roll Call," and the late Lady Waterford with a series of her water colours. Of notable relics, perhaps the one most generally interesting is the carriage used by Miss Florence Nightingale during the Crimean War. Frocks find a place, of course, in the Women's Palace. Before a creation in a gilt frame, by Nettleship, Suburbia stands amazed and exclaims, "Oh gracious!"; and another big firm has found a new idea in fitting its frocks round waxen figures of well-known actresses. Mrs. Langtry, Miss Marie Tempest, and Sarah Bernhardt in wax move both Suburbia and Mayfair to adoration. At another exhibit actual living mannikins pose in "the very latest" from time to time.

Lastly, in the green and white inquiry office that stands at the entrance, ready information on all branches of women's enterprise is given. Here are united many of the associations, unions and employment associations that have to do with women's work; and this office has been of great use and help to very many women visitors to the Exhibition.

D. H. M.



## MOËT & CHANDON'S PAVILION.

*"You are the wine of the world—you are the liquor in whose bubbles lies the greatest amount of the sparkle of good spirits."—THACKERAY.*



HAMPAGNE! Will you not agree with me that the very name has come to be a thing of magic, to stir our blood and open the gate of dreams? Will you have pleasure to be fanciful for a moment, and to think of Our Lady Champagne as a woman whom the whole world loves.

Her eyes are dark lakes with the glinting moonlight in them, her hair is soft black night for contrast to her sweet spirit of pale and delicate gold, her forehead is nobly wide and high, and a kindly smile plays ever about her parted lips. She is Empress, serene, unchallenged . . . she links all nations and dinner tables and pleasant hours with her beautiful pools of amber. Without her company the cushioned car of pleasure would run like the van that takes prisoners to their gaol.

From this, may we not look upon her as a beneficent Lady, who has power to unlock all the gaols of the mind (of men and women both) with her amber key? Nightly she goes her rounds in the cities and places of the earth, unlocking the poor prisoners that are troubled by any of the ten thousand troublous things in the world. Swiftly she goes on her huge, fine errand, and as she passes, dull



eyes brighten and old fears are forgotten and shadowed hearts leap again. The lamps are lit . . . the hours of her nightly rule begin : and heavy old Time and Regret, his aide-de-camp, snarl in the corner, powerless to hurt. Let them come again to-morrow, venomed and respectable. To-night, O Empress, in the name of your many-tongued, mighty army, I raise my glass to you. We are worshippers all.

. . . In the sun-while the crowds of I drink a glass to the mysteries of laboured in the France that we pleasure and joy. name? Then I of one in especial Claude Louis bought vintages Hautvillers, and in this fragrant Pavilion, with its and its Beauvais inner room; and its whence one can watch crowded passing show. another visitor in Dom Peter Pérignon,



PORTRAIT OF M. MOËT, THE FOUNDER  
OF THE FIRM OF MOËT & CHANDON.

for 47 years, across more than 250 years of time I reach out my hand to you. You are the high priest of the creed of this our Empress, for you were the first maker of champagne. What a splendid moment that must have been when you first produced that perfectly sparkling wine, which leapt restless as you poured; when you first saw that dancing in the glass. I should love to have been with you then. I would have had you round up your brother monks, and make a champion night of it. Possibly you did. Dom Peter and Claude Louis, you were certainly both good men. I trust that you were happy, and that the years of both of you went down in peace.

Here is the very business book Claude Louis Moët kept, back in 1743 and onwards. He was a good business man, not wasteful of space, for this quaint column that Messrs. Moët and Chandon rightly treasure was his daybook, general book, ledger, and diary combined. From the contents, in their crabbed, careful writing, you will know the man as he lived—

*"Gave nine livres to my son, he is going to Rheims to buy a hat.*

*"Bought 50 pounds of candles.*

*"Shipped Wine to Paris. Paid 42 sous for bill of lading this day."*

light of this morning, the Exhibition go by, the men who knew your temples, and vinelands of fair might have You wish for a drink to the name—it is that of Nicolas Moët, who from the Abbey of whose spirit dwells little white Régence furniture tapestries and its cool roof pleasaunce, comfortably the Ah, there is, I am sure, this pleasant place. cellarer of the Abbey

## MOËT & CHANDON'S PAVILION



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

All his expenses went down in this book, so that it becomes a sort of family encyclopædia. Evidently Claude Moët found the disbursing of money distasteful at times, for now and then he adds to the entry pathetic little complaints as to the extravagance which necessitated it :—

*"Given to my sister for expenses of the household, 30 livres. I find this too much. I have given her 126 livres lately, and this does not include meat, bread, and coal. These are hard times, and she wants too much."*

Later, too, he buys a horse, and records that he found it very expensive. And there are records of shipments of wine to Warsaw, Brussels, Stettin, Amsterdam, Vienna, and Dantzic, but it was left to Jean Remi, the son, to send the first Moët champagne to England.

In 1790 came Jeanson to England, a special traveller to spread the fame of the wine that, later, Kings and Emperors ordered. King Jerome of Westphalia wrote for 6,000 bottles, and would have had more, said he, but that "he feared it would be drunk by the Russians." Indeed, in 1814 Russian and Prussian forces occupied Epernay, and (would you blame them?) made as free as they could with the wine. Was it only the chance of war that made them encamp in the place where that wine was produced? Later Napoleon stayed in Jean Moët's house, and here is the very glass from which he drank. Can you see him, sombre but confident, drinking to his success in the desperate days to come? Two days later he had gone on his stern business, and the Prussians—wise men—broke from the night on to Epernay and pillaged the place once again. War came and went : great things were done and undone through the years : but about Epernay and the Marne the families of Moët and of Chandon (who had come in by marriage) still cultivated the grapes—white and a wonderful dark purple—till their wine became a name throughout the world. They work 2,500 acres of



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



PLAN DES ETABLISSEMENTS MOËT & CHANDON À EPERNAY (MARNE).

vineland now. Their cellars stretch for 20 acres, and their reserve stock alone is over 15,000,000 bottles. Gather and press, ferment and blend with master knowledge so that the sway of our Empress shall be worthy of her, so that the wine shall be ready to do its part in the great mission of pleasure.

As a rule, a "grand vintage" of Champagne is in its prime when from 10 to 15 years old. These are the grand vintages: 1880, 1884 (well known by the Cuvée 1714), 1889 (famous by the Cuvée 36), 1892, 1898 and 1900. Vintages which in the future will rank among the very good wines are those of 1904 and 1906.

Some people still think that Champagne is a general name for sparkling wine. This is not so. Champagne is a definite name for the wine produced in the department of the Marne, and for that wine only; and attempts to sell wine produced anywhere else are frauds pure and simple.

Back to the present morning: for in this unique exhibit there is the whole business of champagne making, the vineyards and the cellars, brought to our feet. I follow the feet of a countless number when I tread the stairs to the basement. "Can we get out again," asks a nervous countrywoman at the top, for she has been mazed by bewildering sideshows (such as the Haunted House and the Spider's Web), and thinks this another trap. "Oh, yes," replies the attendant, "but you must not speak to the workmen." The lady promises not to do so, and it is not till she has been in the basement for several minutes that she understands why she must not speak to them. For the lifelike figures are of wax, though it would not be surprising if they should speak.

In the first scene men are busy gathering grapes in a sunlit vineyard of Ay: the grapes lie piled in baskets; men bend and men carry; the whole so admirably done that you would believe you could step into the pleasant scene and begin to join the workers. Further on, the new wine is being stacked in cask; after we see the work of "remuage" being carried on—the daily shaking in bottles so that

## MOËT & CHANDON'S PAVILION



DOM PÉRIGNON (1638-1715), BLIND, TASTING THE GRAPES, BY JOSÉ FRAPPA.  
EXHIBITED IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.

the deposit of the young wine shall be settled on the cork. Finally, after a view of a cellar with millions of bottles binned away, comes the largest scene of all—a great cellar stretching far back, where the disgorging of the sediment, the final corking and wiring are seen.

In these model cellars, it is easy to let the mind travel swiftly to the real places of the making of champagne to-day. The sparkling wine district comprises, to name only a few places, Ay, Epernay, Verzenay, Pierry, Cramant, Avize, Bouzy—and Messrs. Moët and Chandon own acres in all these places.

During 1906, close on ten thousand workers were employed by the firm, either at the vineyards or the numerous pressing houses. The opening day of the vintage season is for many the event of the year. They gather on the eve of that day, and begin at dawn of the next, after a meal of coffee and bread. At eight, a good breakfast: at noon, a still more substantial meal, veal or mutton, and vegetables, not forgetting half a bottle of wine for each grown person. Till night falls, the work goes steadily on. At eight o'clock, supper, then bed and the dreamless rest of the open air worker.

Than the busy day of the vineyard worker there is no healthier way of working. Over Ay, Epernay, and her sunny company of sister places, there floats the spirit of the birth of wine, so that the air itself is like wine in the wholesome district of the Marne. Southward are the hills for the white grapes, soft and delicate jewels, as soft and delicate and with a kind of dignity added by

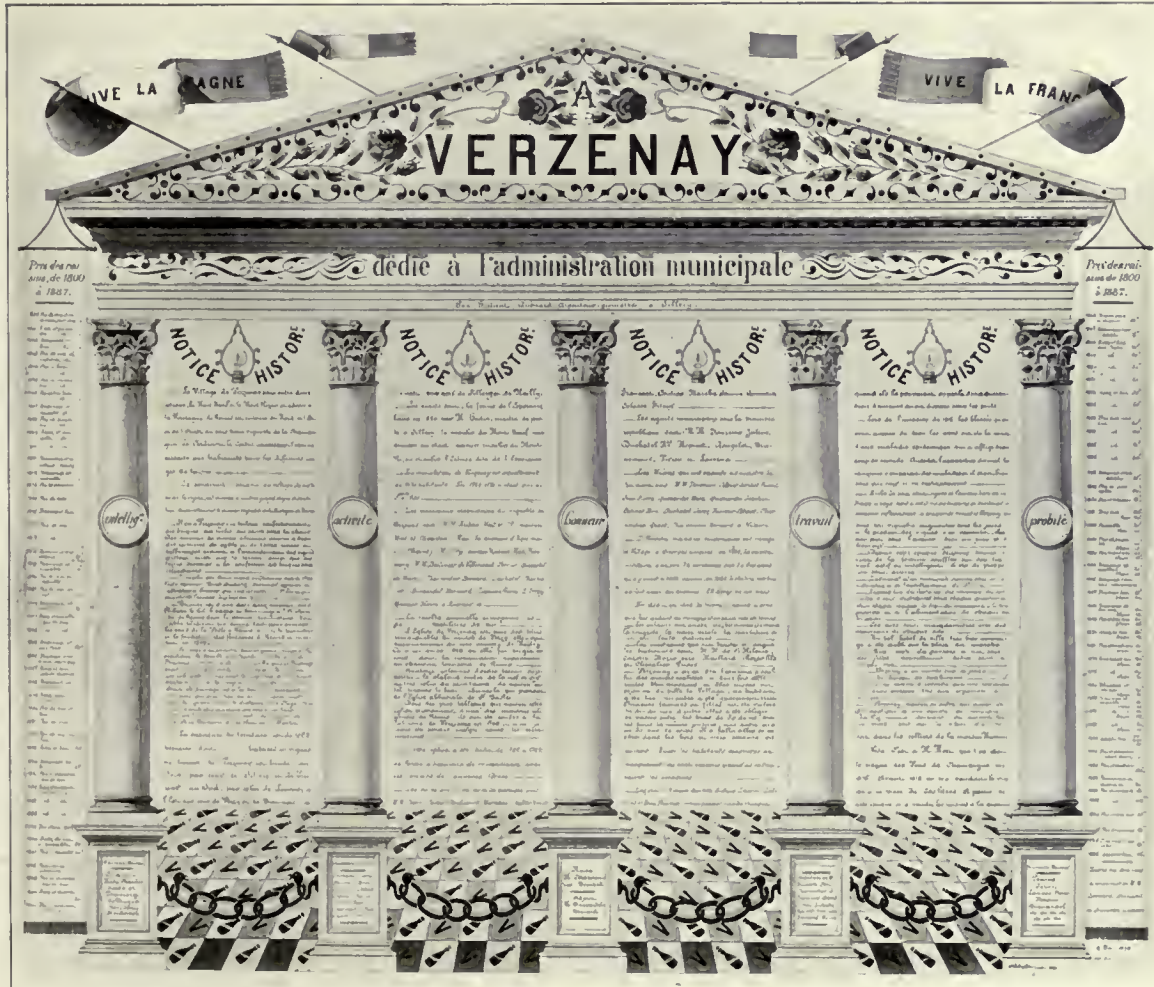


[illegible]

## MOËT & CHANDON'S PAVILION

their velvety colouring. Purple are the grapes from the vineyard of Hautvillers, the mother of them all. It is strange, is it not, that they have never thought to create a Saint Champagne? But perhaps that she is just a Lady of the World suits better.

The vines run, furrows of orderly green, under the cloudless sky; and busy workers gather the grapes, and others carry the laden baskets away. Transferred



FACSIMILE OF AN ADDRESS EXHIBITED IN THE COSY BUREAU.

to wicker sieves, women remove all indifferent stalks and take away all bruised and unripe berries. Then to the pressing house, where each press has room for over four tons of grapes. Taking an average, four tons will yield 15 casks of wine, the first pressing (or cuvée) being responsible for 10 casks of this. Now from the presses to the vats for a few hours: then, drawn off into casks, the wine undergoes its first fermentation in the cellars, where it dwells to the end of the year. Then comes the extremely careful operation of drawing and tasting samples, and the necessary blending is carried out in monstrous vats.



# FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

**P A T E N T E**  
DÉPARTEMENT DE LA MARNE.

Commune d'Epernay dont la Population est de 12,000 Anns.  
Bon pour l'an 5ème de la République.  
N.º 28

NOUS Administrateurs municipaux du Canton d'Epernay Département de la Marne, sur la présentation et remise à nous faite par le Citoyen, *Monsieur Moët* ayant son principal domicile dans la Commune d'Epernay de la quittance à lui délivrée le *quatre* par le Citoyen *Monsieur* Receveur au bureau de l'enregistrement de Epernay sous le N.º *42* de son registre de recette, de laquelle il résulte que le dit Citoyen *Moët* a déclaré vouloir exercer (1) l'Établissement de *Wine Merchants' License* et qu'il a payé la somme de *deux cents* francs savoir, celle de *quatre* francs pour le droit fixe, et celle de *vingt* francs pour le dixième de la valeur locative (2) d' *un* local.

Lui avons en conséquence délivré la présente Patente, au moyen de laquelle il pourra exercer pendant l'an *5* l'Établissement de *Wine Merchants' License* sans trouble ni empêchement, en se conformant aux lois et aux règlements de police. Et a le dit Citoyen *Moët* signé tant au registre, sous le N.º *28* ci-dessus, que sur la présente (3).

Fait et délivré à Epernay le *quatre* an *5* de la République française, une et indivisible.

Signatures des Administrateurs.  
*Monsieur Moët*

Signature d'un des Représentants.

Secrétaire de l'Administration.

VU par le Commissaire du Directoire exécutif.

Signature du Secrétaire.  
*M. Moët*

(1) Indiquer le commerce, l'industrie, l'art, le métier ou la profession.  
(2) Maison d'habitation, atelier, usine, boutique, etc.  
(3) Si la personne ne sait pas signer, il en sera fait mention après avoir reçu les motifs relatifs à la signature.

## WHOLESALE WINE MERCHANTS' LICENSE (PATENTE), YEAR 8 OF THE REPUBLIC.

The different growths have character as the humans have, and this the blender knows well, for that is his art. Wines of Ay and Dizy are soft and round, wines of Avize and Cramant are delicate and gentle, Bouzy's wines have "body." The art of the blender is to nicely combine these special qualities.

This is carried on at the huge Moët & Chandon establishment at Epernay. One floor of the bottling establishment there has lodging room for four million bottles, and in the one pile of buildings, in addition to many other bottles on the various floors, 16,000 casks of wine can stand.

The time for the bottling of the wine is when the vine flowers in the spring. There are spring cleanings and spring cleanings in many various degrees to suit exacting or careless housewives, but no spring cleaning of them all can compare with that which every Moët bottle must undergo before it is judged fit to contain wine.

From a pipe a jet of sand and water, that, unrestrained, would shoot 30 feet high, is forced into each bottle, and then water alone drives into them on its cleansing work from another powerful jet. After, the wine, pumped up by siphons and then along silver pipes, is received into the bottles. After resting for some years, the bottles are placed neck downward in racks and turned daily to dislodge any sediment from the sides on to the cork. In three or four months the wine is quite clear; and, still neck downward, but this time perpendicular, they wait for the "disgorging."

## MOËT & CHANDON'S PAVILION



GATHERING THE GRAPES IN THE VINEYARDS.

necessary dose of liqueur. And now, for the last time, the bottles are corked, this time by machinery, and everything is ready for the tremendous shipments. Lady Champagne, in helmet of gold or silver, worldly already through her experiences, but still bright and debonair, is at your service from the Poles to Peru, and any place in between.

It is not too bold a statement to put down—that she has smiled in every white man's place on the face of the earth. British exiles visualise London, her lights and her laughter, Paris men in like case see clearly La Ville Lumière and all that she stands for, when they dream of the last glass of champagne they had, or when they mournfully, with a sobered joy at the darkened prospect in front, open the last bottle in the camp stores. Long has this been so, now. That loneliest exile, Napoleon I., complained bitterly of being limited

For this, the necks are plunged into a cold bath—a liquid  $20^{\circ}\text{C}$ . below freezing point—and a crust of ice forms over the sediment which has been forced upon the corks; then, when the bottle passes to the skilful hand of the disgorgier, he first sees that the wine is perfectly clear by the aid of a small electric light. And then he loosens the clip holding the cork, and the cork flies out in company with the ice-bound sediment, and another cork is substituted.

Is it dry or sweet champagne that you want? If the former, your champagne is already complete. If the latter, a syphon draws out a little of the wine: and a fragile apparatus of glass and silver inserts the



THE CELLARS CONTAINING THE NEW WINE IN CASKS.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



ONE OF THE CELLARS WITH MILLIONS OF BOTTLES  
AFTER THE DISGORGING.

is the salt of the earth: Kings, Marquises, Counts and Lords are of Moët and Chandon's customers, joining with commoners to be tribesmen of the Lady who Smiles. King Edward visited this very Pavilion, and his name is first in the sumptuous red book. Below, among others, are the names of the Duke of Sparta, the Crown Prince of Greece, and the members of the French Embassy. No exhibit has had such a number of distinguished visitors.

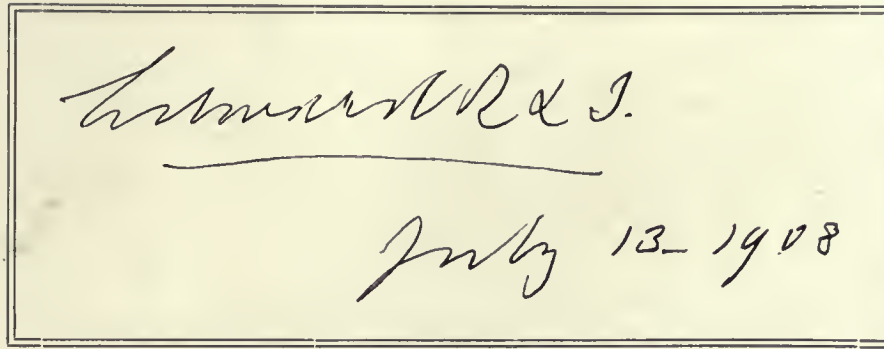
You know now how well Our Lady Champagne is served. Upstairs to the light again, to see Francois Brunery's "A la Santé du chef," where happy Cardinals give the due praise of good, grateful men to the artist of their food, the man who has made them happy. And in the foreground Our Lady Champagne, in her earthly form of a bottle, smiles at the Cardinals

to one bottle of champagne a day. Stories are on record of how the great men of Britain snatched from the famous wine its treasure of good spirits and abandon. Pitt went galloping through a turnpike gate one night, and, made a king for the evening through champagne, troubled not to stop and pay toll: Nelson toasted his Lady Hamilton in it: Byron, for certain, used it as well as ink, and there was more power in his pen thereby: Sheridan drank champagne, and by so much his wit sprang to a keen and flashing life, so that he gave the lie for ever to the old proverb about speech being silver and silence golden, for his speech was golden indeed. And so, as you drink to-day, your company



THE SHAKING OF THE BOTTLES, "REMUAGE."

## MOËT & CHANDON'S PAVILION



SIGNATURE OF H. M. KING EDWARD VII. IN THE SIGNATURE BOOK AT THE PAVILION.

without envy. All praise to the chef of course, but what would the dinner have been without *her*? Ah! she knows well, and therefore does not grudge the chef his moment.

José Frappa's "Dom Pérignon," close by, the best work of the painter, is, I think, as near to my heart. For there is the old monk who had that wonderful moment when first sparkling Champagne tumbled into the glass like a living breathing thing. Did he know the real worth of that surpassing day; did he



THE GRAND CHANTIER, BOTTLING, CORKING AND CARRYING.

dream how the hour of that discovery would shine out as a diamond flashes against all the years to come. How shall I praise that minute, that hour? It meant for the men and women of the earth a magnitude of pleasure not to be reckoned, a vast fine sum of uplifting of spirits and banishment of gloom, when you



# FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



consider the vast band that has, some time or other, been made glad through it. Did he think at all of the many fine songs that would be sung, the fine things written, in which our Lady Champagne would have some hand?

For my small part, I know what I will do. Out of an empty Moët and Chandon case I will fashion, as best I may, a little very special book-case. In it I will keep just the songs and the writings of those great hearts whom I love most—men who knew the world's beauty and loved all good things—Swinburne, Keats and Byron, Gautier, Flaubert, and Anatole France, just to name a few. They are of those who loved the time of the lamps. And at the side of the shelves shall rest one of those tall tapering Champagne glasses that your soul loved; and when things go well with me I will fill with your pale gold, and I will drink to all my brother tribesmen of the kingdom of our Lady Champagne, and wish them well, calling the while your name.

HERBERT SHAW.



CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES, 1741 TO 1900. EXHIBITED IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.



"QUEEN ANNE" ROOM.

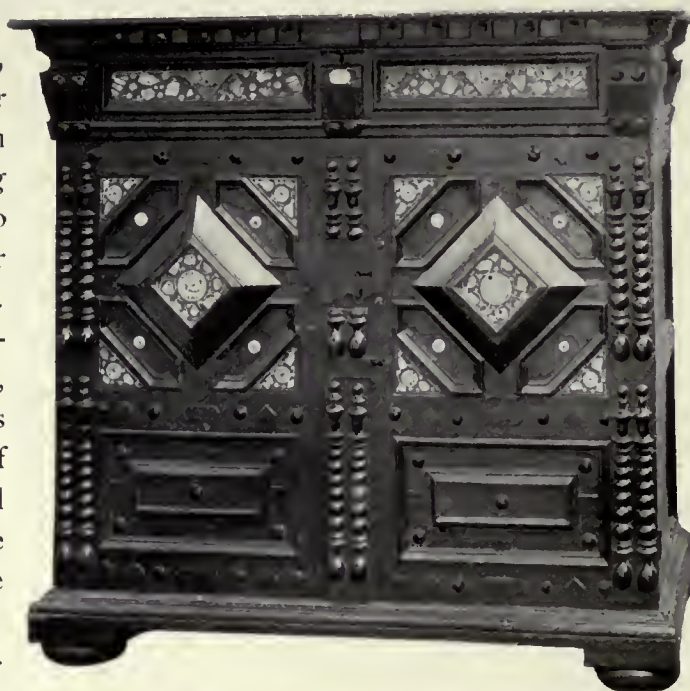
## THE LOAN COLLECTION OF BRITISH FURNITURE.



AN enquiring stranger, anxious to observe the development and modern tendencies of furniture making in England, as revealed by this professedly industrial Exhibition, would be grievously disappointed. He would in fact be reminded very forcibly of that famous chapter upon snakes in Iceland, for of modern furniture, with the exception of one solitary exhibit and some students' work in another building, there is not a specimen to be seen. This is not to be attributed to a lack of furniture makers, of whom there are many, and good ones, scattered all over the country, whose work has been seen and admired at countless smaller exhibitions of arts and crafts. But Shepherd's Bush for some reason has failed to attract them, and the curious visitor, as I have said, would be driven to the conclusion from what is there offered to his inspection that the art of furniture



designers are not uncommon, there has never been an age in which the living arts were so perilously near extinction. Painters, architects, decorators, tapestry workers and craftsmen of every kind will tell you the same tale, that the twentieth century, as represented by its connoisseurs and



INLAID WARDROBE CABINET OF CHARLES II. REIGN.

patrons of the arts, has turned its back upon itself. The craze is all for what is old and rare—not necessarily for what is beautiful, but simply for what is old. It is a reaction, natural enough perhaps, from the careless way in which old things were treated for some generations before us. When

the awakening came, with a new and wholesome reverence for ancient buildings, the feeling spread to every allied branch of art. Dealers, with their myrmidons in every county breaking into and looting the fine old yeoman houses, fanned the zealous flame. Preserving soon gave way to collecting, and to-day the craze has reached a state which all lovers of our own times can only look upon as disastrous. Living art stands by and sees the patrons who should be its supporters spending extravagant, nay, absurd sums upon the acquisition of broken-down, faked, and decrepit furniture; massive and often tasteless decorations of bygone Dutch, French, Belgian, Hanoverian, Chinese, and heaven only knows

what other alien styles; washed-out and crumbling tapestry; threadbare embroideries;

battered pewter ware and silver; and anybody's discarded family portraits that they can manage to pick up. As the good becomes exhausted (and most of it has been so long ago) the spurious takes its place, or even the bad, so indiscriminate is this rage for the antique. Even the Early Victorian, from the horrors of which we have been so recently delivered, threatens once

GAMING TABLE  
OF 1530.

GEORGIAN ARMCHAIR.

## THE LOAN COLLECTION OF BRITISH FURNITURE

more to resume its ponderous and degraded sway. The world, like the dog in the Scriptures, is returning to its vomit; and I say that this is a deplorable condition of things from every point of view. Deplorable for our old buildings, which are stripped of their natural surroundings; deplorable for our modern English homes, which are filled with incongruous and unsuitable things; deplorable for the dishonest trade which it engenders; and most deplorable of all for the craftsmen of to-day, who see a gradually diminishing market for sound original work. Continuity counts for much in a nation's traditions, and what will posterity think of an age which deliberately sacrificed its artists and allowed this continuity to lapse.



CHIPPENDALE TABLE.

Surely it will say that what was once a fine feeling for the past has degenerated by excess into an orgy of tasteless and senseless vulgarity.

With so much by way of preface and apology to the curious visitor from foreign shores, who may be inclined to wonder at the absence of new work in this the most important of all arts (because it is the one most intimately wrapped up with our lives), we may turn to a survey of the antique furniture and decorations which a committee of taste has collected in place of it for our inspection and information.

The Loan Collection is grouped in a series of rooms ranged on either side of the central aisle allotted to British Decorative Art. Five of these rooms are decorated with highly ornate panelled interiors stripped from old houses which have been pulled down, and very cleverly reconstructed by Messrs. White, Allom & Co. The earliest of these represents an apartment of the time of William and Mary, adorned with



JACOBEAN ARMCHAIR FROM KNOLE.



fine carving by Grinling Gibbons, and characterised by handsome cornice mouldings and architraves; next to it is a Queen Anne room (so called, though the date given, 1739, carries us into the reign of George II.); next to it again is an "early Georgian" room; and beyond, at the end of the row, a large and handsome "Chippendale" room, hung with fine silk brocade of emerald green and gold. This room is mostly, if not entirely, modern in its construction and details. The Queen Anne



JACOBEOAN BUFFET.

and Georgian rooms both came out of a house in Hatton Garden, reputed, on no very good authority, to have belonged formerly to Sir Christopher Hatton. On the opposite side of the aisle is a second Queen Anne room, belonging to Mr. Charles Davis. In describing the

furniture for which these five rooms and two other nondescript compartments furnish the not always very appropriate setting, it is well to begin chronologically, and for this we must go a little beyond the true precincts of the Loan Collection, and study the contents of the Elizabethan hall, constructed by Messrs. Hampton after the model of Hatfield, on a scale two-thirds of the actual size. Here is grouped a small, but on the whole select, assortment of oak furniture of



WILLIAM AND MARY CHAIR.

Tudor and Jacobean times. The earliest piece is beyond doubt the low buffet or side table exhibited by Mr. Ernest George. Carved with bold Gothic patterns on its two cupboard doors and central panel, it has a curiously



ADAM AND EVE CHAIR.

## THE LOAN COLLECTION OF BRITISH FURNITURE



"CHIPPENDALE" ROOM.

un-English appearance, but the hinge work and lock plates, according to Mr. Macquoid, are a guarantee of its nationality. Such buffets belong in date to the close of the fifteenth century, and were fitted with extra leaves for drawing out, which are missing in the present specimen. A small gaming table, lent by Lord De Lisle and Dudley, also Gothic in style, is of a type probably made about 1530. It has a flap top, supported on a sliding bar, and a cupboard beneath for the reception of cards, the panels of which are roughly carved with heads and conventional ornament. These small gaming tables were much used by the ladies of the period. Of nearly similar date, but a little later, are a small chair of the type called *cacquetouse* (conversational), and an oak chest, both carved with medallion heads and ornament, and lent by Mrs. Macquoid. Of late sixteenth century date is the massive oak "council table," from Blenheim Palace, which occupies the centre of the hall. This has the bulbous legs of the period, and a handsomely carved under-rail, which supports the two draw-flaps by which the length of the table can be doubled. Against the left-hand wall stands an Elizabethan court-cupboard, of exquisite design and fine marquetry, lent by Mr. H. T. Hall, which would be ten times more precious if it were not so polished and glossy. Next to it, along the back wall, is a square oak cabinet of Charles II. time, lent by Mr. Hubert Elliott, with handsome diamond-shaped



panels in high relief, inlaid with ivory and mother-o'-pearl, and further decorated on the surface with applied split turnings of the regular type. What may have been the original uses of this cabinet one can but guess, but in its present condition, and in other specimens which I have seen, the handsome doors are used to hide a remarkably plain and rough-looking chest of drawers. The companion piece on the other side of the fireplace is an even finer specimen, of date about 1610, lent by Major A. C. Quilter. It is a transitional design between the court-cupboard and the buffet, and serving the purposes mainly of the latter. An ugly addition to the legs has masked this original purpose and partly spoilt the handsome proportions of the piece. Decorated with marquetry of beautiful finish and colour, this buffet chronicles the date at which meals began to be taken in the living rooms instead of in a gaunt hall. The upper, or cupboard, portion is three-sided in plan, and formed of three panels, of which the centre one is a door. Above, to quote from Mr. Macquoid, who figures this piece in his monumental work on oak furniture, rises a carved and inlaid frieze, divided into two portions by carved corbels and headed by a dental cornice. This is supported at each end by a group of slender columns on plain plinths; the lower part is headed by an inlaid frieze forming a drawer, and the face of the shelf beneath is carved with a flowing arabesque design. The eastern counties may claim credit for its manufacture. I have dwelt on this piece at length, because to many it will appear the choicest specimen of early work in the collection. I have not much to say of the plain Elizabethan chair belonging to the Carpenters' Company, or their solid-looking octagonal oak table of the time of James I., though both are wonderfully well preserved; but a word must be spared for a very interesting little carved ladder-back chair of Cromwellian design, lent by Mr. Charles Allom, which the owner claims, on the strength of some initials carved on the back, to belong to the reign of Charles I. This has the scroll ends to the uprights and general features of the chairs which were made in Yorkshire during the time of the Protectorate.

The fine Jacobean X chairs with their portly cushion seats, including the notable one in which James I. sat for his portrait by Mytens, lent from the collection at Knole, should strictly have been placed among these exhibits, but they will be found reposing rather incongruously in a tapestried room close by, together with a mixed assortment of Queen Anne and Chippendale furniture. Indeed, it is a little difficult to proceed any further in a systematic manner, as the Committee of Arrangement appear at this point to have given up any attempt at classification, and have merely filled the various rooms as fancy chanced to dictate. Taking them in order, we find in the handsome Queen Anne room of Mr. Davis, with its rich carving and panelling of pale grey picked out in white, a pair of very exquisitely carved Chippendale arm chairs, with ribbon backs and lion head arms, lent by Mr. R. W. Partridge; the chairman's chair of the Middlesex Hospital, also by Chippendale, and not so monstrous in size as the other presidential chairs which figure in the collection; a stuffed Georgian settee

## THE LOAN COLLECTION OF BRITISH FURNITURE

with ponderous shell-crested back, lent by Sir Henry Hoare, and facing a square folding Chippendale table from the same owner, with large carved mask and lions' heads bearing rings on the knees of its cabriole legs; a Chippendale cabinet on a table-stand with square legs and Chinese fretwork, lent by Mr. P. Furnival; a large carved and gilt console table with Siena marble top, one of about a dozen lent by Messrs. White, Allom & Co.; a heavy looking Charles II. gilt console table covered with cupids, swags, and female busts in enormous relief

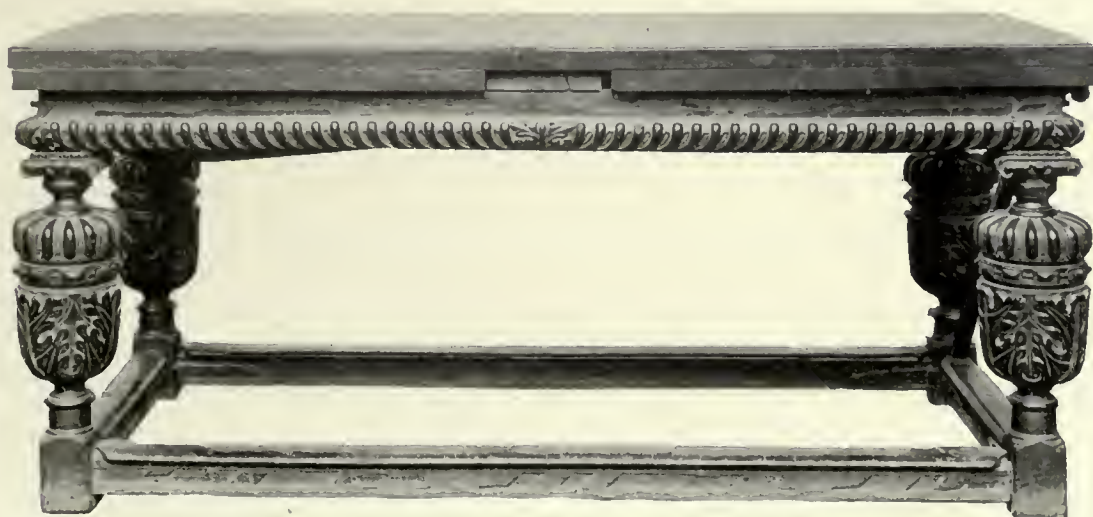


CARVED MAHOGANY SHAPED CHIPPENDALE TABLE.

and seemingly inextricable confusion, lent by Mr. Davis; a George II. mahogany and gilt console table of equally massive and ugly proportions in a different way, lent by the same gentleman, and standing in close proximity to an extremely fine

and dainty satinwood work-table with painted panels of the Angelica Kauffman type, which formerly belonged to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, daughter of George IV. Near this, too, is a "Queen Anne" Broadwood piano, cased with beautiful walnut veneer, but spoilt by heavy square and over-gilt legs. The Duchess of Wellington contributes a shell-back Queen Anne chair with eagle-headed arms, of which the companion is in the adjoining room, and the medley is completed by a gilt Georgian mirror lent by Messrs. Allom.

The small room adjoining contains two satinwood commodes of Sheraton's



ELIZABETHAN COUNCIL TABLE, FROM BLENHEIM.



make, painted with delicate wreaths of flowers and Bacchantes in oval medallions by W. Hamilton, R.A., for the then Marquis of Ormonde. These are lent by Mr. Frank Lloyd. In a corner stands a dainty little satinwood table arranged with three diminishing tiers for the display of flowers, belonging to Mr. Romaine Walker; and on the same side is a charming little octagonal inlaid work-table lent by Mr. Davis. The centre of the room is occupied by a case of old English lustre ware from the collection of Mr. William Ward, and the walls are decidedly enlivened by four large gilt mirrors in Chippendale's wildest manner, two of them ultra-Chinese in conception. Here also is "Robinson Crusoe's" gun, the identical weapon, carved with the name of Alexander Selkirk all over the butt, a sight to draw all manner of sentimental reflections, but not calculated to impress particularly the æsthetic sense.

The Tapestry Room, which follows next, is so called from four large pieces of Gobelin manufacture which adorn the walls. These can hardly be regarded as English in any respect, and they were made, as the arms on the border show, for Alexandre de Bourbon, High Admiral of France, and uncle to King Louis XIV. The eye is attracted from these first, by sheer force of bulk, to three capacious chairmen's chairs, the first, in wonderful mahogany almost black with age, belonging to the Company of Joiners, and carved for them by Edward Newman, Master in 1749. But for the label one might imagine it to have been made in China, so celestial is the bold flamboyant carving of the open-work back, so freakish the whole design, and so much more suggestive of a torture than a chair to sit back in; but this is dwarfed by the huge throne of the Carpenters near by, with its great lion-head arms, its towering crest of cornucopia and fruits, and its almost inevitable Chinese fretwork on the legs. More elegant is the third example of these monsters, an "Adam and Eve" chair lent by Mrs. Storr, with little nude figures of the earliest pair standing amid a riot of bold ribbon-work tracery in which they seem hopelessly out of scale. In the medallion formed by the pointed crest is a laden wine-cart, which seems to suggest some Vintners' Company as the first possessors of this (probably) Chippendale masterpiece. A very massive cabinet of late Georgian times, lent by H.R.H. The Princess of Wales, occupies the place of honour in the centre of the room. With its bold columns and Corinthian capitals, its sequence of broken pediments, and swags of strongly carved appliqué ornament, it is too architectural to suit any but a very formal mansion; but in point of workmanship it is exceptional and magnificent. Coming down to life on the normal plane, this room contains a set of three chairs in chestnut or very pale walnut belonging to Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane. They are large in design and sweep, with reserved touches of carving, and they are attributed to Chippendale, but are almost certainly earlier. The gems of the room for daintiness are three little Chippendale tables near the middle. Of these the most perfect is a card-table with flap top and exquisitely carved edges and mouldings, lent by Mr. Percival Griffiths. It shares with a

## THE LOAN COLLECTION OF BRITISH FURNITURE



"GEORGIAN" ROOM.

little trinket table, lacking the usual gallery but also very delicately carved, and belonging to the same owner, the honour of possessing some of the shapeliest legs in the whole collection. Draughtsmanship could not better the curve and taper of these fine supports. The third table has square legs with Chinese feet and fret carving, and represents a less graceful, and to me unpleasing phase of Chippendale's art. The shaped top is, however, very charming, and the open carving of the rail below no less so, were it not so hopelessly unpractical and liable to breakage. Perhaps the most interesting objects of this room have been left till last. They include the strange transitional chair of Mr. Theodore Bassett, Georgian in make, early Queen Anne in design, with its eagle arms, ball and claw feet, and strong carving on the back and legs. A massive, not very beautiful chair this, but of sound workmanship and curious history in all probability. Not so curious though as that of the fan-backed chairs (also called Chippendale, but earlier) which Sir Henry Hoare has lent from his collection of twenty-two similar pieces. These chairs formed part of a set which somehow found their way into the possession of Marie Antoinette, and back again, leaving some of their companions in the Louvre. A settee belonging to Mr. Cyril Butler matches them almost exactly, but is preferable in one respect that the walnut has never been gilt, and that age has given to its veneered back a patina of fine rich orange. This veneering is a strange feature in loop-backed chairs, but there it is, and carved ornament is applied on to it. Lying on the floor in front of these



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

chairs is a picked-off specimen of the huge carved swags from Lord Chesterfield's house, Holme Lacey, which are attributed to Grinling Gibbons, but are almost certainly too coarse in execution for that master to claim them.

Crossing the aisle, we come next to the William and Mary room already described. It might have been hoped that sufficient William and Mary furniture could have been got together to keep this really beautiful little boudoir pure, but beyond a typical pair of high backed cane chairs, with the turned legs of the period, lent by Lieut. Walker-Munro, there is nothing strictly appropriate. Mr. Weatherfield's tall clocks, covered with marquetry of rare perfection, especially in the earlier one which has inlay even on the small round columns supporting the canopy, come nearest to the proper date, and are Queen Anne at latest. Along with them, the most beautiful objects in the room are the two large lacquer cabinets; one, lent by Mr. Buchanan, on a carved gilt stand, of Charles II. date, and the other, probably Queen Anne, lent by Mrs. Macquoid. Very rich and gorgeous are the toned gold and colours of the painted decoration in these cabinets, and fine also the workmanship of the elaborate locks and hinges, always a noble feature in furniture of this description. Another interesting piece of lacquer work is the large folding screen of Mr. Clarence Wilson, with a typical Chinese landscape running all over it in incised work and colours. The remainder of the furniture here is mostly of the Queen Anne period, two narrow high-backed chairs with straight slats set in cane-work, lent by Mrs. Macquoid, having rather an earlier appearance. There is no doubt, however, about the double settee, or "Love-seat," of Mr. Charles Allom, with its broad concave walnut shields and sturdy cabriole legs. Queen Anne is writ large (too large for my taste) all over it, but it is comfortable for all its ugliness. At the risk of being captious, I must confess to a strong dislike for the pair of chairs with lead appliqué ornament and an earl's coronet and arms let into the back under glass. This feature and the carving on the back and legs seem to me about equally hideous. Elsewhere, on the other side of the room, Messrs. Allom exhibit some chairs of the period which are a good deal more tolerable; but nearly all the Queen Anne chairs exhibited are squat and toad-like in appearance, not at all representative of the best proportions. I should be better content myself with Mr. Cyril Butler's card table which is here, with its candle discs of black and white inlay, and slender, well-curved legs, supposing that that also is of Dutch extraction, as I suspect. It has, at any rate, English good taste embodied with it.

The remaining three rooms, of which the decoration has already been noticed, are furnished mainly, if not entirely, by Messrs. Mallett & Co., of Bath, with specimens of antique furniture from their showrooms, which, choice as they are for the most part, hardly come within the scope of this article. The same reservation applies to the room furnished and decorated in their own special style and colouring by Messrs. Morris & Company, which finds a place in the

## THE LOAN COLLECTION OF BRITISH FURNITURE



"WILLIAM AND MARY" ROOM.

Loan Collection without being really of it. Their exhibit in fact looks a little isolated in its surroundings of dead and gone ages, like a living creature dwelling among the tombs. It may be mentioned, however, as constituting the solitary exception I referred to in the beginning, of a firm exhibiting furniture made and designed to-day. William Morris was the great pioneer who redeemed us from the ugliness and tastelessness of the middle nineteenth century, going back for his inspirations to the splendid era of the early renaissance in Italy, or rather to the Gothic age which immediately precedes it, and constructing therefrom an entire scheme of colour, design, and decoration which was original and wholly English in its fulfilment. Were it not that one knows how many workers have profited by this redemption and are carrying on in the world the tradition he first started, there would be something almost tragic in this spectacle of the firm that bears his name standing alone amid the flotsam of the past, like Macaulay's New Zealander surveying fallen London. Happily it is not really so. The Morris firm is but one of many that are carrying on live work, in weaving, in tapestry-making, in furniture, and the kindred arts, and I for one am sorry that no others are represented.

There is a central space, a sort of island, in the Loan Collection Hall which must not be overlooked, although from a cursory inspection it looks a little uninviting. This may be due to the overpowering sensation created by the first sight of the huge erection facing those who enter. A label informs us that this



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

cabinet was designed by Sir William Chambers, painted by W. Hamilton, R.A., and made for Charles IV. of Spain by Seddon, Sons & Shackleton, in 1793. Bating the makers, who have done their best, a more unfortunate set of auspices could hardly be imagined. There is nothing worse to follow behind the



ELIZABETHAN COURT CUPBOARD.

screen, or even half so bad, so we may proceed. Two painted Adam chairs, and a very large settee in the same style, lent by Lady Battersea and Sir Henry Hoare respectively, are almost the only representatives of this well-known style. Elsewhere, there is a plain white and gold Adam chair of Lord Darnley's. Heppelwhite is represented even more sparsely by one of his familiar little window seats, with slender tapering legs and rolled-over ends. Broadwoods show a Georgian piano, of which the walnut veneer is as perfect as in their other example, and the curved legs and under-frame more pleasing. Lady Wernher sends a Sheraton cane settee of decorated satinwood, and a pretty little cabinet from the Huth collection; Mr. Davis a very ingenious and interesting writing table, in which the top swings over on a ratchet and allows a stationery cabinet to rise up; Mr. Bassett a small harewood cabinet, with vases inlaid on the panels; Mr. P. Furnival a pair of regular Chinese Chippendale chairs, with pagoda crests; Mr. E. G. Raphael a ladder-back chair of 1770, a good specimen of the yeoman furniture of the day. At the extreme end is a fine bow-fronted satinwood

## THE LOAN COLLECTION OF BRITISH FURNITURE

commode, covered with excellent marquetry, and decorated with painted panels by Angelica Kauffman. A series of glass china cabinets contain picked specimens of old Woreester ware from the collections of Mr. Dyson Perrins and Mr. Cockshut; old Chelsea, also lent by Mr. Cockshut, and old English table glasses of various designs, from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, lent by Mr. Charles Kirkby Mason. In a smaller case are exhibited twelve Elizabethan parcel-gilt plates, of 1567, engraved with scenes from the labours of Hercules, executed by Martin Poehm, a pupil of Aldegrever. These were formerly in the possession of Sir Robert Cotton, the founder of the Cottonian Library, and are now exhibited by Mr. R. W. Partridge.



LACQUER CABINET ON CHARLES II. STAND.

The beautiful Old English House in the grounds at the back of the building, which has been erected and furnished by Messrs. Gill & Reigate, is by no means the least interesting feature of the "Loan Exhibit." Familiar to many generations of Ipswich citizens, it was demolished last year to make room for modern improvements, but more fortunately than is usually the case, was taken down with such care that it has been possible to reconstruct it almost entirely out of the old materials, and without the least injury to its appearance. One is glad to learn that the structure has been acquired by an English gentleman, and will be re-erected once more on its native soil.



"CACQUETEUSE" AND OAK CHEST, 1535.

The house is a genuine Elizabethan one, and bears the date 1563 over the entrance door. It is pleasantly timbered in the upright style of the eastern counties, where oak grew straighter grained than in the west. Handsome carving adds to its picturesque appearance. The interior has



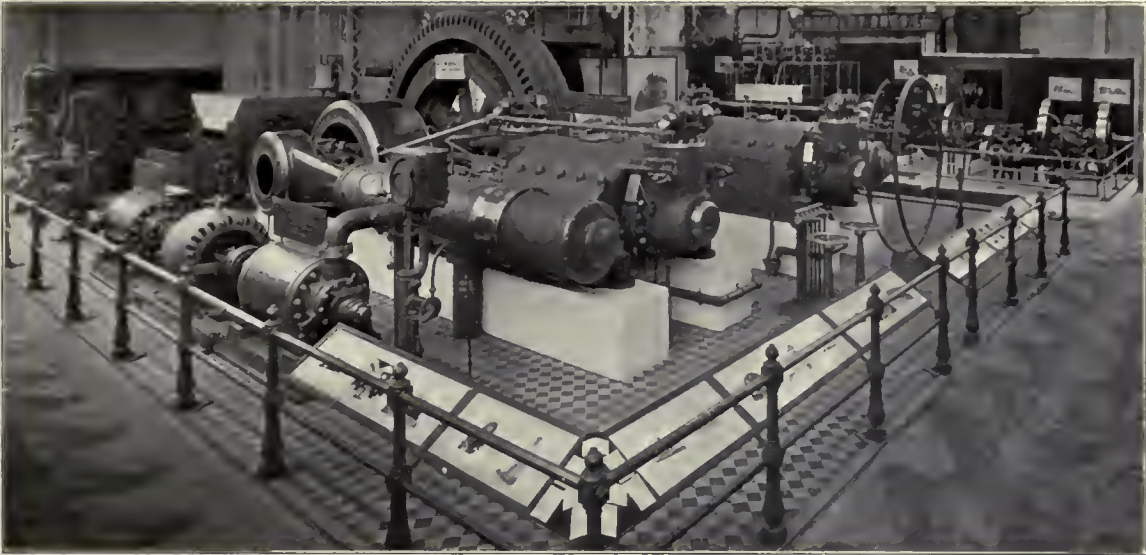


SATINWOOD COMMODE WITH PAINTED PANELS, BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

been lined with panelling of appropriate date from various other old houses of the neighbourhood, the most beautiful being that of the dining room, which has rich holly marquetry all over the doors and some of the panels. This room is furnished by Messrs. Gill & Reigate with genuine oak furniture of the period, which vastly enhances its appearance. A winding staircase, with quaint decorative pierced balusters and newels, leads to the usual suite of bedrooms, leading out of each other, in which will be found an assortment of furniture of later date, mostly Queen Anne or William and Mary. Some of the pieces in these rooms are as fine, though probably not so well preserved, as anything to be found in the Loan Collection proper. The whole building does considerable credit to the skill and enterprise of the exhibitors, who have omitted no detail which could add to its effectiveness, even down to the little formal garden with its topiary shrubs which surrounds it as an enclosure.

Near by is a creditable piece of modern construction work, in the shape of a cottage built on antique lines with timbering of old oak, by Mr. J. Williams, of Oxted. Mr. Williams has already erected some similar cottages in his own village, on the Hoskyns-Master estate.

H. C. MARILLIER.



A CORNER OF THE MACHINERY HALLS.

## MACHINERY HALLS.

HERE in the Machinery Hall they enshrine the religion of steel and steam—that most forceful religion which has altered the face of the earth. The exhibits set the layman gaping. In the souls of most men (practical or not) lies that reverence and fascination for mechanical monsters, for whirring mighty wheels, and here there comes to the visitor something of that old feeling of awe and wonderment with which, as a boy, he saw a big engine pull out of a station, or peered down from the alleyway of a ship to see the leaping cranks and thrusting pistons that (by many miracles) made the ship to go.

It is a vast place, vast-aisled, vast in the crowded shining exhibits—working or at rest—most vast in its romance. Are not the ironmasters of to-day, in a manner, the kings of the world? The charm of this place is grim, but very luring, and to the visitor with even the faintest “mechanical mind” it is luring above all else in the White City.

Chief serving-men to the Gods of War are the men of steel. Here they show well their concrete shudders. The famous firm of Vickers-Maxim, one of the most interesting exhibits in the halls, show many smart things, specially designed to make killing easy. Automatic gun on light tripod—gun, tripod, ammunition and all are carried on the backs of three dummy men. Steel frames covered with leather have thick pads so that the burden does not press too hard, lower parts of frames attach to the waist-belt, the upper ends bend to fit over the shoulders and are connected with the waist-belt by straps. The weight of the gun is only forty pounds, and the weapon is fed with cartridges from a belt. A neat little mountain gun shown is operated by a hand lever at the top, easy of access in any firing position. If a special trip to the Machinery Halls could have



been arranged for turbulent hill tribes of the Indian frontier, they would think twice in the future before they go out on the war path again.

War on land and war on sea—there are strong lessons in each here. The beautiful model fleet of warships is of more than ordinary interest to both French and British visitors. The science of the ship of war, her making, her equipment, has gone up with a run these last few years. Not since the Naval Exhibition of 1891 has there been any such bringing together of warship models. All the great firms have united splendidly to make this fine show possible. Armstrong-Whitworth, Cammell-Laird, Yarrow, J. L. Thornycroft—scout, destroyer, armed cruiser and torpedo boat, all are here in miniature to tell how we use the sea, to tell also how frightfully we may use the sea in a time to come, if the Gods of War shook off the restraining counsels of the Angel of Peace. Look at the Armstrong battleship which that giant firm is building for Brazil—the “Minas Geraes.” Twelve 12-inch guns she carries, the gun turrets raised above each other, so that the innermost turret guns may fire over those of the outer; and in any direction she can deal death. She has a displacement of 21,000 tons, three thousand tons more than the renowned “Dreadnought.” Near by is the “Ermack,” that wonderful Russian ship that can break the ice as she carves her road through the bound Baltic ports. Here is the little “Ghurka,” destroyer—on her trial trip she made the record speed of 33 knots.

All are fascinated by this shining fleet, but especially the youngsters, to whom a ship model is always a dream-joy. Such toys, so far out of reach—indeed they would be fit toys for the sons of kings, though as far out of reach even in that case. The ships the French Navy shows are as attractive, just beyond the splendid model of the lighthouse.

The French Admiralty exhibits have stories of romance to tell. In beautiful bindings, a number of manuscripts tell of olden French rovers of the seas. Beauchesne fared to the South Seas in the Spring of 1698 (and that was a three years' cruise and more), here is his very log book, and here is the signal book of a French seaman who made a good fight with Britain off the chalk cliffs of England. Here are relics of great interest, the barge of the great Napoleon, the flat-bottomed boats which the French used when they captured Algiers, an astrolabe of 1578, the first boiler Papin made, and some of the small cannon that they used on the gunwales of the eighteenth century warships of wood. Modern, four classes of armoured cruisers and five types of French torpedo craft are shown, and half a dozen French firms present examples of warship equipment, armour plates, projectiles, and a 20 mm. (4·7) gun.

The Ministers of Commerce and of Marine have worked well to get such a representation of French engineering genius. A Paris firm shows the largest searchlight of its kind yet made, mounted on a Moralle engine. The place of honour in the French hall, central and noble, is taken by the great Pont à Mousson blast furnace. M. Philip Bertin shows his wonderful system of

## MACHINERY HALLS

electrical point-shifting—back now, you see, to the land again, where the master-minds of mechanics have done, and are doing, so much towards a progress to be enjoyed and made use of by the less gifted children of the world.

In exact model, the Suez Canal is plain here to see and understand. Motor manufactures show their latest achievements for slaying space and time.

The railway companies have joined in their turn—not a very good show, take it all round. Here again is a treat for the children, and for grown-ups who have been lucky enough not to lose the fascination of engines and engine models. It is a beautiful model of a railway station; and in the station electricity runs, shunts, and moves a passenger train and a long goods train. All the movements are controlled from a signal cabin by electric power.

For variety in and interest of railway exhibits, the London and North Western Railway certainly take first place. Here are the old and the new in several departments of railway work and progress well shown. Look at this model of the old Rocket, which drew a load of thirteen tons at forty miles an hour; by its side is the London and North Western engine of to-day, which can draw over 300 tons at over sixty miles an hour. Here, too, are vividly contrasting models of the old first saloon (which was a stage coach and very little more) and the saloon now used by His Majesty the King. The Great Western Railway practically exhibit nothing but photographs of the scenery on its road, and the same can be said of other railways represented at the White City. In the French section of the Machinery Halls, they go one better than this, for there the scenery pictures are at least “live” and moving, being shown on a cinematograph. French railway exhibits include also working electric semaphores and ingenious devices for buttressing the strength of the permanent way.

We must revert back for a moment to the shipping section to notice an exhibit which attracts as much attention as anything else in all the Machinery Halls. Here are Lloyd's, world-known and world-esteemed, with the wonderful volumes of their Register of Shipping, from 1834 to 1908. Just behind this stand is the priceless exhibit in question—a silver model of the King's Yacht “Britannia,” lent by His Majesty. His action in sending this trophy marks a great honour for the Machinery Halls.

The romance of the sea is endless, made up along a thousand roads. Is it the miracles of the sea or the miracles of steel which make the dominant note of the Machinery Halls? At the very beginning a model of the Dover end of the suggested Channel Tunnel carries us back to the old controversies that idea brought in its train. Then the flashing mirrors of a fine revolving light, and other ships' lights, shown by a Birmingham firm, remind us of the helpful part the edges of the land play in the service of those who go down to the sea in ships.

Turbines—the propulsion of the future . . . here, actually running, is a mighty turbo-generator plant which lights the whole of the halls. Then the road of the sea-bed itself is plain to any imagination by virtue of the stand which



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

belongs to manufacturers of diving apparatus. The glistening column in the centre is made up of mother-o'-pearl shells.

At the sides of the octagonal column stand models of divers, fully equipped. The patent telephone they use is one of the simplest things on earth—no, not on earth, unless you can call the sea-bed earth. It is attached to the helmet, and by its means divers, working in twos, can converse with one another, and with the men in the boat so far above their heads.

Surely the industry of iron and steel is the mightiest industry of all—this, at least was an idea visitors could carry away who had no knowledge of the technicalities of steel, and were lost if an engineer should speak of spigot and faucet tubing, expansion bends, high pressure cylinders, rotor centres and valve openings, combination friction and positive clutches, and the like. I doubt not that the real engineers who visit the Exhibition stay in the Machinery Halls from arrival to dusk, studying fly wheels, suction producers, and other beautiful things, untroubled even by desire of the Scenic Railway outside the doors. But the layman in steel, ignorant, half alarmed—even he may vaguely know the mightiness of steel craft from his layman's morning here.

Here, from Newcastle, is a mammoth plate of tensile steel, thirteen yards long, twelve feet wide, one inch thick, weighing nine and a half tons. It is the largest plate ever rolled. See this model of one of the turbine drums of the "Lusitania"—making a gateway to the stand of the firm who turned it out. The original is hollow forged steel, with a diameter of nearly twelve feet and weighing twelve tons; this model through which you walk is exact size, and so will give you accurate idea of its hugeness. Here is a steam tube, drawn out to the astonishing length of fifteen yards—that alone will show you man's mastery over steel.

Not less interesting is the display of the London Electricity Companies, where demonstrations of cooking by electricity are being given to show how all the drudgery of the old-time kitchen can be abolished by electricity's aid. Will you not marvel at the electric kettle, and the sewing machine operated by electricity? Press buttons, it seems, and all housework is done. And the electric range has many wonders. Not least, too, of the Exhibition's good things (those to which the ordinary visitor will accord the *Prix d'Honneur* in his mind) is the rest room here provided, without fee or charge of any kind. Settees for tired limbs, and a pleasant fountain to rest the eyes, tired with the strain of sight-seeing, while a punkah (electrically driven, of course) brings a breeze of sweet coolness.

The most ignorant layman in matters of steel monsters can, and does, appreciate the rest room to the full. Remembering the general comfortlessness of the grounds, it was a stroke of real genius to put that oasis of rest in the centre of the grim and dour Machinery Halls.

VICTOR ANTHONY.



PILLEY AND ASTON'S EXHIBIT.

## BRITISH TEXTILES AND CHEMICALS.

You turn to the right out of the sunny Court of Honour, and the shade of the well-lighted building that shelters "British Textiles" is grateful. A solid name and a sense of true British solidity hangs about this interesting collection of exhibits. For one thing, cotton, which is one of the greatest British industries, bulks largely here; and there are Bradford stuffs, printed fabrics from Lancashire, wool, silk, and linen, flannels and homespun.

I dare wager that for the vast majority of women who visited the Exhibition the frocks of Pavilion 14 dominate their memory of the whole show. From opening time till closing the call of the frocks lasted; the call was felt from corner to corner of the grounds.

The great dolls moved on a narrow track, round and round on tireless feet, and moved not an inch to the right or the left. They smiled beautifully as they moved: they were women above price in that they could not speak.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

In the first glass house they wore the gowns of many years. Under flowered archways, faint lamps lit their path at night. Faint sighs from the living women the other side of the glass, words of swiftly crushed satire from the men, made the accompaniment of their triumphant sidling from the arch of yellow laburnum to the arch of yellow laburnum again, round and round . . . a million times or more a day. Two did not move at all. They remained ever in a placid wax; 1810 and a little child, stiff and foolish, against a painted balcony, green with lifeless flowers. 1830 was in white satin, and her everlasting simper was framed by curls of gold. 1805 was the most grotesque; from her waist she was clothed in a huge bell buoy made of some rich stuff, and a plume stood stupidly from her hair. 1855 directored for her living, and her face showed no enthusiasm for her work; 1835 was a solid villa of yellow; 1825, in old chintz, was puffed up in her waxen mind because of the inane huge streamers that dangled from her bonnet; 1860 was the grandmother of them all.

A yard away, another glass house imprisoned "original creations," and the eyes of the living women grew rounder still. Here were Ascot and Goodwood, Hyde Park's Holy of Holies and Ranelagh, the Carlton and Cowes. Or here, at least, was as much as mattered of those sweet places, presented to make a beautiful indigestion for the suburban mind.

Women turned reluctantly from Peter Robinson's exhibit to dream of a black gleaming frock that fitted like molten metal. Then they gasped at the sight of still more wax—clothed this time in Debenham and Freebody's furs—sable, ermine, silver fox, sealskin, sea otter and chinchilla.

So much for these—the cream of life to a woman's outlook. Facing them are good sturdy things, linens and longcloths; and the largest cotton bolls on record, each bearing 14 locks and weighing an ounce, from British Columbia. A step on are tartans from Scotland, bearing all the old historic names—Clan Alpine and Cameron of Lochiel, Graham of Montrose and Kilgour, Macdonald and MacFeydran, Urquhart and Rob Roy, and a tartan copied exactly from the one worn by Prince Charlie in 1745.

London and Paris give reminder that the world's supply of vanity and pride of dress is not yet allocated solely to women, for they show samples of ties, pyjamas and underclothing that rouse easily man-envy. Further on, soap rules, marking its special province of Pavilion 14 by a clean and grateful smell. The gigantic Erasmic soap-bubble, wide, high, and with never-ceasing foam, is indeed one of the features of the whole Exhibition. At night, surely, from the nursery of the gods the god-children must step down and play with such a toy.

Close by, soap is being made, a London and Paris firm having laid down a full plant of modern milling machinery driven by an electric motor.

The sweet soap scent clings like a drug—pass naturally to the drugs of all the world. The colours of chemistry are as beautiful as the colours of the frocks, where the endless procession of admiring women still hangs thickly.

## BRITISH TEXTILES AND CHEMICALS

And the names in this Chemical Industries Section! Put to the chemist the old question "What's in a name?" and, if truth is with him, he will reply, "As much as I can possibly get of the alphabet on a non-stop run." Hydroxymethoxymethol, in its orderly narrow phial, has for neighbour Acetyleriodictyol, and Ojuologlo Root smiles a little sourly in reply to the literally acid look of  $C_{34}H_{69}CO_2H$ . In a case near by are shudders and thrills that do not suit with a light-hearted White City mood.

There are bacilli in innocent rows, bacilli of Typhosus, Capulatus Roseus (a delicate pink sweetmeat looking thing). They rub shoulders with tubes of cobra and rattlesnake venom, and a pleasurable specimen of Tuberculosis in a heart which once belonged to a frisking rabbit. One is sorry for that rabbit, but seeing an exhibition leaves small time for idle tears, and though I should love to improve my acquaintance with Barium Anthraquinone Mono-sulphonate (who in private life is a dye of the deepest), a minute must be spared to look at the smallest medicine chest in the world. It is a gold chest you could cover with a penny, and it contains 12 square bottles with 300 doses of tabloid medicaments, equal to 15 pints of ordinary fluid medicine.

Tweeds and homespuns call for attention, and now you hear the clacking looms—so many that I doubt whether you could count them on the fingers of your hands. The Crofters' Agency demands special notice, for Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, has organised the labour of the crofters of the Hebrides, the islands of Uist, Harris and Lewis, for no personal profit at all, but for the benefit of the people of the islands themselves.

An exhibit which has a special interest is that of Messrs. Pilley & Aston, a Manchester and London firm. For this reason—that every single article they sell is imported direct from Northern India, where it is made entirely by hand. Embroidery and furniture, carpets and curtains to staircases, mantelpieces and archways, everything that the firm trades in is the same genuine Indian work, hand made; and they have executed in this way many orders for special furniture that have first been designed by architects in Great Britain. Such a happy combination of East and West is unique, and in consequence of it, 524, Oxford Street, the London address of the firm, is a known and a notable place to all lovers of beautiful things, and especially to lovers of Indian work.

H. S.







VIEW OF THE INDIAN PAVILION.

## THE INDIAN PAVILION.

"And whoso will, from Pride released,  
Contemning neither creed or priest,  
May feel the soul of all the East  
About him at Kamakura."

*Rudyard Kipling.*

But Kamakura is a very long way off; and the visitor to the Exhibition, if he had any imagination, could believe that he felt "all the East" about him by a careful journey within the doors of the Indian Pavilion. A fine thing indeed was this Pavilion of Riches, organised by the Government of India—that unknown country to so many of us—and understanding visitors, having amazedly studied its glory and gold and colour, went out, grateful for greater knowledge. Often they returned again.

For the life of the East was shown and typified in the Indian Pavilion—and the East's wondrous art. East and West met this once; and West (in the shape of the many thousand visitors) departed thoughtful, having learnt something of its lesson. They say that it cost the India Office fifty thousand pounds just to collect the exhibits shown here. It was money well spent. The work in hand was to show the people at home the life and work of a country hugely mysterious, hugely unknown; and you cannot set about such business cheaply.

It was all of a hundred guinea Eastern "Cook's trip" and more, this tour of an hour or so round the Indian Pavilion. Did you halt at the very first

## THE INDIAN PAVILION



CORNER OF THE PALACE SHOWING COPPER REPOUSSÉ DOOR.

exhibit—a large white case that sheltered ransackings from Nagpur, Gwalior, Karachi, Hyderabad, Baroda, Bangalore—then you landed in India at once, reverent, eager. Plaster figures, detailed and correct, showed you some of the workers; the native postman, the native policeman, and so on. And cast brasses, little and big, showed plain the life of the roads, the bazaars and the streets, the fantasies of the temples. Here were strange many-limbed gods, and hooded cobras lifted their wicked heads; the snake-charmer played to his strange playmates; the camels went mincing along the roads, gay with trappings. Here were some of the treasures of the earth in a land of sun, the dark red lushia bean, the fish-tail palm, the teak seed, the tiny lustrous black canna—beautiful seeds that are strung for ornament, to deck the shoulders of women.

Now already you were truly in India. And now the art of the land's dreamers, the joyful work of the land's craftsmen, were flung prodigal for your delight. Delicate workers in wood, the men of the East displayed their skill to make envious the onlookers of the West. Elephants trumpeted and fought along the front of a carved sandalwood box from Mysore State, which all who saw it must remember covetously—it was priced at £90. A fine carved overmantel by Ala Singh came from the Punjab School of Art; and from the School of Art of Madras (carved silver work), Bombay (enamelled gold, copper, and jewellery),



Trivandrum (carved ivories), Jaipur (coloured cloths), came examples of the genius of students, and evidences of the watchful care of the Government that had fostered that genius. Lahore School of Art sent a brass lamp, designed by the students to adorn the entrance to the famous Taj Mahal of Agra.



CARVED WOOD TROPHY.

Government of Burma provided a fine example of this in its collection of silver bowls and caskets by native artists; and H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore sent examples of inlaid work and brass ware which were much admired. Strongly individual and fascinating is the native art of India: of its own kind, aloof and strange, owing nothing to the West. Noticable were a screen by Thaker Singh and a copper repoussé door from the Bombay School of Art. A little ironic showing of the gulf between East and West, surely, lay in this—that several beautiful things were the work of men imprisoned in the Bikanir Jail, Rajputana—lacquered koopis and a painted brass vase, among other things. The summit of artistic achievement of our English gaols is the making of mail bags.

Especially interesting to France and Britain was this Hall of India; to realise that you have only to consider the vast trade relations of India with both countries. And do you know the size of India? She boasts a million and

Indeed, the exhibits organised by the Government were always the most interesting, for they showed the wisdom of the rulers of a strange land in encouraging all talent in the men they ruled. So that the Pavilion stood, in a way, for a kind of peaceful triumph of government. The Govern-

## THE INDIAN PAVILION

a half square miles, of which one million are British provinces and the rest are Native States. Of her 300 millions of people, four-fifths, roughly, are Hindus, one-fifth Mohamedans—only a fraction by comparison makes up the white men who care for her and rule her.

She stretches from the Plains to the Himalayas, sampling nearly every climate of the world along that mighty road. Within



CARVED WOOD SCREEN,  
BY THAKER SINGH.

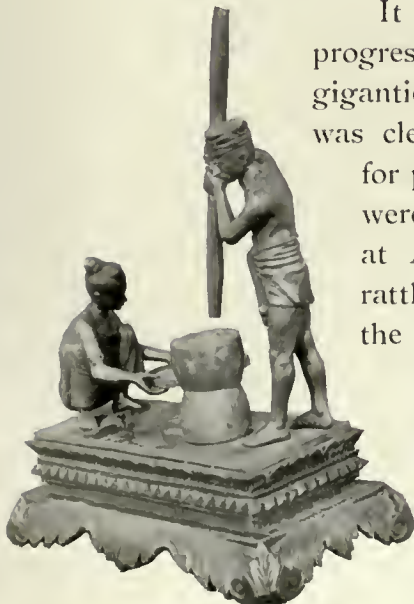
her boundaries is found practically everything that the world produces. And now to her trade—France, in one year alone, buys from her goods to the value of eight millions sterling. India buys from France silk, brandy, liqueurs, and apparel; the goods that India sells being copper, cotton, hides, skins, tea, and oil seeds. Of oil seeds alone in a single year, India produces one and three-quarters millions worth.

What of India as a buyer of the goods of other lands? In 1907 she bought cotton and yarn goods to the value of twenty-seven millions, the greater part from the United Kingdom. So compare India as a customer with the Colonies. She does not cry out for emigrating men; she does not need them; she shows her sales books and her buying books, and is content. She has this grievance, that Britain taxes her tea. Tea—vast figures lie behind that household word. In 1906 there were well over half-a-million acres in India under cultivation for tea, producing roughly two hundred and forty-one million lbs. An area of twenty-one million acres under cultivation for cotton produced three million bales of cotton; and her jute plantations brought forth three and a quarter million bales of jute. India deals in bewildering millions in many departments of her industry.

It was curiously fascinating to note how our modern ways of progress have had to adapt themselves to the conditions of a gigantic country. In the Government Post Office exhibit this was clearly shown. Among the special accoutrements

for postal servants (all the things shown were made in the Government workshop at Alichah) were spearheads with ball rattles attached. These are carried by the native runners, the purpose of the jingling rattles being to frighten away wild animals on the lonely path and forest journeys.

The great arch of carved wood in the centre of the hall was of



BRONZE FIGURES.

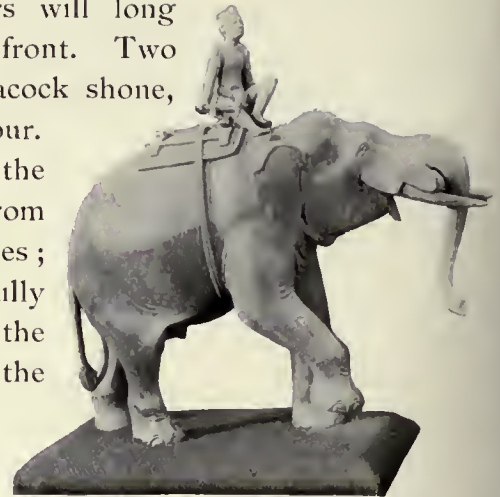


BRONZE FIGURES.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

course the main spectacular attraction. All visitors will long remember it, with the fantastic shining peacock on its front. Two lamps hung in the doorway, and above them the peacock shone, needing no lamps to show its dazzling coloured splendour. From the workers of the Punjab came the back of the arch, with elephants at the foot, and workers in wood from Baroda and Mysore worked lovingly to make the sides; and the whole of the arch was patiently and wonderfully carved. It had an exotic beauty, and whispered of the East, losing some of its effect, naturally, because of the crowding in upon it of so many other things, it wanted half lights and a free road before it for proper worshipping at the peacock's shrine. Its carvings were often delicate as lace, and native workers from many provinces of India had had hands in its making.



ELEPHANT CARVED IN WOOD.

The Pavilion was rich in all manner of crafts. The looms of Bjapur, Amritsar, Kashmir and Benares hung its walls with carpets and rugs, and products of the simple hand looms were also shown. For the Government, eager for the welfare of the vast governed, is doing all in its power to promote the use of these little looms, so that the spreading thousands shall be workful and fed. And shawls and embroideries, muslins and tussor silk, drove in to us the dim knowledge of that tremendous Eastern world. For the best part of a week you could have lived in the Pavilion, and your wonder would not have stayed its course. Perfumes and incense, leather work and lacquer work, tanned snake skins made to belt a woman's waist, a great log of Bombay rosewood, weighing four tons and over, that will in time filter into our own Western lands in the form of pianos, agricultural implements to coax the parched and reluctant earth. Scenas in relief, painted by W. T. Helmsley, the well-known scenic artist, showed us the industries of the land, or some of them—a ruby mine of Burmah (near it a case of rubies to the value of many thousands), a cotton field of Bombay, and jute from Bengal.

And you saw by pictures how the men who helped to make the land worked, giving of their sweat and their brain. The bridge builders, the men who drove the roads. By these one knew a little how the railways climbed and went: one marvelled at the bridges where men undaunted had daily worked whether the river was in calm or flood, bridges like the Empress Bridge over the Sutlej, with its sixteen spans of girders of 260 feet.

India's lavish showing to the Western People was a triumph. Out again into the sunny country of the Exhibition one carried splendid miracles in the mind.

H. S.

## AUSTRALIAN PAVILION.



HE appears at the White City as a proud and triumphant young lady, does Australia—the fairest of Britain's daughters overseas. The six States of the Commonwealth, New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, Tasmania, Southern and Western Australia, show in their respective courts the tremendous richness of the land that is in dead earnest in her desire for settlers. The Pavilion is Australia's magnificent advertisement of a giant house of untold treasures.

Lofty and light and hung with many flags, the notes of Australia's great display are gems and gold, wool and golden wheat. In one section alone are gold nuggets to the value of £20,000. In Victoria's court a huge arch of gold rises, to show the bulk of the precious metal mined. £192,000,000 are the impressive figures for the minerals wrested from New South Wales State over a space of fifty years. The same State shows fine arches—one of grains and straws, and one of the finest merino wool. Also an arch of coal, and around it samples of gold, silver, iron, tin, and other minerals.

A pyramid of silver comes from the Broken Hill mines. In the well-guarded Mineral Court the visitor stays for a while, and is perfectly dazed with the wealth that surrounds him.

Here are three gold nuggets that are wonderful apart from their value, for, unearthed in different parts of the Commonwealth, they form a remarkable "Entente Cordiale" kind of family. One is an almost exact facsimile in outline of the configuration of France, the second follows closely the coast line of England, and the third is a solid map of the coast outline of the Commonwealth itself. They are shown exactly as they were found.

See what the State can do in the way of woods: a beautiful room made entirely of black bean, with carving and decorations of white beech, and a parquet flooring of spotted gum. Oak and rosewood make the furniture the room contains, and in it Royalty has taken tea.

The largest gold-producing mine of all—the Mount Boppy Mine—shows an interesting model of its equipment for treating oxide and sulphide ores, and Broken Hill—that spot of land so rich in romance, for you will hear Australian visitors "swapping" stories of how, before the full value of the place was known, a man sold a share in Broken Hill for a few head of cattle. Exhibits drive in on the visitor that it was a surpassing miracle in a land of many miracles.

The boundary rider who first discovered Broken Hill thought that Broken Hill's outcrop consisted of tin ore. He went back to his station and formed a syndicate of seven people, each contributing the sum of £70. There were 14 shares in the hands of these original holders. But it was not tin, but silver, that was to make Broken Hill stand for ever as the greatest synonym of luck: and in six years from that time the market value of each one of those shares was £1,250,000. Now Broken Hill has paid over £12,000,000 in dividends.



## AUSTRALIAN PAVILION.

In the New South Wales section are fleeces from all the districts, from Riverina to the Hunter River, and dress goods made from Australian mohair. Women's eyes take the jewel lust into them at the sight of cases crowded with wondrous gems. The opal predominates, and the opal is a maligned and a misunderstood stone. Notice the largest opal carving in the world—a representation of Cupid and Psyche, carved from a single stone of 1,000 carats.

Pass on to see a Queensland pearl diver equipped for his dangerous work on the pearling stations of the North Coast. And in the Western Australian Section is the famous Southern Cross pearl—nine pearls, really—joined by nature herself to make a perfect cross. Mounted in an open gold setting, it shows as a king gem in a bewildering collection of wonderful gems, and you can well understand why the native diver who found it (a staunch Catholic) thought he had found a sacred thing, and hid the pearl for six months, waiting a favourable opportunity to convey it to the Pope. The story of the finding leaking out, the pearl of £10,000 value passed into other hands than those of His Holiness.

Queensland has a great pagoda made up of 16 varieties of Queensland wood, and the silky oak, maple, elm, and crowsfoot, are all represented. Her largest trophy is a big pile of beef tins, fringed with the hoofs of cattle, to remind the stranger of her cattle-raising industry, and there is a huge pyramid of cereals, ending in a windmill made of wheat.

The little sister of the Commonwealth, Tasmania, is proud of her scenery, and of her fruit: and the apples she shows make all men feel like the boy in front of a well-stocked orchard. Is it wood you want—Tasmania displays 600 specimens. And a nugget of tin that has a history—for this very nugget led to the discovery of Mount Bischoff Mine, which ranks among the largest in the world.

Frozen, in a cold store, lie meat, butter, and fruits, to show how Australia helps the tables of the Mother Country. And in the very centre of the hall an Australian garden makes for more wonder at the overpowering fertility of the country—and for regret that you must so soon take the Tube back to London—all stuffiness and crowds and tiring pavements—when there is such a land as this to make fair the earth, a land so blessed by the gods. And the settler can reach that country for £6.

Well, not least of the many things that the White City did was to awaken the "wander-hunger," so that it tugged at the heart with a pull that was sheer pain. It was terrible for many to go back to little houses in crowded streets in company with haunting images called up by seeing the spread-out lavishness of other sunnier lands. Many visitors registered vows of emigration within the Colonial halls, and future settlers in Australia and elsewhere will (many of them) not deny that it was the Franco-British that really sent them overseas.

V. A.

# NEW ZEALAND AND THE CROWN COLONIES.



NEW ZEALAND stands (in the map of the White City) opposite her greater neighbour. Her hall is uncomfortably crowded, so that there is very little space to walk and smaller space to wait for long before the stalls and specimens of what the two islands can manufacture and produce. The roof is draped with awnings, which have often given needful coolness when the hall was packed full with a moving and slightly mazed crowd.

Most prominent here is a very good exhibit of specimens of the famous kauri gum, the fossilised sap of age-long kauri pines. Good for decorative purposes, too, is kauri; and this is well evidenced in the beautiful table of mottled kauri. Flax and wool, of which New Zealand is rightly proud, are shown near by, and a stall of green-stone articles attracts many buyers. Gold and copper companies display quartz and ore; here, too, are coal and iron; and a section model of the *s.s. Papanui* shows exactly how cleverly butter and cheese and meat are stored, frozen, for the market in Great Britain. All in all, under difficulties of space, New Zealand makes a brave show.

The Crown Colonies of Great Britain—Southern Nigeria, Fiji, Gambia, the Gold Coast and Mauritius—have a building to themselves. Since space in this book, unfortunately, allows only brief notice, very little can be said about these exhibits. From a spectacular point of view, the gold trophy of the Gold Coast Colony and the various native relics must rank as first; the giant tortoise (95 years of age if he is a day) sent by Mauritius claims attention; and the set of island armour, made of tremendously strong fibre matting, from Fiji, must not be forgotten.

Mr. Swayne, who is responsible for the Fijian exhibits, has done very well indeed in adequately representing the life and customs and work of the two hundred islands which make up little-known Fiji. Fiji wants emigrants just as her greater fellow-colonies, and her claims should not go unheard. She brings forth sugar, bananas, and copra, cotton, rice, tobacco and spices, and the man who goes to the islands should see good profit for his labour if he is the right sort of man. All these mentioned products, and others, are shown in the hall of the Crown Colonies, and specimens of native art in the way of pottery are of certain merit. A queerer country than the big colonies—that, too, is shown, as you see the combs with which the women of Lau dress their hair, dress it in high edifices, and see, also, the wooden pillows which they then use, when the hair is done to the satisfaction of the Fijian postcard beauty, to protect the said edifice from disarrangement or damage. The imaginative visitor can construct in his mind the whole life of the Fijian natives from the curios and native relics.

RICHARD O'HARA.





INTERIOR VIEW IN CANADIAN PAVILION.

## CANADIAN PAVILION.



WHEN you set out to represent in one fine building the work and life of a country half the size of the British Empire (to be more exact, a country covering 3,745,574 square miles), you are going to do a great thing. Canada, thirty times the size of the United Kingdom, does this great thing in the Canadian Pavilion, and does it with success. Hers is the most sweeping and impressive result in the whole Exhibition.

It is a solid temple, this place, a temple with a stern, compelling spirit. Here is transmitted the magic, the glamour of a mighty sweeping land, calling with a clear and mighty voice. Hardly an entrant in that nobly packed temple who does not hear the call. Where the earth labours richly to her satisfied fruition of wheat, where wide rivers and wide lands stretch in a restful power (asking only for man's labour as a servant), the minds of very many men have been turned through a visit to Canada's Pavilion.

They replied to the strong call of Canada with a real longing for the Dominion's spaces and clean air. Canada worked her spell over her visitors, unashamed, and woke a desire by no means small. She had no apology in her speech, for she believes in herself. All the notices scattered about a pavilion bewilderingly rich with natural exhibits, had supreme confidence as their keynote. She was royally proud in her independence, in her sheer confidence.

## CANADIAN PAVILION

These mottoes sealed up, for the visitor, the unconquerable impression of splendid power. "The Canadians are building up a great nation. The United States has the nineteenth century, but now in the twentieth it is Canada's turn." Another message of Earl Grey, a fitting one for the Franco-British Exhibition: "To-day the inhabitants of the Dominion are neither English nor French. They stand before the world not as English or French, but as Canadians." In letters of gold were all these inscriptions, and all were gold, too, in their bold individuality, brooking no contradiction. "The North Star of the British Empire is the hard wheat lands of Canada." "Canada's hard wheat areas are of more value than all the coal lands in the British Isles and the Colonies combined."

Was it braggart? I think it was simply the buttressed serenity of a great woman gifted by the gods, conscious of wonderful life. In the pavilion she showed her gifts; should she *whisper* her own pride in them? Not she.

Master minds have planned all things that went to make up her tremendous shout of triumph. Grain on green grounds covers the walls, worked into opulent designs suggesting the fruitful boughs of trees. "Wheat," she cries, "I have the largest area of arable land to be found in any country in the world." So in the very centre of her pavilion we look up and marvel at the grain hopper towering to the roof, built of grain. Up at the top, bags of wheat, hard wheat from Manitoba, northern wheat from Saskatchewan, pour their wealth into the hopper. From the hopper, horns of plenty spring out, making the roof of the pavilion that is the base of this "ALL RED" exhibit. And again you seem to hear Canada speak, though this was not lettered on the walls, "I am not out for small things. ALL RED. I can feed your whole Empire's peoples with the grain I bear."

Another giant industry—pulp-wood, the manufacturing of pulp for paper, so that the regiments of our newspapers shall continue. £5,000,000 backs this industry in Canada. Here, among the wood-pulp logs, the first wood workers are busy—a colony of live beavers in a pool, though their straitened circumstances hinder them from actually making a dam, as they would do, with the sticks and twigs at their disposal, if they were really in their native haunts. There was fierce and daily fighting among them when they first came, for the beaver is the Irishman of animals, and now they glare at each other, longing for a scrap, through wire netting, which not even the craft of a beaver can break.

All the industries are here: lumbering, fruit and dairy produce. In scenas made up of butter, Jacques Cartier lands in Quebec, and King Edward meets President Fallières with an unmelting smile, and there bloom roses of butter that shall never wither. Adjacent, the refrigerating chamber shows how they are brought to the tables across the seas.

Fish—Canada supplies the world with lobsters, and shows here her cod and salmon, swimming stuffed and motionless in great tanks. For the overseas tables again, there are piles of tins of canned salmon, that in their last minutes made part of a heaped crowd, all glistening silver, in a British Columbia trail-net.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

A fine land for sport! Turn to this tableau of scenery, its kingly animals covering the foreground thickly, and meet the fixed stares of the elk, deer, and antelope, the bear, the musk ox, and the mountain goat. Here is game for the trapper, lynx and mink, and sable, and in and about the animals are the peoples of the air: curlew, snipe and quail, geese and duck, and crane. The very sight of the Canadian canoes exhibited sends one paddling on free huge waters, all the wealth of an open air day in front.

Slay that dream swiftly, or it will haunt you through the day; and no mad rush on the Scenic, or thrill of the lifting Flip-Flap, shall seem good to you, or blot the dreaming from your mind. Forget it, then, in this other scena, where red and yellow apples, peaches and plums, nature's jewels of rich beauty, drive into you how hugely dowered the land is, and waken new desires. 1903 saw over 60 million bushels of apples in Canada; soon the young trees will begin to bear, and that number will be doubled in 1910.

Surely the work is to Canada, and in some year, one thinks, some year of a monstrous dim-imagined upheaval, the nations shall at last see clearly what she can do. In a year when the peoples cry, and Canada alone shall be blessed and green . . . . In that year we shall see her giant arms open and let loose their burden, to rain all God's things upon the starving other earth. Then our huddled millions shall pour madly upon her life-giving shores, and even the dregs of men shall have changed utterly, so that every man who can walk shall also work, work ungoaded and with spirit. Then at last we shall realise Canada, and know her purpose to the full.

That is a wayward dream, a monstrous dream of a black night of Titanic cruelty, enveloping the world till the dawn should come to discover a new sun.

Yet something we know of Canada who have stayed and been stricken with wonder between the doors of her pavilion.

HERBERT SHAW.



THE BEARPIT OUTSIDE THE CANADIAN PAVILION.



THE ALGERIAN PALACE.

## THE FRENCH COLONIES.

THE French Colonies were rather late in making up their minds to participate in the Franco-British Exhibition. They had exhibited since 1900 in Paris, at Hanoi, at Marseilles, centres much more propitious than London for the development of their commerce, and these repeated efforts had largely drawn upon their funds for propaganda purposes. Besides, in the chief Colonial countries, whose enormous and magnificent possessions have such names as Canada, the Indies, Australia, the Transvaal, France has scarcely a chance of successfully showing her exotic products. The British Empire reaps all that we reap in Asia and in Africa. It could scarcely then become a considerable customer of our Colonies.

From the point of view of being agreeable places to stay at during the cold season, certain of our possessions have an evident interest in making themselves known to such great travellers as the Anglo-Saxons. Algiers, Blidah, Biskra, Tunis, now provided with comfortable hotels, are well equipped for the reception of the globe-trotters, lovers of beautiful scenery and of sunshine. It is chiefly in this respect that the Algerian and Tunisian exhibits will produce results. Illustrated pamphlets, edited by the Winter-season Committees, have made our paradises better known, familiar though they are already to thousands of villegiatists.

The French Colonial Exhibition is sub-divided in three palaces or pavilions. To speak more accurately and with a becoming modesty, the Indo-Chinese section has grouped in a red and gold pagoda its agricultural and industrial samples, its works of art, its ethnographical and statistical documents; Algeria, Tunisia, and Western Africa, assembled in one white building constructed in the Arabian style, present their riches in a compact space, but with a regularity and order that prove the methodical spirit of the organisers. It is not by chance that I use the word "riches" to describe the representation of labour and the resources of nature seen in these museum-halls. The Frenchman calumniates himself when he denies his capacity for colonisation. Our seventy years in Algeria,



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



A CORNER IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.

thirty in Tunisia, twenty in Indo-China, have proved, on the contrary, by a very striking economic evolution that we know how to bring prosperity to the countries in our protectoral and the provinces we have conquered. Our possessions, it is true, are not to be compared with those of England either in extent or in importance, but there is this to be said, that our rule over the territory in question is but recent, and, further, that we have had to struggle in Algeria for many long years against the most warlike and the least industrious race in the world. Now, notwithstanding the short period since our conquest and occupation, in spite of difficulties and obstacles, let us take note of the work accomplished. In 1882, only 400,000 hectares in the principality of Tunis were cultivated for the produce of cereals. In 1886 the same superficial area was entirely sown with wheat, and 64,000 additional hectares produced oats and barley ; 15,000 hectares have been planted with vines. In 1886, the exports were under 20,000,000. In 1907, they exceeded 103,000,000. In Algeria, our progress is still more striking. In Indo-China our principal object has been to develop, to render more rapid the means of communication with the immense market of China, so as to reach it more easily and speedily. We have taught the natives to utilise those improved methods of work that our civilisation puts into their hands. In short, we have tried, by means of experimental fields and

## THE FRENCH COLONIES



ALGERIAN ATTENDANTS.

testing gardens, to verify the modes of culture in use in order to concentrate upon those that give the best results and the largest profits. In this vast Indo-Chinese Empire, the population of which is not endowed with lively energies, and where the colonist so soon becomes enfeebled by the damp heat of the climate, it will not be possible to organise a frugal, thrifty life with as much intensity and variety as in our North African possessions, for instance ; but nevertheless, thanks to the education of the Tonkinese and the Annamites, thanks to the gradual acclimatisation of the immigrants, we shall succeed in bestowing prosperity and happiness upon a region which has never known anything but distress and oppression.

And let me draw attention to the generous character of our intervention as conquerors, everything considered. Condemning, once for all, the violence of the war and the reprisals following victory, we try to associate ourselves with the conquered people ; we inspire them with confidence ; we do not despoil them of their property ; we give them the support of our protection and our power. Thus, after some years of rancour and ill-feeling, the natives of all races live under our laws, accept our rule, and profit by the advantages of the safety they



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

owe to us. There are to be found in Algeria Arabs who have become richer than our colonists, and who have regained possession of lands that had been in the hands of these colonists. In these things the genius of France, faithful to itself, endeavours to implant ideas of liberty and justice wherever it hovers.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, as the proverb says, and it is particularly applicable in this case, for we conduct the reader to piles of skins and woollen fleeces arranged in the third building, rather pretentiously entitled: "Palace of the Colonies." The few samples referred to above, the utility of which I am far from denying, are lost and unnoticed in this Hall, which has been transformed—and why?—into a bazaar, where there are many articles from Paris or elsewhere ticketed "Oriental" or "Far-Eastern" merely for the occasion.

These stalls were much visited by the crowds at the Exhibition, who provided themselves there with souvenirs. Inside were Arabs, Turks, Germans, English, and even a few French, speaking an outrageous polyglot gibberish in nasal voices, and offering their cheap wares for sale: jewellery at six francs, gilt belts, silk or pearl-embroidered kerchiefs, dolls, mechanical toys, perfumes, glove-boxes, purses, tea-cups, feathers, etc. I was surprised to find in this "Colonial Palace" a novel strap of Austrian manufacture and a scouring paste of Yankee origin.

Amidst the rubbish we saw a superb automobile of French make, the statistical collections of the Colonial Minister, engravings, samples of wood, straw hats, materials for dress or furniture, native figures and costumes, displays of Colonial newspapers, a few carpets not very attractive in colour or design. What a chaos! One readily perceives that the visitors were not attracted by the instructive objects scattered among this trash. The curious and the eager went by preference to glass trinkets, to brilliant objects of which they could make a personal adornment. Decidedly, many civilised beings are not so far removed from savages as they think!

PAUL LAFAGE.



SOUKS ALGERO TUNISIENS.



DECORATIVE FOUNTAIN IN "GRÈS," BY ALP. MONCEL, IN FRONT OF THE PAVILION.

## THE CITY OF PARIS PAVILION.

**O**UR great and noble lady, the City of Paris, having decided to come and visit the high and puissant Lady London, dressed herself as one may say in all her best attire, with her jewels and orders upon her; a fine array of riches and chefs d'œuvre, treasures of science and of wealth.

If one feels proud to be a Frenchman on seeing the Column, as the famous song asserts, how much more so should one be when one contemplates the beauties of our dear Capital, unique, adorable Paris.

You smile, you Londoners, at this enthusiastic and emotional rhyme. "Oh, these Frenchmen, exuberant as their own Marseillaise!" Never mind, in your hearts you share our love for the banks of the Seine, and at all your holiday seasons you cross the Channel in thousands and come to taste with us, in the Champs Elysées, the pleasures of life.

London has extended to our queenly city a right royal welcome. Out of regard for her friend she has abstained from exhibiting her own archives and treasures. There is only room at the Exhibition for our city. It is to her alone that English visitors pay their gracious homage, forgetful for the nonce of their own glories, and truly Paris deserves their homage, not only for her charms, but also for her virtues. For Paris, let none ignore it, abounds in moral qualities of a thousand kinds. Charity and widespread benefactions attest the kindness of her heart; education lavished upon her people shows with what zeal and variety the intelligence of her children is cultivated; a healthy and complicated organism, with millions of veins and arteries, which her architects and engineers are ever developing, manifests her anxiety to improve the welfare of each of her citizens by the diffusion in every home of light, of water, of electric power, animating their machinery and carrying the burden of human thought.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

Witty satirists make fun sometimes of our public officials, and still more of our public offices, in which, perhaps with too much show of formality, are elaborated our schemes and projects, our police regulations, rules for the health and safety of our citizens, and all the responsibilities involved by so many services: fine arts, education, hygiene, the care of the streets, means of communication, contributions, hospitals, relief offices, public parks and gardens, laboratories for the testing of materials and the analysis of foods, protection of persons and property, suppression of murder, theft, incendiarism, and so forth. The truth is, our citizens do not fully appreciate all the talent and labour devoted to their comforts. Which of us thinks of the merits of MM. Lepine, Bouvard, Mesureur, Bédorez, Ogier, the Bertillons, Formigé, Colmet-Daage, Miguel? Yet these high officials employ the whole of their activity and skill and experience in our service. Our eminent Prefect of Police appears in public on all days of popular effervescence and pays with his own person to impose a respect for public order upon irritable crowds; but in secret, day after day, he is working at all hours to protect us against crafty miscreants.

Bouvard and Formigé embellish Paris with works of art and new promenades; Miguel and Colmet-Daage watch with tireless vigilance over the quality of our drinking water; Mesureur provides trusty quiet guardians for the infirm poor; he exposes the misappropriators of public relief funds, and brings brightness and happiness into the deadly life of hospitals. Bédorez controls our primary and professional education; beneath his lofty direction thousands of professors are forming youthful brains, and teachers are instructing our boys and girls in the arts of livelihood. We can see in the Pavilion of the City of Paris, hats, dresses, artificial flowers, pottery made by our children of the streets; furniture, bronzes, carpentry, sculpture, iron-work, carvings, bindings, lithographs, and printing, the work of apprentices not yet sixteen years of age. Even the infant classes send evidences that they are not "one-handed." Already skilful and clever, these future fairies of the Rue de la Paix can do embroidery work and designs, can work tapestries and crochet, charming naive attempts like the first artistic efforts of a rude age. What patience and ingenuity the teachers must possess to produce such results. The modest labours of our educators are an admirable thing. They are equipping the generations to come with better and more artistic weapons for their own protection. The name of M. Bédorez will be for ever connected with the great work carried on by the City of Paris amongst our infant population, for it is to his initiative and perseverance that this magnificent intellectual movement and development of professional and commercial schools owes its origin, under the patronage of illustrious names like those of Bernard Palissy, Boulle, Diderot, Dorian, and Estienne and Germain Pilon.

Though the science of the good is well represented in the domain of Parisian administration, it has not a monopoly of the Hotel de Ville. Vice, crime and

## THE CITY OF PARIS PAVILION



PAVILION OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

ROGER BOUVARD, *Architect*,

dishonesty have also to be tracked and punished, so many malefactors are there in an imperfect civilisation like ours. To counteract the schemes and avert the violence of rogues and vagabonds society has had to form various protective organisations ; the laboratory of toxicology under the distinguished direction of the chemist Ogier ; the anthropometric service instituted by M. Alphonse Bertillon ; the police forces, guardians of the peace, commissioners of morals, and the like. There are on view at the Pavilion of the City of Paris criminal records calculated to give an apache a fit of the shivers and to reassure honest folk. These records show that an imprint on a window pane or on a table cloth are sufficient to identify an assassin, and prove the infallibility of measurements in the detection of criminals despite disguises and the lapse of years. These precautions unfortunately cannot prevent crime, but they help to pursue and to reach it.

But enough of this. A noble lady like our city does not care for the associations of such company. She would prefer to shut herself up in her palace and study the magnificent records of her history. Her library, furnished with manuscripts and precious works, recounts the history of Lutetia since her birth, the acts and deeds, glorious or shameful, of the generations which have lived beneath the ægis of her laws. The historical researches of our great scholars reveal the life of past times, distinguished like our own by trials rather than joys.

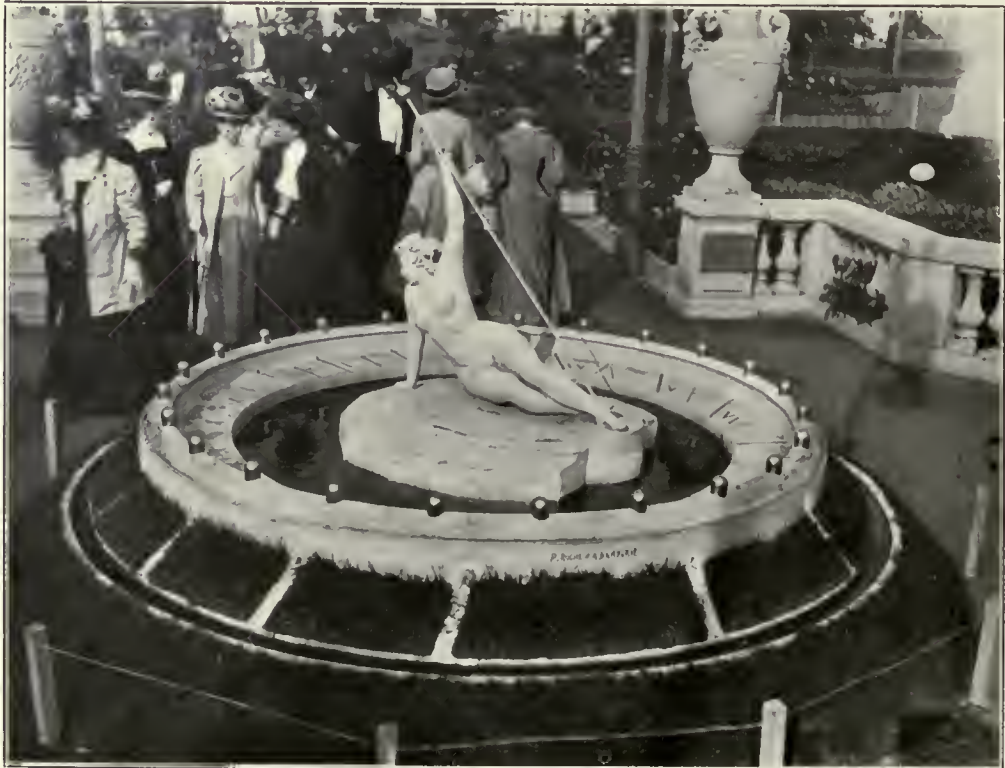
It fills us with pride, and sometimes with sadness, to finger and re-read these records of the past. It would be impossible even to enumerate the important family



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

papers accumulated amongst our archives in the course of centuries. Of those which photography has enabled to be reproduced at the Franco-British Exhibition, we notice in passing a decree of Charles V. concerning the payment of the warriors of Duguesclin ; the deed of sale of the diamonds and jewels of Charles Duke of Orleans to a citizen of Paris ; the page of a register containing the will of Ninon de l'Enclos ; a permit to visit Voltaire in the Bastille ; a demand by Marat for rebate of fines ; the proclamation of the sale of effects of Marie Antoinette ; a letter from the Prefect of Police concerning the return of Prince Louis Napoleon ; a request for the suppression or reconstitution of the Committee of Public Safety during the Commune in 1871. In the life of a people all hours are not equally joyous. If we can take note of a thousand noble deeds, we have also to blush for many pages of our history which are stained with blood. Weal and woe, these, alas, are the fixed alternatives to which all generations of human beings are subject wherever they may be. Let us put aside the bad memories, and preserve only, for our dear Paris, the recollection of our love for her grace, her generosity of feeling, and her power of resistance to all the forces of oppression.

PAUL LAFAGE.



SUNDIAL, BY PIERRE ROCHE AND A. BARBERIE.

## THE GARDENS OF TWO NATIONS.

WHETHER it be the grey old sombre buildings of a university city or the gleaming white palaces of the Franco-British Exhibition, what a charming relief is given to the picture by a green sward studded with gay blooms and decorative foliage. What a happy inspiration it was to devote so much space at Shepherd's Bush to horticulture—a great uncatalogued, unclassified exhibit, yet the setting and finish to the display of the wealth, energy and inventive genius of two nations.

And what is there unrepresented? There are lawns that might be the envy of a bowling club with a green sown in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There are tropical cacti, sending up their weird globular and many-sided prickly growths. There are Australian eucalyptus trees, and a mere stone's-throw away mushroom beds—*couche à champignons*—made up as only the Parisian market gardeners can do them. There are tobacco plants spreading their huge veined leaves far over the pots in which they flourish, and a few yards distant the sweet old English rosemary. There are fruit trees, principally in the delightful French styles of training, and decorative trees with shrubs of all types, and roses that are beyond compare.

Quite as typical of the nations as the arts and crafts are the gardens. The veriest amateur is struck by the contrast between the British and French styles. The Garden of Progress with its wonderfully trained fruit trees and gorgeous bedding—is it one whit better than the brilliant display by British firms in other parts of the Exhibition? To compare them would be to class a twisted legged Jacobean chair with a Louis XVI. table. They are both the best that each nation has to offer, gorgeously artistic, charmingly skilful, cunningly instructive. Even when the two nations clash in beds almost side by side, as with gladioli and dahlias, is there anything to choose between the tall massive spikes and enormous clusters of bloom?

Perhaps the most striking exhibit from the utility standpoint is that of the trained fruit trees in the well-named Court of Progress. The English horticultural writers so far back as the beginning of the eighteenth century have dealt with trained fruit trees, yet the French are easily our superiors in this class of gardening, and it is no exaggeration to say that the majority of well-trained trees in this country have come either from France or the Channel Islands. All along the wall of the Machinery Halls fruit trees have been trained, and flanking them are long narrow beds also packed with these subjects. The fruit against the wall is mostly apple and pear, in variations of the candelabra styles; some of the trees are fifteen feet in height, with from four to a dozen strong stems emanating from a short, sturdy trunk. The foliage and well-ripened wood denotes perfectly healthy trees, and this in spite of the fact that most of them were seven days in transit from their parent nurseries. Many of the trees, perhaps the most fascinating of all, are fan-trained, the branches spreading out so evenly that one thinks unconsciously of the draughtsman as well as the gardener. Others are U-trained, and in front of the trees in the shallow beds are some excellent examples of the Alpine strawberry.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

In the flanking beds there are apricot, plum, peach, apple, pear and cherry trees in various shapes; and as distinct novelties in this country there were standard and horizontal trained currants and gooseberries. The umbrella-trained trees are particularly striking, having the appearance of an umbrella turned inside out and supported upon a long standard. Examples of trees in the various stages of training are shown, many of them having their branches secured to laths and spreading from the main trunk with geometrical exactness. Pyramid trees and double cordons are freely exhibited, and those trained on the *losange* principle are worthy of particular study and attention. Vines are also shown flourishing out of doors, in the shelter of the great white buildings.

The beds in the centre, between the two long arms of fruit trees, are typically French, and were laid out under the direction of the chief gardener to the City of Paris. Many of the beds are sunk, and the colour-blending is simply charming, the artistic effect being invariably heightened by subsidiary grass banks that form, as it were, frames to the gorgeous carpet bedding, whilst intermingling curves also play their part in adding charm to what are really pictures in flowers and foliage.

Messrs. Carter are very strongly represented in several parts of the Exhibition. Their bedding is superb, well-known English flowers being supplemented in many of the beds with tropical palms and ferns, whilst their show of the little-known *Kochia scoparia* is worth more than passing mention. This interesting annual shrub, with its feathery compact foliage and pyramidical form, from a rich green in summer turns a warm, glowing scarlet in autumn, and from this is sometimes known as the "Burning Bush." The miniature trial grounds of this firm were a bright idea—and one would never imagine there were so many kinds of English grasses as are shown in the small multi-shaped beds. Sweet peas are here at their best, and the humble though effective nasturtium is not overlooked. The dwarf Japanese trees are also a striking feature in Messrs. Carter's exhibit, and comprise such subjects as thuya, osmanthus (a kind of holly), juniper, azalea, pinus, hornbeam, berberis, Turkey oak, Japanese plum, pomegranate, larch and taxus, a species of yew. The patriarch of this display is an azalea of 200 years, a Methuselah among trees, even to the 98-year-old juniper. There is one large-leaved Turkey oak flourishing in a mass of tufa rock, without soil at all, but most of these dwarfed trees are planted in shallow pottery vessels with very little soil.

There are gardens everywhere. The typical cottage gardens in the Irish Village, with their quaint odd corners and wall edgings that are only found in Ireland and Cornwall, are as faithfully laid out as the garden round the Tudor House, with its stone-flagged pathways, clipped yews and box, sundial and rosemary. Even in the Australian and other Colonial sections there are exhibits of ferns, trees, palms, and so on, of both an educational and an artistic value. In all parts of the Exhibition the horticulture is represented as thoroughly as it possibly could be.

A. C. MARSHALL, F.R.H.S.



SCENE IN THE IRISH VILLAGE.

## BALLYMACLINTON, THE WHITE CITY'S PRIDE.

Through the castellated gateway of Ballymaclinton, with its sixteenth century portcullis, and you are in a different place altogether. You are with quiet and peace.

You cannot call the Irish Village just one of the attractions of the Exhibition, for it is more than that by a very long way. Here you are free of the hurdy-gurdy air that overlays so much of the Outside City. Here is something aloof and sombre (a little), and very sweet, like the Irish mind that you will never understand unless you first have understanding in your heart.

Typical Irish life, that is Ballymaclinton, in the lighter hearted holiday view. Gay and picturesque and wholly interesting, spick and span at every turn and twist, wide and white and clean. The colleens wear red hooded cloaks, and boast the dark eyes and hair of their race. The jaunting car runs on merry trips. You may buy Irish laces and Irish linens and Irish carpets—Irish goods only, so the motto runs here.

Here is the shrine of St. Patrick's Bell. Close by are copies of the famous Tara Brooch, and the ancient Irish drinking cups, round at the base, square at the top, to hold the foaming ales and meades of the merry aforetime, when there was small talk of Home Rule, and turbulent kings came down in the night (and the day, too, for that matter) on any neighbours who dared to be discontented with



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

things as they were. Stand by this Round Tower of Old Kilcullen here . . . heads were merrily broken and blood flowed richly around it in 1798.

The Irish craftsmen and craftswomen have been busy at things for the Saxons to see in 1908. Their craft carries warm appeal. Flower bowls, Celtic furniture, boxes in copper, and enamelled brooches and pins, all produced under the auspices of the Irish Decorative Art Association, which does its share in the fine idea of making Ireland live, robust and strong, by the work done on her island alone.

Do you not like this wooden settee? if you will stay a moment, the colleen who helped to make it will tell you of her work and of the Celtic legend enshrined in the decoration of it. A harper playing to a lady. That comes from W. B. Yeats, the mystic Irish poet, whose portrait hangs in the Irish Art Gallery next door. "I also bear a bell-branch full of ease" . . . says the harper. The twin sons of Ler were turned into swans till the great bell of St. Patrick's should ring in Christianity.

Out into the wide streets again. Into the quiet but buoyant life with (if you be proper man or proper woman) a love for my Ireland that goes tugging at your heart. Ours is *the* race, and the more so for our human faults. Catholic we are, and we love all men and nations that mean us well, but no thing or no nation should take all of the sceptre from our hands. "*Ourselves alone!*"

The Irish village is rich in typical buildings, a few steps bringing you to the Galway fisherman's cottage, built of cobbles gathered on the shore, roofed with thatch, having a rude canvas coracle—the true fisherman's boat—outside the door. The housing question? This other model cottage is a replica of those built by Messrs. McClinton, the soap manufacturers, for their workpeople at Donaghmore, Tyrone: and (four roomed) it is let for two shillings a week, together with a half acre of garden. And here is the old church of Arrahmore, with its stone altar and its sixth century St. Patrick's Cross.

Here is the famous Blarney Stone of old; what matters if, as some critics say, it is not the real genuine Blarney Stone. When outside the gateway, "spielers" with the gifted tongue tell of impossible delights to be found inside the sixpenny shows for which they are paid to loudly "spiel," shall Ireland not be allowed some latitude? If this is "just our Blarney," do we hurt man or beast? Paddy's pig is here, in an Irish farmyard, that pig which God gave us as a serious item, mind you, not as a special comic subject for the benefit of foolish Saxon papers. And in the Village Hall 'tis Irish songs you may hear and dainty Irish dances you may see.

Why, it is at the gate again we are! Come, Saxon, a true word and no breath of a lie. Are not your hours in Ballymaclinton here the best you have lived in the White City? Is it not the merry place, the place where the feet tread lightly and the heart is gay?

H. S.

# GALLERY FROM WOOD LANE.

(THE EIGHT HALLS.)



GIVE the impression of the majority of the visitors to the White City when I say that the long covered way leading from the Uxbridge Road entrance to the beginning of the grounds is a nuisance.

This is a terribly wrong thing to put down, I know, for the gallery has some most interesting displays and trade exhibits adown its length, but the passage of the "Eight Halls" is a weary tramping. And at night, when the sightseeing is over—then it is that the long journey back for those who have to make for the Uxbridge Road main entrance for various reasons is dubbed the last straw that makes utter weariness of the tired visitor's feet. And this is why many conscientious sightseers, even if they have religiously seen all parts of the Exhibition, have carried away such mightily little knowledge of the Eight Halls that made the beginning and the cruel tiresome ending. It is a pity, for, as I say, there is very much worth looking at in the gallery. If only they could have devised some method of transit through it, to save tired feet.

But even the moving staircase (that saves a few steps, at least) is generally *hors de combat* for some reason, and bears a placard to that effect.

Four of the eight halls are British and four French. And best of all the varied stall exhibits I place the little French wineshop, sweet and clean in its scheme of light wood furniture, where you can drink veritably *à la Française* and, resting for a moment or so, think with a sheer hate of the distance still to be tramped, either to the exit or to the beginning of the grounds. That is a pleasant place and a noble idea, considering how tired the feet of the civilised human can become, and how parched his throat. (Let me give praise where it is due, and not hurl solid blame, so here I must also put on record the fact that there were a few seats for oases in the Sahara of the Eight Halls, here and there, round the pillars in the centre. But they were very few.)

Next, since they were also grateful and restful to the eye, shall come the collective exhibit of British pictorial photography, which includes surprisingly good examples of how the artist's mind can find real scope in the use of the camera—in spite of all the sneers of the men of the palette and tubes—if the said artist mind lacks all skill of the brush.

Most interesting are the displays of the French method in the schools of teaching lessons by pictures, wall cards, and models. Let us hope that some of our own educational authorities have gone studying there to a practical purpose. Useful lessons they are for the child mind, and often of more account than the insides of text books—for instances, charts and pictures in this valuable section lay the ground work of knowledge in all manner of important social questions . . . how savings banks and insurance offices work, how to think by means of



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

mathematical diagrams, and the evil effects of the use of alcohol on the home life of a nation.

Specimens of work executed by the students of the arts and crafts departments of French schools command and receive warm admiration—especially the motor car put together by a band of students (working entirely by themselves) to the specifications of a famous firm. The social side of the work of the two nations is indeed well represented here, which, taking it all round, is probably the most educative section of the whole of the great Exhibition.

You can learn all about the advantages of garden cities and co-partnership schemes of housing; the Salvation Army will tell you of the big work it does. Stay to see this model room, and learn how, by using a generator for pure ozone, air can be drawn into a building, warmed, purified, and mixed with ozone to make the ideal ventilation.

Then there is a splendid Pasteur exhibit, showing pretty nearly every stage of the life's work of that great benefactor to his kind, and how anti-toxins are prepared. Here are the flasks by which Pasteur came to his famous truth, that life is necessary to beget life. Not far away is a new and helpful creation of some bright modern mind—an appliance to add to the comfort of the home. We deal, you see, with a bewildering variety of things in the Eight Halls. Hammock, bed, chair, table, you can make this new thing what you will of these four lovely things. One single appliance it is which can be converted into all these.

Britain is to the fore in the hall given up to alimentation. Mustard (the noble and world-renowned Colman, of course), food for cattle and food for infants, foods for all, man and beast—and for man's womankind—chocolate, pickles, cornflour, jam . . . and stronger things than jam. For Messrs. Buchanan and Gilbey (to these be the praise of men) show of their goods, and the best pictorial scena in the whole of the gallery is the latter firm's tableau of the Chateau Loudenne, in the foreground a cart on the vintage acres drawn by a couple of oxen.

Variety again—for with memories of the year's great doings in the matter of making, or trying to make, a horrid vast Twopenny Tube of the beautiful fields of air that stretch between our puny heads and the sky, many find chief interest in the beautiful model of an airship shown by the Société Française des Ballons Dirigeables and the Antoinette motor that Farman and Delagrange used in their successful flights.

The only thing about looking at these is that, by a process of automatic aeronautics of the mind, the spectator thinks immediately of his own aching feet, and persuades himself that they are tired than ever. And wearily he drags them along the floor of the Eight Halls to the main exit or the beginning of the grounds, whichever way his journey lies.

GILBERT DOMECCO.



THE INDIAN ARENA—THE JUGGLERS.

## COUNTLESS OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

### THE SIDESHOWS.



ON THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

"COUNTLESS NOVEL ATTRACTIONS . . ." This is how the list of amusements was headed in the regular newspaper advertisement of the Franco-British ; but it was hardly as bad as that. They were not quite countless. There was an end. Else in truth the visitor who had sideshowed not wisely but too well would have been made permanently deaf ; and even now I am pretty certain there are men who wake from sleep with a sudden start, thinking wildly that they still hear the rattling of the Canadian Toboggan.

Flip-Flap and the Scenic Railway must take first place in popularity. I deal with Sir Flip-Flap first, that monster-boomed thing, because it has achieved the crowning British honour of having a particularly inane music hall song written round it—"Take me on the Flip-Flap, do, dear, do." Sir Flip-Flap's fee



AN EXHIBITION SHOWMAN.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD AND SCENIC RAILWAY.

was a shilling at the first, in accordance with the general exhibition law, "Thou shalt not keep thy hand in thy pocket for long," but like a wise knight, he came down to sixpence, and so one bank holiday census testifies that he swung close on 13,000, people in the air, and took £640 in so doing.

A 100 horse power motor

moved those two giant arms, 150 feet long, to a height of 176 feet, carrying 96 people in its twin cars.

Its trip was two and a half minutes of sensation. A steady worker, it lifted the great arms with a beautiful steadiness, till the watcher on the Court of Honour Balcony saw one arm exactly cover the other. And for the passenger, the thrill of seeing the other car pass in the wide air—those fellow adventurers across the deep gulf of space, mere dots behind the grille—remains above all else. There was an art in Flip-Flapping in knowing just when to look at the distant view, in an effort to locate the Crystal Palace beyond the four shafts that marked Chelsea, just when to transfer the gaze (if you dared) at the wonder of the White City far beneath with its crawling specks. For the journey was none too long for the true air-voyager, so that your eyes had to hurry to get the full measure of impression. Many women flip-flapped with shut eyes and tightened hands, seeing nothing but mind-images of fear. For them was only the brave joy of saying they had been on the Flip-Flap. "Of course we weren't going to miss *that*."

The Gold Book with its foolish certificate that the possessor had



SENEGALESE CHILDREN.

## COUNTLESS OTHER ATTRACTIONS



THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

visited the Exhibition! If the Flip-Flap proprietors had awarded a tiny souvenir medal to each traveller, there would have been some sense in it. For when you had flip-flapped, there was a brave deed done often, its merit depending upon the exact degree of nervousness of the flip-flapper.

It was the Scenic Railway that made the hit of the hurdy-gurdy attractions of the White City. Incidentally, it gave you real value for your sixpence, for the thrills of the scenicker spread out over ten minutes, though "Scenic" was by way of a misnomer. You travelled over a mile and a half of track, in the long twisting cars. "Have you been on the Scenic?" was the question put to every friend met: you were no White Citizen till the rush of the Scenic had wrung joyous laughter from you if you were a man, screams if you were a woman. It was the main attraction, the "King-Pin" show, and the syndicate of Americans who controlled it, together with other side shows, shook hands with themselves and were mightily pleased men.

Towards evening and on holiday afternoons the waiting queue for the Scenic doubled back on itself snakewise in several lines, and the waiting crowds on the platform scrambled for places in the cars as if at a Tube station for the later trains home. It was the switchback known of old, but a switchback edition de luxe, gilt-edged and hundred powered. Steadily to the top, then a fine rush down into the dip and up a shorter slope, at whose summit the driver laid back



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



WAITING FOR THE FLIP-FLAP.

fresh views of the glittering city in seconds on the mountain tops before once more you took the plunge.

When you grew wise you stopped on the car for the next time round, making a rush for either the front or the last seat, which doubled the fun. For most people, once on the Scenic was not enough, and they returned during the day. It

deserved its success, for where several of the sideshows were poor and sorry "catchpenny" things, the ride was the best value for the sixpenny fee.

The Canadian Toboggan was switchback ordinaire, and the Spiral Railway was of the same family, though in this latter the structure itself, in part, moved with the swift car for greater sensation. The Scenic was king of all. A bank holiday census showed 20,000 riders and takings £625.

In the Ceylon Village you

on his brakes, and the long car, seemingly by the skin of its wheels, swept round an impossible corner and down into the dip again.

Toilsomely, another hill, and a fleeting glimpse of the Exhibition, a delicious breasting of the air in an ecstasy of swift motion, this time in full view of the onlooking crowds and the hungry waiting lines—at this dip, always, the cries and screams and ohs! of the women were the most loud. Finally into a tunnel, where crude scenes of lady bathers, monstrous heads, and the like suited the easy holiday humour and drew further "ohs!"—then back to the starting platform and to let a fresh crowd on. Night on the Scenic added a keener thrill to the ride as you swung by the coloured lights and caught



THE ELEPHANT RIDE.



WAITING THEIR TURN FOR THE SCENIC RAILWAY.

## COUNTLESS OTHER ATTRACTIONS



NATIVE MANGLING CLOTHES.

begging for coppers—an objectionable feature both in this and the Senegal Village. The Indian Arena gave a somewhat dreary show under the high sounding titles of the programme. Nautch girls chanted monotonously in front of a third-rate Rajah; natives balanced on bamboo poles—the most attractive feature of the performance—and the grand finale was a much advertised elephant hunt. Men galloped round on horses, shouting and making only a passable attempt at realness and vivacity; and then, after three real gun-shots, a couple of elephants appeared at the top of a chute and slid down into the water at the foot. Some said they were pushed down, and there was discussion as to whether cruelty was practised on the beasts. Cruelty or no cruelty, it was not a tremendously inspiring spectacle, though it may have been “grand,” as billed.

Old London in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was interestingly personated by a series of careful models—London as it appeared just before the Great Fire. Generally speaking, it was a most interesting exhibit, this tour back in the dead years to see Old London Bridge, Cheapside, St. Paul's, Parliament House and the Abbey as they were then. The most popular feature of Old London was the man in costume outside the building, who passed doleful days with his feet fixed in stocks, to call attention to the show. He, too, sold postcards—a feature of many of the side-shows was the peddling of postcards in connection with them.

walked into a busy Ceylon street, where the juggler and the snake charmer, the wrestler and the astrologer, played their parts, and native craftsmen went busily at their work for European eyes to see. A dwarf Tamil woman, no more than four feet high, had four languages at her command to entertain the cosmopolitan visitors, and Ceylonese children showed sheer talent in



THE PHOTOCOPPER.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

The Johnstown Flood gave an actual representation of the evening in 1889, when a reservoir in the Allegheny Mountains overflowed owing to rainstorms, and the millions of tons of water thus let loose swept down to overwhelm Johnstown and destroy 2,500 people. Not a cheerful subject for a



THE FLIP-FLAP.

holiday crowd to witness, and there will be few to defend the glaring bad taste in reproducing such a terrible disaster for the purposes of profit.

More pleasant was the model of a Working Colliery, exhibited by two brothers of Keir Hardie, M.P. Here six model engines hauled trucks of coal along the ways to the shafts; an engine pumped water out of the mine, and a tiny locomotive dragged the laden trucks to the waiting steamer. Stereomatos was a French novelty, projecting any solid substance with full stereoscopic effect on to a screen, enlarged to any size and in its natural colours. Pharaoh's Daughter was an illusion, which presented the spectacle of that lady slowly changing from her mummy state to warm life, and slowly returning to the tomb again. Among other attractions were the Tudor House and the Spider's Web. In the latter, people paid to get mazed and lost (the exhibition visitor does not demand too much in his entertainments), and walked round and round walled places to find no exit, or floundered pathetically on devilish staircases that slipped and bumped.

With a few exceptions, the shows of the White City were not brilliant (and rarely novel), although they appeared to be rare good money coiners.

D. H. Q.



YOUTHFUL SENEGALESE.

# THE GOLD HUMBUG BOOK.

It cometh to pass that I walk of a morning adown the flags of the Court of Honour, musing on beautiful things. Uprises a lady who lieth in wait (and in other ways, perdie!), and she saith, "Would you like to sign your name in the GOLD BOOK, Sir? 'Tis only a shilling."

I answer, "You have it the wrong way about. If I sign my name, it is you who should pay me a shilling for the labour of so doing." But, sneering, she disdaineth argument, and I pass on, merry in the discovery of this new thing. For the predatory genius who invented the GOLD BOOK found the idea swiftly in an evil night, and it burst suddenly on the White City—twelve stalls in different places, each with a monstrous early Victorian album, wherein you signed your name and received (ye pocket-rifling gods of tin!) a certificate that you had visited the Exhibition. For sixpence you received certificate with a red seal; for a shilling you had certificate with a gilt seal.

The best thing in booby-traps—I must always pay honour to any best thing. The racing crook with his upturned umbrella, his furtive eye for the police, and his brief gospel of "Find the Lady, gentlemen," was child-brained compared to the master mind that created the idea of the GOLD BOOK and underlined the last word in inanity. It was all so beautifully vague, though girls sat calmly at the receipt of custom with explanations. There were going to be 250,000,000 names in the GOLD BOOK. Then they were all to be bound together, the first page containing the signatures of King Edward and other notable visitors.

"What then?"

"Oh, *then!* They'll be put, *I think*, in the British Museum.

Why were you not true artists, dear lady attendants of the GOLD BOOK? Why did you not tell Balham, Streatham, and Walham Green, whom you persuaded to sign, that King Edward, the Sultan of Turkey, and Marie Lloyd had faithfully promised to send a bar of chocolate and a letter of thanks to all who signed in the gold book, the gold bug book, the gold humbug book?

Then, I think, there would not have been such stout portions of the six gold books pathetically unused in their brave gilt. Certainly you were very good. You sent the certificate to the signers in a neat useful roll, charging a penny extra; and if you buy a good pair of lenses, and pay to get them adjusted scientifically, you can make a passable telescope out of a cardboard roll. At least, I think so.

Designers of the White City money-hooks, this was your crowning achievement. Take, with my compliments, the figurative crown I give. You deserve a knighthood; but at that thought I am filled with grief; I am *desolé*. I am very sorry. I am out of stock, or you should have one with pleasure.

HERBERT SHAW.



## “OUTSIDE.”

ALBERT, John and Dick (“such a nice lad, and so gentlemanly”) take their aunts or their girls or their cousins up from the country to the White City, and spend lavishly and comport themselves gorgeously, in the manner of the young man from Tooting who is cutting a cavalier dash. But let Albert, John, or Dick fare never so well and spend never so much (yea, though he wind up in the last brilliant hour with presents of milk chocolate to take home) and he does not arrange for the going home so that there is no fretful waiting for bus or tram, he shall get the cold hand and the frozen eye from the females he escorts, and their esteem of his prowess as a cavalier shall go down with a mighty thud.

The Tube : if that is your way, you are, to speak vulgarly, on a winner. But the Tube serves not everywhere. Brixton, are you? Albert, it is going to be a hard job, if you have small wisdom, and your cortège is getting more fretful and bad tempered and scorning every time that the clinging dots hang in vain, dragging to the rail of that Wormwood Scrubbs and Herne Hill bus.

Oh, that crowding under the fierce lights of the Tube entrance, that surging which blocks the road ! All the wonders of the City seen—all the journeys of the City done—and the whole City forgotten in that fearful and desperate desire for the doors of home again, and the dragging tired miles in packed stuffy vehicles that intervene between the crowds and their desire. As by a miracle, all these you see here, as you stand and watch, will in two hours or so have forced their tired selves into different parts of vague and frightful London.

What discomfort, that hot travelling, wedged in between children and stout women, whom to sit next to is a purgatory, at least for me ! And in every heart the unspoken thought : “I wish, almost, I had not come.” I have travelled that way, I have changed from tube to train, I have changed from bus to District, I have waited sickly on dreary platforms of the Underground. I have followed the progress homeward of a family, tempers of man and woman growing thin and snappy, I have seen the poor children tired to death of Exhibition and of being acidly told that “I’ll never bring *you* out any more, that’s one thing,” drop to troubled sleep even in the crowded noisy carriage, the treasured picture book of Canada falling from their limp hands.

It is a terrible fighting, that struggle which begins outside the Wood Lane entrance, and is continued for many miles beyond the ken of Wood Lane. It is more terrible on Saturday night, when half-a-million people, about the hour of nine or ten, suddenly remember that they have homes.

Do you notice that man close by? Do you see that his face is calm and untroubled, that he walks lightly and without care, when all around him people appear to be in a kind of fever of anxiety and fear? He alone is master of himself in this fighting time. He lives at Shepherd’s Bush, the best place in all the world to live in at this hour.

H. S.



RICKSHAW MEN.

## IN CHARIOTS AND CARS.

### WHITE CITY JOURNEYS

#### BY EARTH AND AIR AND WATER.

It is possible that many visitors came away without learning the real secret of the Exhibition. Wherefore that secret is here laid bare.

The Franco-British was, chiefly, a huge and a Catholic riding school. Catholic, because it gave to its eager pupils riding lessons for no one animal or no one thing, and you learnt how to

ride in nearly twenty ways, on the earth, in air, or on water, on levels or up troublous steeps—and even on a mat.

Start right away on your walkless tour in the Wood Lane Gallery: here, for a penny, a moving staircase saves you the trouble of walking down the steps at the end. Then through the crowded hall that leads on to the Court of Honour . . . and now you need walk no more. Step into a swan boat, driven by one-man power, and on that explore the waterways.

Or you can do the same voyage in a launch. Not a good sailor? In that case, the polite chairmen wait. The chair tour soon became one of the big features of the grounds.

The Exhibition chairs are specials, and the propellers are smart and polite men, and the warning bicycle bell they ring to clear the path is in itself sufficient novelty. Young and old are glad of the chairs, and the best and most leisurely survey of the whole grounds is obtained by their use.

Of evenings they suit well my lady on her way to the Garden Club or Paillard's to dine. The chair removes her from the pressing crowds that merely walk, behind her the bell on the handle rings, and the ordinary people give her right of way. It is as it should be: she is different to them.

Let her pass on to her dinner under softly-shaded lamps. You can leave your chair, and, with a walk of not more than three feet, embark on the delightful adventure of a trip in a rickshaw, pulled by a brown



A SWAN BOAT.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

clothed native at a loping trot. He needs no bell to make straight his path—he stays not nor swerves, shouting a jargon of English and his own tongue.

The delight of little children at this novel journeying is the prettiest thing. They sit back in the light rickshaw with dangling legs, unafraid of any rickshaw speed, and bubble with laughter on all the world. The sad thing is that it ends too.



THE HELTER-SKELTER.

crushingly on its way, and its noise is a curse to people anywhere near it.

Your air journey is, of course, on the Flip-Flap, and your mountain journey is the Scenic Railway, that crawled you to the tops and flung you into the valleys. Near cousins of the Flip-Flap, if not so popular, are the Spiral Railway and the Toboggan, and on these the riding lessons are breathless and severe. In Ballymaclinton you can swerve and jolt on an Irish jaunting-car. Finally, your vehicle is just a mat. Bearing your precious mat, you lift on a moving staircase to the top of a slippery winding way. And on your mat you slide from top to bottom as best you can. It is not the proper use for mats, but the hunter of a new sensation defies convention.

Then your riding lessons are finished—till the lust comes on you for repeat doses. And with a strange jumble of motion-memories in your brain, and a weird lassitude in your legs, you set out on a brave attempt to discover if you have forgotten how to walk.

soon. For them, too, are the rides on elephant, camel and donkey, but all these experienced, it is certain that they would award the Grand Prix of the whole Exhibition to the rickshaw rides.

Your rickshaw ride finished, the Renard train waits. Far heavier locomotion, for the cars carry a weight of four to five tons each. Neither bell nor shout does the Renard need, for it lumbers

H. S.

# THE GREAT STADIUM.



THESE are a few interesting facts about the Stadium. It covers a space of about 1,000 by 700 feet and contains a banked cycle track of two-and-three-quarter laps to the mile, and a running track three laps to the mile. The Swimming Bath is 350 feet long, with a varying depth of 4 to 14 feet. The remainder of the arena inside the tracks is turfed, and measures about 700 feet by 300 feet.

In the mind of any who saw the great games, the Stadium remains as a splendid field of splendid battle on the part of struggling eager men; as a mammoth trial-ground where watchers as eager as the battling men of thews forgot utterly that they were British and cold and of the Northern Islands, and stood up (nay, leaped up as though a power lifted them) to roar

again and again in their fordone and cracking throats as a man jumped his wheel, just passed the bend, into a last super-sprint for the line not far away . . . or as a beautiful runner flung up his arms to breast the tape, with a fighter as worthy at his very heels . . . or as a swimmer of these our islands, of whom we had despaired, cleft and troubled the water (with the arms of a god) in the desperate overhauling and triumphal winning for the colours he bore . . . or as—Oh, any of twenty sweet and wonderful strivings that lifted us still again with giant sounds greater than words in our throats, and finally to that most blessed roar when our own flag scurried awkwardly up the staff before our eyes. Were not these moments of the wine of Life? Did not our shoutings give us rightful part in the hour of the men who won?

I call to mind the finish of a great race on a great afternoon, when the magic of fine attempts of the fighters in the arena had laid sheer hands upon our souls, and I and the other watchers did what we could to roar the very rain down on us.

No man could keep his seat. And by me stood a poor souled weakling, a man of little mind, whom no magic of the fine combating could touch—no magic, I know, but the dry dust magic of a banking account. And as I live, while all about him roared till they could roar no longer, he kept his lips shut and did not raise a cheer. His hands moved thinly—that was all. I think I could have slain him had I remained by the side of this skeleton at the feast of deserved and (to all proper men) imperative acclaiming. I fled down over the seats till I joined the ranks where all shouted and not a man was dumb. He was no proper man, this silence at such a time. No blood, but water, filled his veins.



## FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION



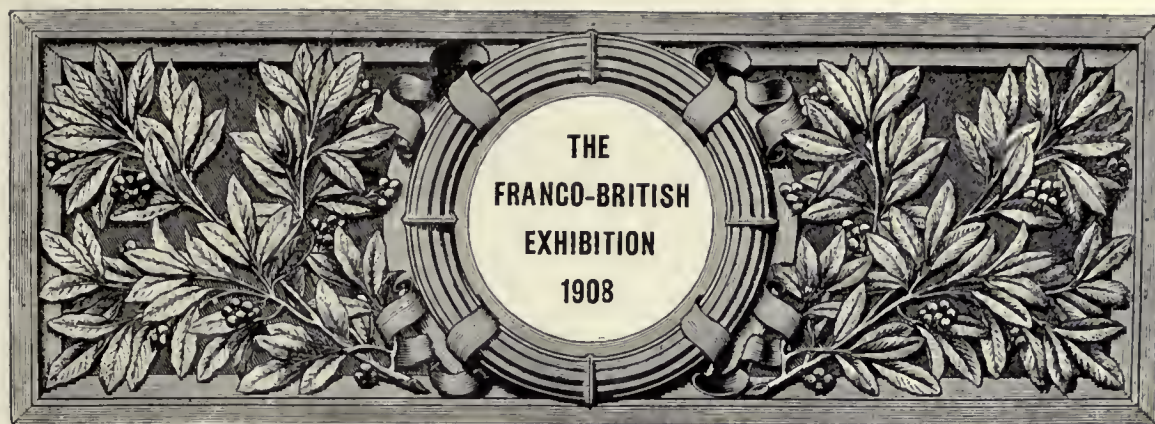
VIEW IN THE STADIUM DURING THE MARATHON RACE.

These things set down above I have seen, and with my brother watchers I have paid homage. For these I give full thankfulness. These memories make my souvenir of the Stadium, and wipe out from the mind all the unpleasant things that are linked with the Stadium's name. I forget there were often empty seats around the track of the fighting men. I forget that there were once ugly markings on the running ground, and that astonished judges, aghast at ill things done, broke the tape and called "No race . . . ." And I forget, willingly, the irritating waving and parading of doll-like flags that were strewn with stars.

It occurs to me that this was to be an article on the Stadium, and that you who read this, and were not as lucky as I . . . that you who did not see any of these splendid things done, will be justly angry at these my babblings. What can I do? I who trade words for coin make to you my very sincere apologies. It is sometimes permitted to us poor scribblers (by your grace alone, I grant you) that our own minds creep into the pens we ply.

H. S.





## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION ... ..	3
ARCHITECTURE ... ..	9
FIBROUS PLASTER ... ..	14
BRITISH FINE ART ... ..	17
FRENCH FINE ART ... ..	105
COLLECTIVITÉ DÉLIEUX ... ..	157
FRENCH DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITS ... ..	181
BRITISH DECORATIVE ART EXHIBITS ... ..	191
BRITISH APPLIED ARTS ... ..	194
FRENCH APPLIED ARTS ... ..	196
MORRIS & COMPANY ... ..	203
PILKINGTON'S TILES AND POTTERY ... ..	209
FASHION EXHIBIT ... ..	217
BEAUTY AND FURS ... ..	223
SAINT-ETIENNE COLLECTIVITÉ ... ..	227
PALACE OF WOMEN'S WORK ... ..	231
MOËT & CHANDON'S PAVILION ... ..	233
LOAN COLLECTION ... ..	245
MACHINERY HALLS ... ..	259
BRITISH TEXTILES AND CHEMICALS ... ..	263
INDIAN PAVILION ... ..	266
AUSTRALIAN PAVILION ... ..	271
NEW ZEALAND ... ..	273
CANADIAN PAVILION ... ..	274
FRENCH COLONIES ... ..	277
CITY OF PARIS PAVILION ... ..	281
THE GARDENS OF TWO NATIONS ... ..	285
BALLYMACLINTON ... ..	287



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
GALLERIES, Uxbridge Road to Wood Lane ... ..	289
COUNTLESS OTHER ATTRACTIONS ... ..	291
GOLD HUMBUG BOOK ... ..	297
OUTSIDE ... ..	298
IN CHARIOTS AND CARS... ..	299
STADIUM ... ..	301
CONTENTS ... ..	303
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS ... ..	304



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Uxbridge Road Entrance</i> - - -	3	<i>British Fine Art Section (continued).—</i>	
<i>French Restaurant at night</i> - - -	5	CALDERON, W. F. <i>Market Day</i> - -	46
<i>Preparing Cement for the Soil</i> - - -	7	COLLINS, W., R.A. <i>Cromer Sands</i> -	34
<i>Court of Honour</i> - - -	9	CONSTABLE, J., R.A. <i>Dedham Vale</i> -	18
<i>Wood Lane Entrance</i> - - -	10	COLTON, W. R., A.R.A. <i>The Crown of</i>	
<i>British Applied Arts Palace</i> - - -	10	<i>Love</i> - - -	95
<i>Cascade</i> - - -	11	COTMAN, F. G., R.I. <i>Moonlight Scene</i>	82
<i>Court of Arts and Palace of Women's Work</i>	11	CROFTS, ERNEST, R.A. <i>Charles I.'s</i>	
<i>Grand Restaurant</i> - - -	12	<i>Execution</i> - - -	41
<i>Hall of Music</i> - - -	12	DADD, FRANK, R.I. <i>Beer and Skittles</i> -	54
<i>Garden Club</i> - - -	13	DICKSEE, FRANK, R.A. <i>The Ideal</i> -	65
<i>Palace of Fine Arts</i> - - -	13	DIXON, JOHN. <i>The Misses Crewe</i> -	87
<i>Modelling in Fibrous Plaster</i> - - -	14	DRESSLER, CONRAD. <i>Bacchante</i> - -	101
<i>Preparing Mouldings</i> - - -	15	DRURY, ALFRED, A.R.A. <i>Circe</i> - -	99
<i>Constructing a Cupola</i> - - -	16	DU MAURIER, GEORGE. <i>Hardly Con-</i>	
<i>British Sculpture Hall</i> - - -	85	<i>sistent</i> - - -	92
<b><i>British Fine Art Section.—</i></b>		FARQUHARSON, J., A.R.A. <i>The Shortening</i>	
ALLINGHAM, MRS. H. <i>Drying Clothes</i>	78	<i>Winter's Day drawing to a close</i> -	58
ALMA-TADEMA, SIR L., O.M., R.A.		FISHER, S. MELTON. <i>Dreams</i> - -	69
<i>A Dedication to Bacchus</i> - -	45	FRAMPTON, GEORGE J., R.A. <i>Mother</i>	
<i>— A Hearty Welcome</i> - - -	76	<i>and Son</i> - - -	94
BATES, HARRY, A.R.A. <i>Homer</i> - -	102	FRITH, W. P., C.V.O., R.A. <i>Derby</i>	
BEARDSLEY, AUBREY. <i>La Femme In-</i>		<i>Day</i> - - -	44
<i>comprise</i> - - -	90	FULLEYLOVE, JOHN, R.I. <i>My Garden,</i>	
BONNINGTON, R. P. <i>The Fish Market</i> -	28	<i>Hampstead</i> - - -	72
BRANGWYN, FRANK, A.R.A. <i>The Cider</i>		GAINSBOROUGH, T., R.A. <i>Landscape</i>	
<i>Press</i> - - -	51	<i>and Cattle</i> - - -	26
BROCK, THOMAS, R.A., P.S.B.S. <i>Eve...</i>	98	<i>— Portrait of Anne, Duchess of</i>	
<i>— Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.</i> -	96	<i>Cumberland</i> - - -	20
BROWN, FORD MADOX. <i>Work</i> - -	29	<i>— Portrait of Lady Bate Dudley</i> -	33
BUCKMAN, E., A.R.W.S. <i>Street Cries</i>	78	<i>— The Blue Boy</i> - - -	61
BURNE-JONES, SIR E., BART. <i>Le Chant</i>		GILBERT, SIR JOHN, R.A., P.R.W.S.,	
<i>d'Amour</i> - - -	37	<i>The Field of the Cloth of Gold</i> -	60
<i>— The Golden Stairs</i> - - -	31	GOTTO, BASIL. <i>Brother Ruffino</i> - -	101

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<i>British Fine Art Section (continued).—</i>	
GOW, ANDREW C., R.A. <i>The Requisitionists</i> - - - - -	83
GREGORY, CHARLES, R.W.S. <i>Luther's Abstraction</i> - - - - -	84
GREGORY, E. J., R.A., P.R.I. <i>Boulter's Lock</i> - - - - -	43
GREEN, VALENTINE. <i>The Ladies Waldegrave</i> - - - - -	86
HAITE, G. C., R.I., R.B.A. <i>A Scene in Morocco</i> - - - - -	42
HASSALL, JOHN, R.I. <i>Hark! Hark! The Dogs do Bark</i> - - - -	77
HAVES, EDWIN, R.H.A. <i>Granton Harbour</i> - - - - -	65
HERKOMER, SIR HUBERT VON, C.V.O., R.A. <i>The Last Muster</i> - - -	48
HOGARTH, W. <i>A Card Party</i> - - -	22
HOLLAND, JAMES, R.W.S. <i>Wooded Scene—A Salmon Trap</i> - - -	22
HOLMAN-HUNT, W., O.M. <i>Isabella and the Pot of Basil</i> - - - -	60
— <i>Morning Prayer</i> - - - -	73
HOPPNER, J., R.A. <i>Mrs. Williams</i> -	17
— <i>Portrait of Miss Judith Beresford</i> -	63
— <i>The Sisters</i> - - - - -	25
HORNEL, E. A. <i>Flowers for the Temple</i> -	70
LAING, J. G., R.W.S. <i>St. Nicholas, Amsterdam</i> - - - - -	79
LANDSEER, SIR E., R.A. <i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i> - - - -	50
— <i>The Monarch of the Glen</i> - -	27
LAVERY, JOHN, R. S. A., R. H. A. <i>Polymnia</i> - - - - -	57
LAWES-WITTEWRONGE, SIR CHARLES, BART. <i>The Death of Dirce</i> - -	97
LEADER, B. W., R.A. <i>Green Pastures and Still Waters</i> - - - -	71
LEIGHTON, LORD, P.R.A. <i>Summer Moon</i> - - - - -	35
LESLIE, G. D., R.A. <i>In Time of War</i> -	55
LEWIS, J. F., P.R.W.S. <i>In the Bey's Garden</i> - - - - -	40
LINNELL, JOHN, R.W.S. <i>The Coming Storm</i> - - - - -	36
LINTON, SIR JAMES D., R.I. <i>Abandoned</i> -	81
LOGSDAIL, W. <i>An Early Victorian</i> -	57
MAY, PHIL. <i>What Price this for Margit?</i> -	85
MCADELL, J. <i>Duchess of Ancaster</i> -	88
MILLAIS, SIR J. E., BART., P.R.A. <i>Autumn Leaves</i> - - - -	30

	PAGE
<i>British Fine Art Section (continued).—</i>	
MILLAIS, SIR J. E., BART., P.R.A. <i>The Black Brunswicker</i> - - -	39
MORLAND, GEORGE. <i>The Benevolent Sportsman</i> - - - - -	42
MULLER, W. J. <i>The Chess Players</i> -	47
MURRAY, DAVID, R.A., A.R.S.A., A.R.W.S. <i>The Tees—Snowhall Reach</i> - - - - -	58
NICOLL, ERSKINE, A.R.A. <i>Praties and Bootermilk</i> - - - - -	59
ORPEN, WILLIAM, N.E.A.C. <i>The Valuers</i> -	59
PARSONS, ALFRED, A.R.A., R.W.S. <i>Megève, Savoy</i> - - - -	80
PERUGINI, C. E. <i>A Summer Shower</i> -	75
POOLE, P. F., R.A. <i>The Seventh Day of the Decameron</i> - - - -	38
RACKHAM, ARTHUR, A.R.W.S. <i>An Afternoon when Kensington Gardens were white with Snow</i> - - -	91
RAEBURN, SIR HENRY, R.A., R.S.A. <i>Portrait of Alicia, Lady Steuart of Coltness</i> - - - - -	32
REYNOLDS, SIR JOSHUA, P.R.A. <i>Lady Crosbie</i> - - - - -	21
ROMNEY, G. <i>Lady Hamilton as a "Bacchante"</i> - - - - -	19
ROBERTS, DAVID, R.A. <i>The Ruins of Luxor</i> - - - - -	82
ROSSETTI, D. G. <i>Mariana</i> - - - -	63
— <i>The Bower Meadow</i> - - - -	23
ROTHENSTEIN, WILLIAM, N.E.A.C. <i>Carrying back the Law</i> - - -	56
— <i>The Doll's House</i> - - - -	68
SARGENT, JOHN S., R.A. <i>Portrait of the Ladies Acheson</i> - - - - -	49
SHANNON, J. J., A.R.A. <i>Portrait of Miss Kitty Shannon</i> - - - -	53
SIMS, CHARLES, A.R.A. <i>The Storm</i> -	62
SMITH, CARLTON, R.I. <i>The Crystal</i> -	83
SMYTHE, LIONEL P., A.R.A., R.W.S. <i>Within Sound of the Sea</i> - - -	66
SOLOMON, SOLOMON, J., R.A. <i>The Allegory</i> - - - - -	67
STOKES, ADRIAN. <i>French Landscape</i> -	52
STONE, MARCUS, R.A. <i>In Love</i> - -	76
STOREY, G. A., A.R.A. <i>Bad News from the War</i> - - - - -	60
STOTT, EDWARD, A.R.A. <i>The Reaper and the Maid</i> - - - - -	72
THORNYCROFT, W. HAMO., R.A. <i>Artemis</i> -	100



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<i>British Fine Art Section (continued).—</i>	
TOLLEMACHE, THE HON. DUFF. <i>The Lizard</i> - - - - -	62
TURNER, J. M. W., R.A. <i>Coblentz</i> - - - - -	79
— <i>Snowdon; Afterglow</i> - - - - -	80
WATERHOUSE, J. W., R.A. <i>Hylas and the Nymphs</i> - - - - -	64
WATSON, J. <i>Mrs. Abington</i> - - - - -	89
WATTS, G. F., O.M., R.A. <i>Orlando pursuing the Fata Morgana</i> - - - - -	24
— <i>Portrait of Lord Tennyson</i> - - - - -	74
WILLIAMS, TERRICK, R.I. <i>Pots and Pans</i> - - - - -	66
<i>French Fine Art Section.—</i>	
ADAN, EMILE. <i>La Fille du Passeur</i> - - - - -	125
ADLER, JULES. <i>La Soupe des Pauvres</i> - - - - -	140
ALLOUARD, HENRI. <i>Richelieu à la Rochelle</i> - - - - -	155
AMAN-JEAN, EDMOND. <i>Portrait de Miss Ella Carmichael</i> - - - - -	143
BASTIEN LEPAGE, JULES. <i>Les Foins</i> - - - - -	115
BESNARD, ALBERT. <i>Portraits de Mme. Mante et de ses Enfants</i> - - - - -	133
BLANCHE, J. E. <i>Auguste Rodin</i> - - - - -	119
BONHEUR, M. ROSA. <i>Moutons dans les Pyrénées</i> - - - - -	108
BONNAT, LÉON. <i>Saint Vincent de Paul prend les feurs d'un Galérien au Bagne de Marseille</i> - - - - -	109
— <i>Portrait de M. Renan</i> - - - - -	118
BONVIN, FRANÇOIS. <i>La Servante apprêtant la table</i> - - - - -	107
BROWN, JOHN LEWIS. <i>Le Vainqueur de Berny</i> - - - - -	132
CARO-DELVAILLE, HENRY. <i>La Dame à l'Hortensia</i> - - - - -	131
CARPEAUX, T. B. <i>Flore</i> - - - - -	156
— <i>Jeune Fille à la Coquille</i> - - - - -	153
CARRIÈRE, EUGÈNE. <i>Maternité</i> - - - - -	142
CAZIN, J. C. <i>Soir de Fête</i> - - - - -	129
CHAPLIN, CHARLES. <i>Les Bulles de Savon</i> - - - - -	113
CHASSERIAU, THÉODORE. <i>Venus Anadomène</i> - - - - -	111
CHAVANNES, PUVIS DE. <i>La Décollation de Saint Jean Baptiste</i> - - - - -	112
COROT, J. B. <i>L'Étang de Ville d'Avray</i> - - - - -	105
COTTET, CHARLES. <i>Soir au Pays de la Mer</i> - - - - -	116
COURBET, GUSTAVE. <i>La Sieste</i> - - - - -	124
DAWANT, ALBERT. <i>Dans la Mort Sebastopol</i> - - - - -	117

	PAGE
<i>French Fine Art Section (continued).—</i>	
DELACROIX, EUGÈNE. <i>Mirabeau et le Marquis de Dreux-Brézé</i> - - - - -	106
DELAUNAY, JULES ELIE. <i>La Peste</i> - - - - -	114
DETAILLE, EDOUARD. <i>Les Victimes du Devoir</i> - - - - -	145
DUBUFE, EDOUARD. <i>Clarisse Harlowe</i> - - - - -	105
DUEZ, ERNEST. <i>Ulysse Butin</i> - - - - -	119
DUPRÉ, JULES. <i>Bords de Rivière le soir</i> - - - - -	108
— <i>Coin de Forêt</i> - - - - -	141
DURAN, EMILE A. CAROLUS. <i>Portrait de Mme. Feydeau</i> - - - - -	137
FANTIN-LATOURE, HENRY. <i>Venus et les Amours</i> - - - - -	117
FRIANT, EMILE. <i>Portrait de M. G. Dubufe</i> - - - - -	140
GANDARA, A. DE LA. <i>Portrait de Mme. Ricciardi</i> - - - - -	143
GERVEX, HENRI. <i>Les Communiantes</i> - - - - -	130
GRANIÉ, JOSEPH. <i>Paysanne</i> - - - - -	142
HARPIGNES, HENRI. <i>Alpes Maritimes</i> - - - - -	136
HÉBERT. <i>Portrait de Mme. la Comtesse Pastré</i> - - - - -	135
HENNER, J. J. <i>Biblis</i> - - - - -	112
HEXAMER, F. <i>Gazouillis</i> - - - - -	155
ISABEY, L. EUGÈNE. <i>Monseigneur de Belzunce donnant la Communion aux Pestiférés de Marseille</i> - - - - -	127
INGRES, J. A. D. <i>La famille Stamaty</i> - - - - -	149
— <i>Mme. Leblanc</i> - - - - -	150
— <i>M. Leblanc</i> - - - - -	151
JEANNIOT, GEORGE. <i>Les Vagabonds</i> - - - - -	136
LAURENS, JEAN PAUL. <i>Les Hommes du Saint Office</i> - - - - -	125
LHERMITTE, LÉON. <i>La Mort et le Bûcheron</i> - - - - -	126
MANET, EDOUARD. <i>Le Liseur</i> - - - - -	110
— <i>Le Printemps</i> - - - - -	122
MEISSONIER, LOUIS ERNEST. <i>Le Déjeuner</i> - - - - -	123
— <i>L'Officier d'Etat-Major</i> - - - - -	121
MERCIE, ANTONIN. <i>Le Départ du Village</i> - - - - -	155
MICHEL, GUSTAVE. <i>La Pensée</i> - - - - -	155
MILLET, J. F. <i>Les Bûcherons</i> - - - - -	148
— <i>Les Muletiers</i> - - - - -	148
MOREAU, GUSTAVE. <i>Saint Georges</i> - - - - -	119
MOREAU, MATHURIN. <i>Le Sommeil</i> - - - - -	154
NOÛY, LECOMTE DU. <i>La Tristesse de Pharon</i> - - - - -	139

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
<i>French Fine Art Section (continued).—</i>	
PEUCH, DENYS. <i>La Seine</i> - - -	152
RENOIR, AUGUSTE. <i>Pêcheuses de Moules</i>	119
RODIN, AUGUSTE. <i>Mme. Eliseieff</i> -	152
ROLL, A. P. <i>En Été</i> - - -	134
ROYER, HENRI. <i>Le Départ des Burques</i>	141
SABATTÉ, FERNAND. <i>Le Pauvre</i> - -	146
SIDANER, HENRI LE. <i>La Sérénade</i> -	127
SIMON, LUCIEN. <i>Jour d'Été</i> - -	132
TISNE, JEAN LUCIEN. <i>Tout en fleurs</i> -	153
TOUCH, GASTON LA. <i>Le Bassin de</i> <i>Bacchus</i> - - -	139
TROYON, CONSTANT. <i>Le Troupeau</i> -	128
WILLETTE, ADOLPHE. <i>Parce Domine</i> -	120
ZIEM, F. <i>Grand Canal, Venice</i> - -	147
<i>British and French Sculpture Hall</i> - -	93
<i>British and French Sculpture</i> - - -	101
<i>Collectivité André Délieux.—</i>	
<i>Porch and Principal Entrance</i> - -	157
<i>Portrait of M. André Délieux</i> - -	158
<i>Principal Façade</i> - - -	159
<i>Central Gallery</i> - - -	160
<i>Salon of Polished Mahogany</i> - -	161
<i>Porcelaine Vase in Polychrome Appliqué</i>	162
<i>Walnut Library Table</i> - - -	163
<i>Decorative Overmantel</i> - - -	164
<i>Brass Vase, "Seaweed"</i> - - -	164
<i>Comb, by Henry Mialt</i> - - -	164
<i>Modern Salon</i> - - -	165
<i>Plaster Group, "Youth"</i> - - -	166
<i>Bedroom in Walnut</i> - - -	167
<i>Cloisonné Enamels on Gold</i> - - -	168
<i>Wrought Iron Grill</i> - - -	168
<i>Dining Room in Natural Oak</i> - -	169
<i>Marble and Ivory Statuette and Pedestal</i>	170
<i>Mahogany Cabinet with Marquetry Panel</i>	170
<i>Dining Room in Oak</i> - - -	171
<i>Neck-buckle, "Clouds"</i> - - -	172
<i>Pendant of Gold, Enamel and Pearls</i> -	172
<i>Pearwood Clock, carved with Grapes</i> -	172
<i>Dining Room Suite of Carved Oak</i> -	173
<i>Enamels</i> - - -	174
<i>Miniature Clock, "Roses"</i> - - -	175
<i>Cusped Dish of Plated Copper</i> - -	175
<i>"Mimosa" Cup and Saucer</i> - - -	176
<i>Leaded Glass Fire Screen</i> - - -	176
<i>Child's Frock of Velvet Appliqué</i> - -	177
<i>Gallia Cup in Silver, Gold, and Jewels</i> -	177

	PAGE
<i>Collectivité André Délieux (continued).—</i>	
<i>Cotton Tapestry, "The Good Hound"</i> -	178
<i>Cushion of Lace and Embroidered Batiste</i>	178
<i>Velvet Portière</i> - - -	179
<i>"1830" Miniature Ivory Bust</i> - -	179
<i>Reticule of Stamped Leather</i> - - -	180
<i>Central Hall of French Decorative Art</i> -	181
<i>Furniture of Queen Marie Antoinette</i> -	183
<i>Louis XV. Boudoir</i> - - -	185
<i>Commode after Riesener</i> - - -	186
<i>Savonnerie Carpet</i> - - -	188
<i>Secrétaire-Toilet Table</i> - - -	190
<i>Original Design for Decorative Art</i> <i>Pavilion</i> - - -	191
<i>Applied and Decorative Arts Pavilions</i> -	194
<i>French Applied Arts.—</i>	
<i>Objects of Art by MM. Boucheron</i> - -	196
<i>Diamond and Platinum Lace Brooch</i> -	196
<i>Diamond Necklace</i> - - -	197
<i>Emerald and Diamond Stomacher</i> - -	198
<i>Diamond and Platinum Lace Brooch</i> -	199
<i>Silver-gilt Toilet Set</i> - - -	199
<i>Exhibit of MM. Boin-Taburet</i> - -	200
<i>Table Centre and Side Ornaments</i> -	201
<i>Silver-Gilt Table Centre</i> - - -	202
<i>Morris &amp; Co.—</i>	
<i>Decorated Interior and Furniture</i> - -	203
<i>Inlaid Cabinet of Italian Walnut</i> - -	204
<i>Secrétaire Cabinet of Italian Walnut</i> -	205
<i>Mahogany Inlaid Commode</i> - - -	206
<i>"Primavera," Arras Tapestry</i> - -	207
<i>Inlaid Mahogany China Cabinet</i> - -	208
<i>Pilkington.—</i>	
<i>Perspective View of Exhibit</i> - - -	209
<i>Interior of Exhibit</i> - - -	210
<i>Front and Interior</i> - - -	211
<i>Tiles with Floral Designs</i> - - -	212
<i>Painted Vases</i> - - -	213
<i>Plate and Bowl</i> - - -	214
<i>Bowl and Vases</i> - - -	215
<i>Three-handled Cup</i> - - -	216
<i>Fashion Exhibits.—</i>	
<i>Satin Evening Dress</i> - - -	217
<i>Satin Soie Gown</i> - - -	217
<i>Evening Gown</i> - - -	218
<i>Evening Dress</i> - - -	218
<i>Ball Dress</i> - - -	219
<i>Décolletée Toilette</i> - - -	219



# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>Fashion Exhibits (continued).—</i>		<i>Loan Collection (continued).—</i>	
Toilette - - - - -	220	Elizabethan Council Table - - -	251
Outdoor Gown - - - - -	220	"Georgian" Room - - - - -	253
Perfumery Exhibit by L. T. Piver -	221	"William and Mary" Room - - -	255
Toilette - - - - -	222	Elizabethan Court Cupboard - - -	256
Cascade and Electric Launch - - -	222	Lacquer Cabinet on Charles II. Stand -	257
The King and President at P. M. Grunwaldt's Exhibit - - - - -	223	"Cageteuse" and Oak Chest, 1535 -	257
Ladies visiting P. M. Grunwaldt's Stand -	225	Commode decorated with painted Panels-	258
View of St. Etienne Exhibit - - - -	227	Corner of the Machinery Hall - - -	259
Hats, 1790 to 1830 - - - - -	229	Pilley and Aston's Exhibit - - - -	263
Costumes, 1822-1832 - - - - -	230	View of the Indian Pavilion - - - -	266
Hat, 1908 - - - - -	230	Corner of Indian Palace - - - - -	267
<i>Moët &amp; Chandon.—</i>		Carved Wood Trophy - - - - -	268
View of Pavilion - - - - -	233	Carved Wood Screen - - - - -	269
Portrait of M. Moët - - - - -	234	Bronze Figures - - - - -	269
The Entrance Hall - - - - -	235	Elephant Carved in Wood - - - - -	270
Plan of Establishment at Epernay -	236	Interior of Canadian Pavilion - - -	274
Dom Perignon tasting the Grapes -	237	Bear Pit outside Canadian Pavilion -	276
Page of M. Moët's Journal - - - -	238	Algerian Palace - - - - -	277
Faësimile of Address exhibited - -	239	Corner in the French Colonies - - -	278
Wholesale Wine Merchant's Licence -	240	Algerian Attendants - - - - -	279
Gathering Grapes - - - - -	241	Souks Algero Tunisiens - - - - -	280
Cellars containing New Wine - - -	241	Decorative Fountain outside Ville de Paris	281
Cellar with Millions of Bottles - -	242	City of Paris Pavilion - - - - -	283
Shaking of the Bottles - - - - -	242	Sundial in Machinery Gardens - - -	284
Signature of H. M. King Edward -	243	Scene in the Irish Village - - - - -	287
Bottling, Corking and Carrying - -	243	Indian Arena—The Jugglers - - - -	291
Champagne Bottles, 1741 to 1900 -	244	On the Scenic Railway - - - - -	291
<i>Loan Collection.—</i>		An Exhibition Showman - - - - -	291
"Queen Anne" Room - - - - -	245	The Johnstown Flood - - - - -	292
Inlaid Wardrobe Cabinet - - - - -	246	Senegalese Children - - - - -	292
Gaming Table of 1530 - - - - -	246	Scenic Railway - - - - -	293
"Georgian" Armchair - - - - -	246	Waiting for the Flip-Flap - - - - -	294
Chippendale Table - - - - -	247	Elephant Ride - - - - -	294
Jacobean Armchair - - - - -	247	Waiting their turn for the Scenic Railway	294
Jacobean Buffet - - - - -	248	Native Mangling Clothes - - - - -	295
"William and Mary" Chair - - - - -	248	The Photoscope - - - - -	295
Adam and Eve Chair - - - - -	248	The Flip-Flap - - - - -	296
"Chippendale" Room - - - - -	249	Youthful Senegalese - - - - -	296
Carved Mahogany Shaped Chippendale		Rickshaw Men - - - - -	299
Table - - - - -	251	A Swan Boat - - - - -	299
		The Helter Skelter - - - - -	300
		View in the Stadium - - - - -	302





BY APPOINTMENTS

# REDFERN



## Original & Exclusive Models

Smart Racing Gowns

Paris Millinery

Shooting Costumes

Lingerie & Corsets, etc.

---

### LONDON:

*Dressmakers, etc.,*

26-27, Conduit St., W.

*Furriers,*

27, New Bond St., W.

### PARIS:

242, Rue de Rivoli.



# FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

GROUP XIII A—CLASS 83.

(FRENCH SECTION).

## SAINT-ÉTIENNE

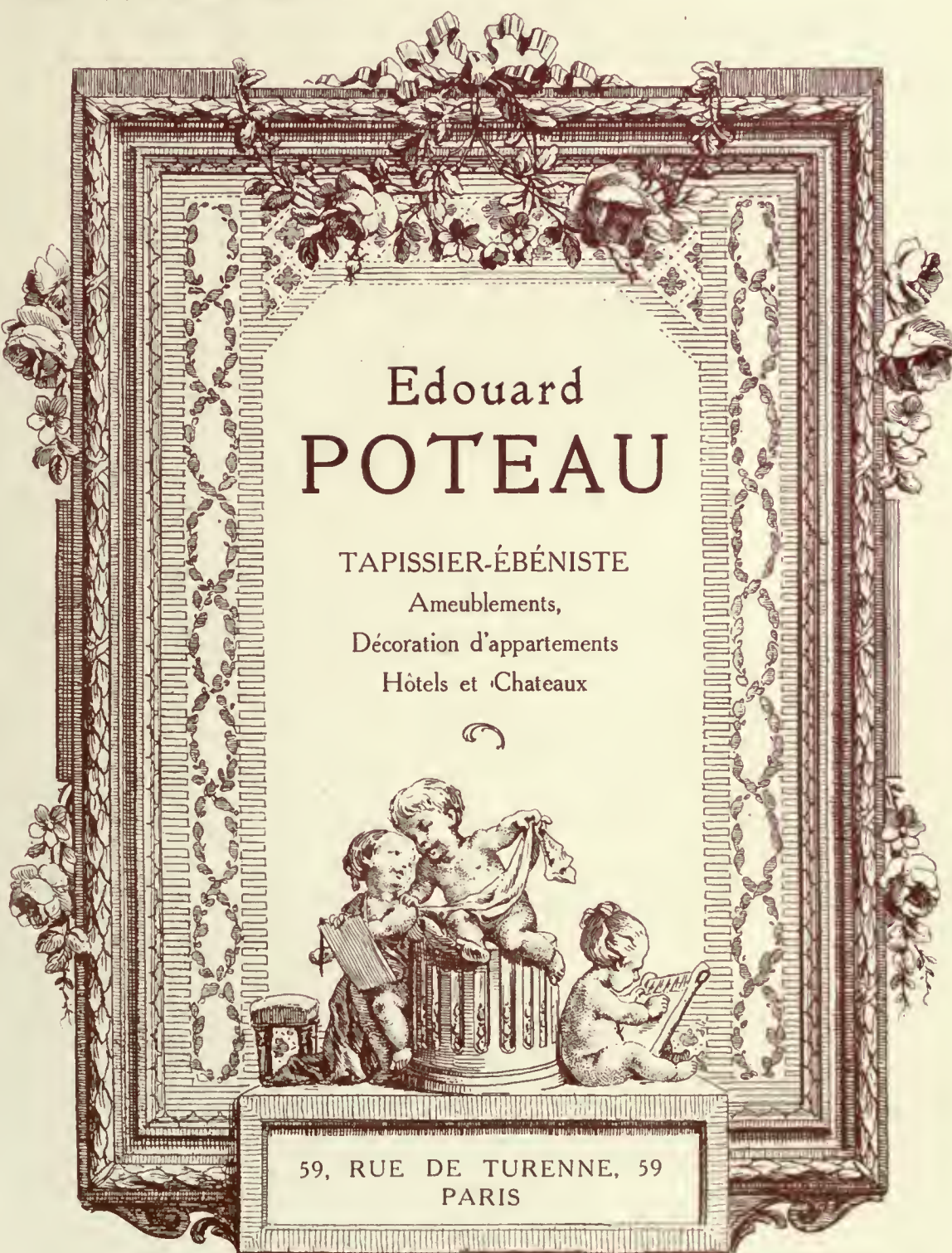
(LOIRE)

### Comité Stéphanois.

#### LIST OF EXHIBITORS.

- Balay (G.) & Cie., 5, rue de la République, Rubans velours, rubans et tissus imprimés.  
Brossy, Balouzet & Cie., 13, rue des Jardins, Rubans et velours haute nouveauté.  
Chaize Frères, 4, chemin du Guizay, Rubans imprimés.  
Chenouf & Bessy, 5, place Marengo, Rubans, écharpes, galons.  
Colcombet (F.) & Cie., 19, rue de la Bourse, Rubans en tous genres.  
David (J. B.), 16, rue de la Bourse, Rubans velours.  
Descours (Henri), 15, place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, Rubans velours.  
Deville (J. B.), 14, rue de la République, Rubans, écharpes, galons.  
Deville (Nicolas), 4, rue Forissier, Rubans, velours, spécialité de noirs.  
Epitalon Frères, 22, rue de la Bourse, Rubans unis et façonnés.  
Forest (J.) & Cie., 14, rue Buisson, Rubans et velours unis et façonnés.  
Fraisie Merley & Menu, 5, place Marengo, Rubans et velours.  
Giron Frères, 4, rue Richelandière, Rubans velours unis et façonnés, velours étoffe.  
Guinard (J.) & Davier, 6, rue de la Bourse, Rubans et soieries nouveauté.  
Louison (V.) & Cie., 9, place Mi-Carême, Rubans, velours, gazes.  
Marcoux-Chateaufort & Gelas, 13, rue de la République, Rubans façonnés et velours.  
Staron (P.), jeune & fils, 7, place Jacquard, Rubans et galons nouveauté.  
Vinson (Honoré), 28, rue des Mouliniers, Galons de tous genres.

Medailles d'Or. Grands Prix  
H.C. Membre du jury, Milan, 1905, Londres, 1908

An ornate, rectangular border with a double-line design. The inner line consists of repeating small, stylized floral or leaf motifs. The outer line is more decorative, featuring larger, detailed floral sprays and leaves at the corners and midpoints. The entire border is rendered in a dark, reddish-brown ink.

# Edouard POTEAU

TAPISSIER-ÉBÉNISTE

Ameublements,  
Décoration d'appartements  
Hôtels et Châteaux



59, RUE DE TURENNE, 59  
PARIS





# Riviera Palace Hotel, MONTE CARLO.

THE MOST LUXURIOUS HOTEL IN THE WORLD.

Every Room Faces South.      Healthiest Situation in Monte Carlo.

Electric Railway from Casino Gardens.

---



# Riviera Palace Hotel, NICE-CIMIEZ.

BATHED IN SUNSHINE.    ❧

❧ BRACING MOUNTAIN AIR.

CHARMING PARK AND GARDENS.

---

*To reserve Accommodation in the Hotels apply to—*

**The International Sleeping Car Company,**

20, COCKSPUR STREET, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, W.C.



# The Grafton Fur Company, Ltd.

Have prepared Effective  
and Inexpensive Models  
in all Furs and solicit the  
favour of an early visit of  
inspection.

FULLY  
ILLUSTRATED  
BROCHURE OF  
FURS sent post free  
on application.



THE MOST RENOWNED AND FASHIONABLE FIRM FOR  
ARTISTIC FURS AT MODERATE PRICES.

**164 NEW BOND ST**  
**LONDON, W**



Highest Award, **GRAND PRIX**, Franco-British Exhibition, 1908.

# CARL HENTSCHEL, LTD.,

The leading and largest firm of  
**PHOTO-ENGRAVERS**  
in the World.

**SPECIALISTS IN ALL THAT PERTAINS TO PHOTO-PROCESS**  
— **REPRODUCTION AND ARTISTIC PUBLICITY.** —

The HENTSCHEL-COLOURTYPE and MEISENBACH PROCESSES are our SPECIALITIES.

*Head Offices:* **182, 183 & 184, FLEET STREET,**  
And at WEST NORWOOD and PARIS. **LONDON, E.C.**

## THERE IS BUT ONE WAY

To see a Country, and that is to tour per Motor Car. The Railway is the great leveller of mankind ; it carries with it that fictitious civilisation that disseminates along the whole of the permanent way and induces varied races to plan their buildings, their ways, and practically their lives, upon one model. A few short miles from the railway and the influence is lost, and there the country can be seen in all its native simplicity.

The difference in cost of the two methods of travelling, *i.e.*, by Rail or Motor, reckoning a party of four, is hardly worth considering, while there can be no question as to which is most enjoyable.

THE MOTOR HOUSE have a stock of about 300 Cars for sale, and most of these can be hired for periods of one day and upwards.

Foreign Tours are planned, and drivers speaking Continental languages can be supplied.

## THE MOTOR HOUSE,

Proprietors: GRANDE MAISON D'AUTOMOBILES, LTD.,

**314, 316, 318, 366, 368, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON,**  
N.W.

Telephone:  
895 NORTH (Three Lines).

Bankers:  
BANK OF ENGLAND.

Telegrams:  
"AFORCAR, LONDON."

# THE 'DRY IMPERIAL'



— IS THE PRODUCE OF —

## MOËT & CHANDON'S

OWN VINEYARDS, OF WHICH THEY POSSESS 2,500 ACRES  
AT AY, CRAMANT, BOUZY, VERZENAY, ETC.



# South Eastern & Chatham Railway

# LONDON & PARIS

in 6 hours 50 minutes,  
Via Dover-Calais and Via Folkestone-Boulogne.

Great Accelerations and Improvements      Mail Express Services      Shortest Sea Passages

5 Trains per day each way

For Particulars see the S. E. & C. R. Continental Time Table

From London: Charing Cross, Cannon Street, 9 a.m.; Charing Cross, 10 a.m.; Holborn, St Paul's and Victoria, 11 a.m.; Charing Cross, 2.20 p.m.; Charing Cross and Cannon Street, 9 p.m.—From Paris, Gare du Nord: 8.25, 9.50 a.m., 12 noon; 4 and 9 p.m.

## CHEMIN DE FER DU NORD

SERVICES RAPIDES ENTRE: LONDRES, PARIS,  
LA BELGIQUE, LA HOLLANDE, L'ALLEMAGNE, LA RUSSIE  
LE DANEMARK, LA SUÈDE ET LA NORVÈGE

TRAINS DE LUXE: Nord-Express. — Peninsulaire-Express. — Calais-Marseille-Bombay-Express. — Calais-Méditerranée-Express. — Train rapide quotidien, entre Paris-Nord (7.32 p.m.), Nice et Vintimille. — Simplon-Express. — Engadine-Express. — Voyages Circulaires à Prix Réduits en France et à l'Étranger.

## Chemins de Fer de l'Ouest

PARIS À LONDRES

viâ ROUEN, DIEPPE, NEWHAVEN, par la Gare Saint-Lazare

SERVICES RAPIDES DE JOUR ET DE NUIT  
TOUS LES JOURS (Dimanches et Fêtes compris) et toute l'ANNEE  
TRAJET DE JOUR en 8 h. 40 (1<sup>re</sup> et 2<sup>me</sup> classes seulement)

GRANDE ECONOMIE

Billets simples, valables pendant 7 jours; donnant le droit de s'arrêter, à toutes les gares situées sur le parcours.

La Cie de l'Ouest envoie franco, sur demande affranchie un bulletin spécial  
du service de Paris à Londres; s'adresser 20, Rue de Rome, Paris.

# CONTINENTAL HOTEL

## == INFORMATION. ==

Those contemplating a journey on the Continent can obtain all information free regarding Hotels, etc., at Dewynter's, 11, Charing Cross Road. —————

¶ Booklets may be obtained, Rooms may be booked, and, in fact, everything arranged for the comfort of the journey. —————

¶ Write this day for full particulars.



## DEWYNTER'S HOTEL AND TARIFF BUREAU,

11, CHARING CROSS ROAD  
TRAFALGAR SQUARE  
LONDON, W.C.

Telephone Numbers :  
GERRARD 3559 & GERRARD 2865.

Telegraphic Address :  
"DEWYNTERS, LONDON."



# SCHWEPPE'S



Sole  
Importers  
of  
**VINDEVIE**  
a  
Non-Alcoholic  
Wine.

Sole  
Bottlers of  
**Dry**  
**PROSET**  
a  
Non-Alcoholic  
Beverage.

## SODA WATER DRY GINGER ALE, ETC.

TO BE OBTAINED AT ALL LEADING CLUBS, HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS,  
AND RETAIL OF ALL GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS,  
CHEMISTS AND STORES.





